Collier's

MAY 17, 1947 TEN CENTS

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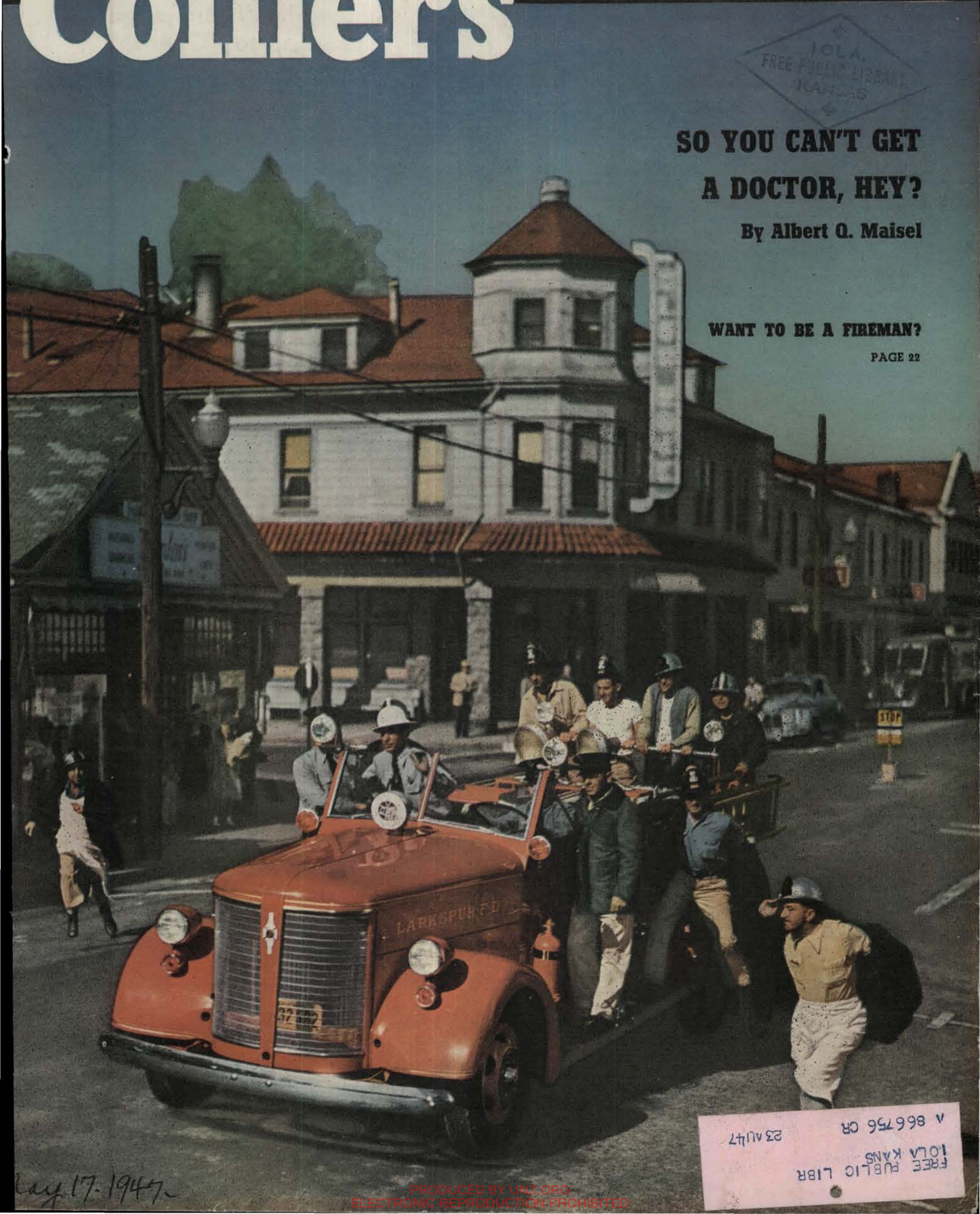

SO YOU CAN'T GET A DOCTOR, HEY?

By Albert Q. Maisel

WANT TO BE A FIREMAN?

PAGE 22

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May 17-1947

COFFEE IS FRESHER IN THIS JAR!

"that's why 217 brands quickly switched to ULTRA-VAC"

TO UNSEAL
TO RESEAL
PRY 3 PLACES
VAC PACKED
ULTRA-VAC
ULTRA VACUUM PACKED
Coffee
Duraglas
Ultra-Vac

Under this NEW-type *flexible*, tamper-proof cap your coffee *comes* fresher, *keeps* fresher!

Highest Vacuum ever! Yet it opens with just 3 quick pries!

Coffee
JUST 3 QUICK PRIES WITH STURDY KITCHEN TABLESPOON

The Only Sure Reseal! KEEPS your coffee FRESHER!

Coffee
RESEALS AIRTIGHT! EVEN IF THE CAP'S BENT

Ask your grocer for coffee in the New Duraglas ULTRA-VAC JAR

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

Natalie Reid of Westchester, N. Y. and handsome son "Jojo"

Lovely Laura O'Banion and daughter Patty of Miami, Fla.

Youthful Kitty Higgins of Lebanon, N. J. and daughter Kate

"Model" Mother Clare Van Syckle and son of Fort Lee, N. J.

10 Model Mothers . . . 12 youngsters . . . 22 sparkling smiles!

THESE LOVELY MODELS have smiled at you from the covers of countless magazines. And with their children, they've brightened many a page in Ipana's famous "Model" Mother series. Now see them all together—and see how effective "model" dental care can be.

For these mothers have taught their youngsters to follow their own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing followed by gentle gum massage with Ipana,* the tooth paste specially designed for this purpose.

This dental care *must* be the right one—it's based on the very same theme that thousands of schools and dentists teach—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Virginia Swensen and son Georgie of Miami Springs, Fla.

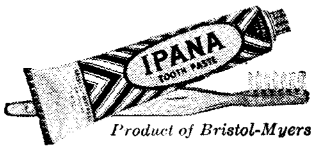
Beverly Hills' lovely Mary Brewer and daughter Susie

"Model" Mother Evelyn Condon and Debby of New York City

New York City trio—Janet, Margaret and "Hank" Johnson

Connie Joannes Dickman and sons of West Englewood, N. J.

Nancy Shepard and "Model" Mother Harriett of Hialeah, Fla.



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3. I know that it is easy to transfer my Motorola Auto Radio from my present car to the next car I purchase. It will FIT perfectly.

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CHICAGO 51, ILLINOIS

COLLIER'S
May 17, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HIROSHIMA, U.S.A.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just finished reading your new serial, The Blast (Apr. 12th—19th), about the atomization of New York, and was so impressed that if possible, a copy of same should be sent to every senator and representative. Maybe that would stop the bickering over what should be done with the "Atomic Bomb" and also cause them to realize that the fate of the world lies in their hands.

JUSTINE NIELSON, New York

. . . Glad New York is gone. I never did like the place. How's about Mr. Cloete giving his attention to Pittsburgh . . . Hollywood . . . and Texas . . . ?

JEROME ROCKWALL, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

. . . The impact of The Blast was terrific. My back teeth are still rattling. . . .

GEORGE FAWCETT, Detroit, Mich.

. . . When will New York move underground entirely? They spend only half of their lives there now. . . .

SIDNEY HARRIS, Cairo, Ill.

. . . Just finished first installment. . . . Was duly horrified—here was the hero forced to use a pencil in the short span of twenty years—despite all the ads of today of last-a-lifetime pens.

I know just how he felt!

JAMES S. GUMMERT, Edgewood, Md.

. . . I dreamed up the plot two weeks ago about a world destroyed by the atom bomb with one man and a girl surviving, and my spouse thought that this time I would surely get a check instead of a rejection slip. . . . Nuts to Mr. Cloete. . . .

Brokenheartedly,
JOSEPH W. KILGORE, Lynn, Mass.

. . . Do not haunt people with the atomic bomb. Forget it. . . .

LUIS F. PARDO, New York, N. Y.

ANGLO-BROOKLYN WAR

DEAR EDITOR: John Bull Sees Red, White and Blue (April 12th) seemed to be a plea for understanding between the British and American peoples, but it had quite the opposite effect on me.

For more than a hundred and fifty years the British have considered the United States as a crude, boorish, uncultured upstart and have always been annoyingly patronizing toward us. Now, however, the colossal British Empire, which once straddled the world, has crumbled. Now that their poor relations, the Americans, have

(Continued on page 93)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The conquest of CANCER is progressing.

Last year medical science saved the lives of thousands of cancer patients, and many more might have been saved if cancer had been discovered early. While specialists say that the best means known for treating cancer is complete removal by surgery, or destruction by x-rays or radium rays, experiments with other methods are constantly going forward.

Chances of cure are best when cancer is treated in the early stages. To detect early cases, there are 3 things everyone should know!

1 What are the "Danger Signals" that may mean Cancer?

They are: 1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent changes in normal elimination.

2 What should you do when warnings appear?

Get medical advice at once! If cancer is present, immediate medical attention gives the greatest hope for cure, may save your life. But remember, although the "danger signals" show that something is wrong, *they are not sure signs of cancer.* At one leading clinic nearly 9 out of every 10 women who came for examination because they recognized the warnings and suspected cancer, *did not have the disease!*

3 Why are annual physical checkups important?

Cancer often starts without any warning signals that the patient can detect. Only examination by a skilled physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. That is why annual medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

There is progress in cancer research, too!

Today, more and more people are living to older ages when cancer is most prevalent. Cancer still ranks second among the causes of death, but medical science is continually increasing its knowledge of the disease, and working to develop new and better techniques for its control.

Many promising experiments are being carried on. Atomic research has provided valuable new materials for laboratory study of cancer cells. Clinical research and intensive studies in chemistry, biology, and physics also give real hope that the secrets of cancer will be discovered.

To help protect yourself from cancer, and to learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 67-C, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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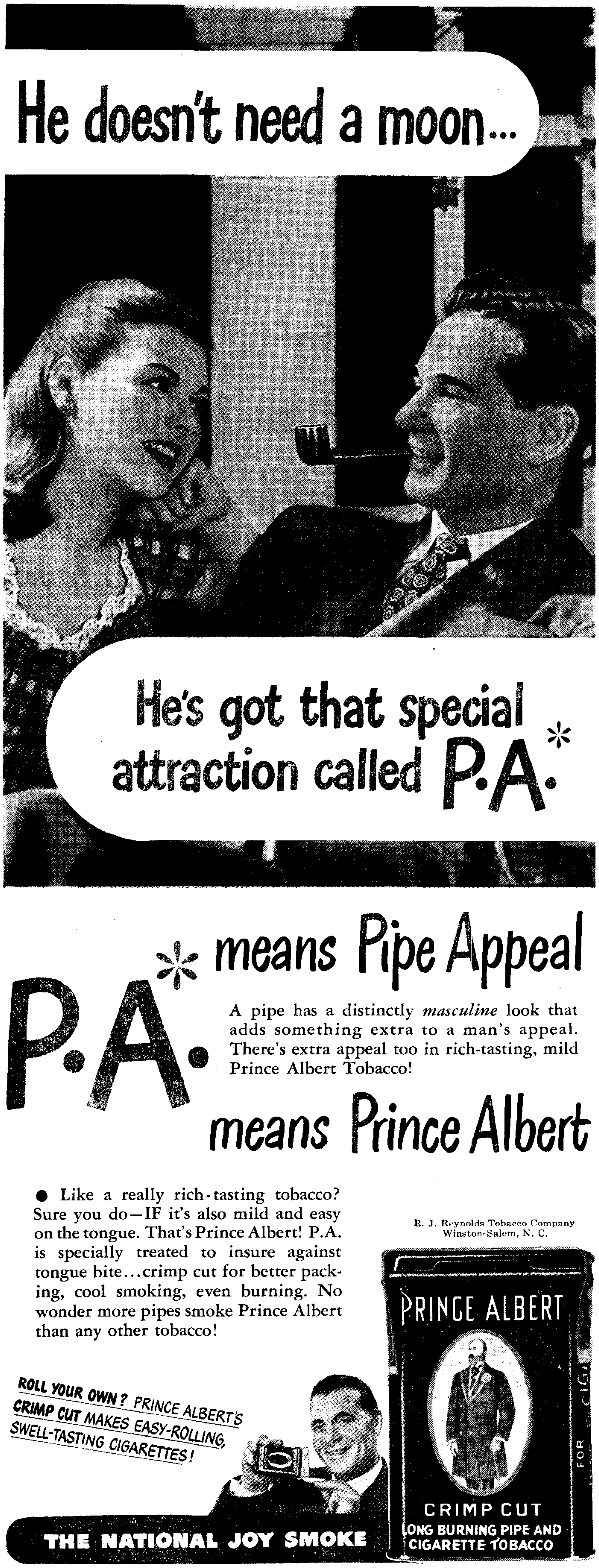
TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

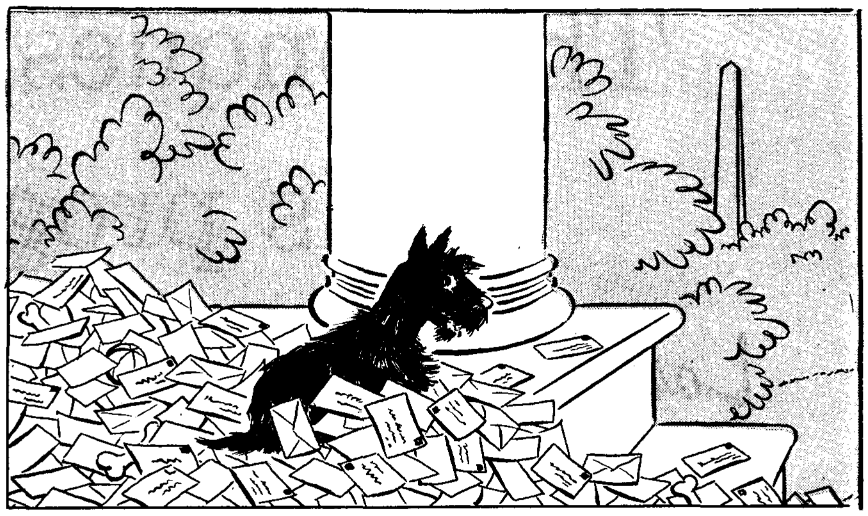


He doesn't need a moon...
He's got that special attraction called P.A.*
*P.A. means Pipe Appeal
P.A. means Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
ROLL YOUR OWN? PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT MAKES EASY-ROLLING, SWELL-TASTING CIGARETTES!
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

A pipe has a distinctly *masculine* look that adds something extra to a man's appeal. There's extra appeal too in rich-tasting, mild Prince Albert Tobacco!

● Like a really rich-tasting tobacco? Sure you do—IF it's also mild and easy on the tongue. That's Prince Albert! P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite...crimp cut for better packing, cool smoking, even burning. No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.


ALAN FOSTER

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

During the four years that Fala was the pet and devoted companion of the late President Roosevelt, the Scottie received thousands of letters and greeting cards, all of which were answered or acknowledged by the White House. Today, Fala's letters, as well as his master's personal papers, are preserved in the Roosevelt Memorial Library at Hyde Park, New York.

The world's longest and most grueling skating contest is Holland's annual race whose course covers 130 miles and passes through 11 towns. Held this year on February 8th with the temperature at five degrees above zero F., only 218 of the 1,740 starters finished, the winner requiring 10 hours and 36 minutes.—*By Peter Wolff, Overschie, Netherlands.*

Between 1865 and 1900, American toymakers produced some 200 types of mechanical banks atop which figures would perform when a coin was inserted and a lever pressed. The more ingenious were those whose figures themselves deposited the coin. In one, a baseball group, the pitcher hurled the ball (coin) which was missed by the batter and disappeared in the catcher. In another, a Negro boy standing in the door of a cabin turned a somersault and kicked the coin into a slot under the roof.

New York's oldest and most famous saloon is McSorley's Old Ale House on East 7th Street where it has been in business since 1854 and remains unchanged today, still using some of its original gas lights and potbellied stove. Besides many other honors, McSorley's has been the subject of a book and at least ten oil paintings, one of which hangs in the Detroit Institute of Arts.

No wild animal is more difficult to capture and transport to a distant zoo than the giraffe as its long neck and legs are easily broken. Such injuries may result from a fall or a sudden jump when frightened by a startling sound or sight. Therefore, while temporarily uncaged on a journey, a giraffe is seldom tied to a tree or a similar immovable object.

Beginning with New York's Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1853, this country has held 20 world's fairs, in 15 cities in 13 states, whose attendance ranged from one to 45 million visitors.

Salvage divers on jobs as deep as 5,000 feet use a heavy metal diving bell that is not only self-contained but equipped with nine-foot mechanical arms and fingers with which the diver can pick up a coin, lift a 1,000-pound object or tie a knot in a steel cable.

When India's Chamber of Princes holds a meeting in Delhi, each of its 121 royal members is saluted, upon arrival, by the number of guns that indicates his rank, the total being nearly 1,500 cannon shots which require a week to fire.

A singular series of postage stamps is the set of ten issued by Spain in 1905 to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the publication of Cervantes' Don Quixote. These stamps depict successively ten important episodes in this celebrated novel.

No building fire in modern times has taken such a toll of life as did that which destroyed the Church of La Compañía in Santiago, Chile, on December 8, 1863. For a festival, the church was decorated with thousands of yards of flimsy materials and 20,000 lighted oil lamps. A fire started and within three minutes the interior was an inferno and the lamps had fallen and sprayed the congregation with blazing oil. Of the 3,000 worshipers, mostly women, 2,500 perished.

To keep other nations informed about our own, the State Department now maintains 75 free libraries and 38 information centers and cultural institutes in 45 foreign countries.

The most powerful lenses now used in lighthouses gather together the light rays, focus them in a small beam and magnify their intensity 2,500 times.

Five European countries, using six different official languages, have together nearly 50 rivers named Aa.

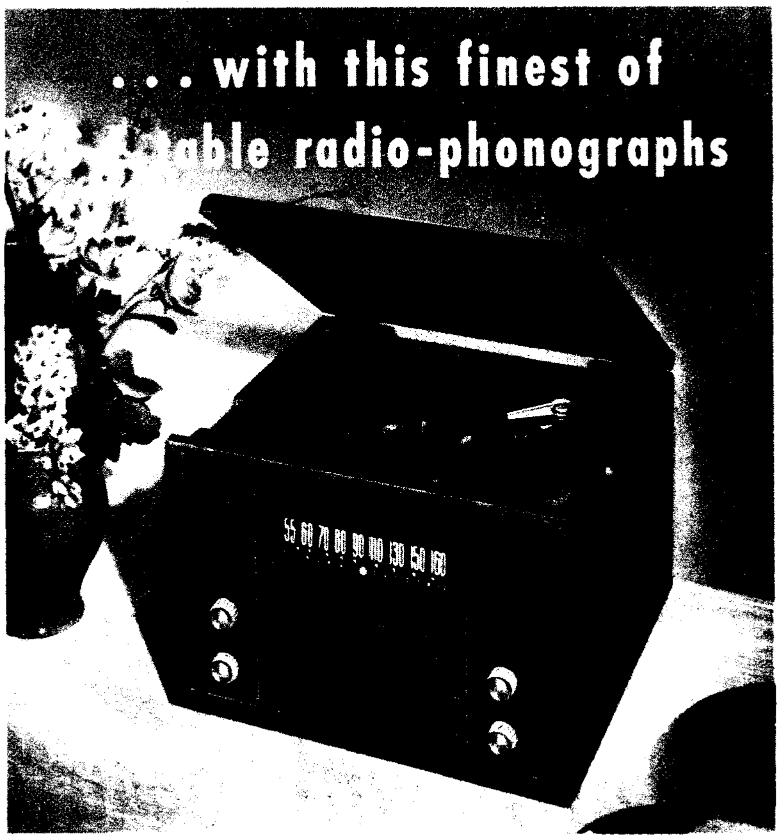
The boundary line between the United States and Canada runs through 77 miles of water for every 100 miles of land.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

GENERAL ELECTRIC

natural color tone *In all its glory*

HEDY LAMARR, *star of Hunt Stromberg's production DISHONORED LADY, released through United Artists.*



Now you can hear all the beauty of your records! This is the magic of the new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Its permanent genuine sapphire stylus banishes the old fashioned needle with its noise and wear on records.

You'll delight in the "big set" tone—General Electric's natural color tone—of Model 304's powerful radio with its big over-size Dynapower Speaker. Play it at your G-E dealers! Compare! It's the year's greatest automatic table radio-phonograph buy.

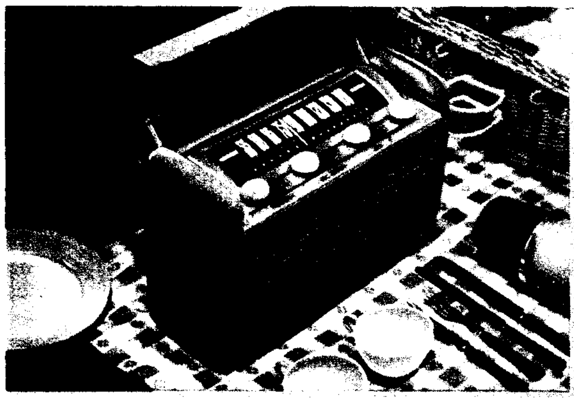
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-FS

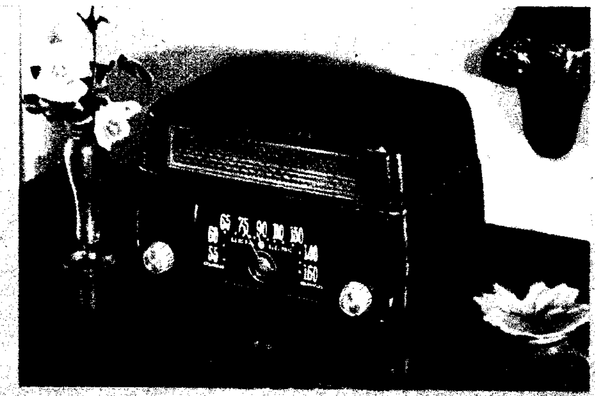
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

ADIO

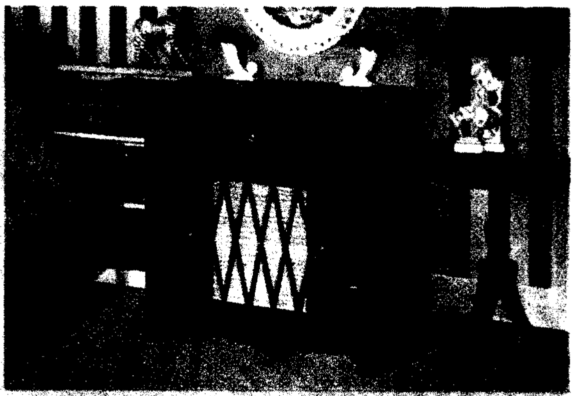
General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



More fun with this self-charging portable on every vacation! Play it anywhere as much as you please. Renews its power over and over again. See Model 250.



Surprising tone-performance-value — All these are yours in Model 202. Razor sharp tuning. Gleaming multi-weave grille. Rosewood brown plastic cabinet.



Wonderful FM plus standard and short-wave broadcasts, and recorded music recreated by the G-E Electronic Reproducer. 9 tubes plus rectifier. Model 417.

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Going places in that new car? Better SIMONIZ the finish before you start. This "builds up" the beauty . . . gives it a permanent brilliance from first mile to last. SIMONIZ protects the finish against road grime and grit that scar . . . against corrosive airborne chemicals that dull and destroy . . . against the searing sun that fades colors. The crystal-hard sparkle of SIMONIZ on the finish saves car washing, too. Dust and dirt wipe off with a dry cloth. And you're home again with your new car more beautiful than ever. Insist on SIMONIZ for the thrill of driving a new car always.

TO RESTORE NEW BEAUTY to dull finishes . . . use the Simoniz Kleeners—*liquid* when it's in average condition . . . *paste* when the finish is exceptionally dull. Then apply SIMONIZ to make that sparkling finish last years longer. Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory, department stores, garages and service stations.

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Grady Johnson in characteristic material-gathering pose

IT IS often inspiring what a writer will undergo to prepare an article! For Grady Johnson, Firemen Have Fun (p. 22) was an elbow-bending task, consuming, too, an entire afternoon. Employed at the time by the United Press in San Francisco, Johnson says he got a reliable tip that the small-town fireman story had been kicking around for 40 years. Dashing through the fog across San Francisco Bay to Larkspur by fast ferry, Johnson rushed into the Blue Rock Bar. Reportorial instinct told him the bartender would be a member of the Larkspur Volunteer Fire Department. "Sure enough he was," Johnson discloses, "and he submitted to a relentless grilling over two beers."

Johnson then loped across the street and put a head on the story from another bartender-fireman. It being time for lunch, he then went next door, ate his chitlings and hominy (he's from Atlanta—Georgia, that is, son) while he shrewdly pried valuable information from the owner. Next, disguised as a stranger in town, he crossed the street to the local ice-cream parlor, where the bobby-soxers spilled the beans about the outdoor dance hall.

"Then after a game of checkers and pool with the fire laddies," the by-now exhausted Johnson concludes, "I crawled home to tell my thrilling adventures to my wife, daughter and son. They were impressed."

RUSKIN, Pushkin and Shakespeare may have started writing under direct compulsion of the Muse, but W. L. Knickmeyer (Dust and Ashes, p. 18) just sat down in front of a typewriter one day and lighted a cigarette. Then he lighted another, and another, and was off. Besides there was the matter of potatoes.

It seems that Mr. Knickmeyer's health broke down while he was working for the St. Louis Library and writing book reviews for the Post-Dispatch on the side. Selecting a spot on the map with a pin, he moved himself and wife to the Ozarks, to live on love and potatoes and work on a novel. When the potatoes ran out, he did a few shockers for the pulps, then moved up into what the boys call the slicks. He was doing nicely when the war called him to Korea.

He's back in Stillwater, Oklahoma, now, where he wrote Dust and Ashes, mostly to prove he could sell Collier's again. Everyone in it is fictitious, including Kay. "I never knew anybody like her, damn it," he says.

AFTER dog-facing it with the Infantry for four years in the Marianas, Philippines and Okinawa, William Fuller (Blind Man's Island, p. 11), was released just a year ago. He took one look at the human race, and decided to stay home and write fiction. Not that Mr. Fuller hasn't on occasion been gregarious. He served two years in the peacetime Merchant Marine; and toiled in the Hollywood vineyards as posse member in innumerable Western quickies. Once when hired as a cowboy hero, he was fired when it was discovered he could neither play a guitar nor carry a tune. Happiest job he ever had was squiring four luscious redheads around the New York hot spots for six months as a Macy's publicity stunt; worst job was assistant in charge of folding beds in a masseuserie.

Married, father of two, and thirty-three, Mr. Fuller is now sweating out a new novel in Venice, Florida.

IN CONNECTION with M'sieu Bwa-yea (p. 20) by Amy Porter, we believe it is all right to bring up the favorite story of Erich Maria Remarque, who wrote the original story, Arch of Triumph.

Mr. Remarque hopes this message against war, which was first published in Collier's and is now a movie starring Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman, will be more telling than his All Quiet on the Western Front. The most touching story he ever read about war is by Alfred Polgar, Austrian writer, now in this country:

"It doesn't matter," said the company C.O., "if we lose Platoon One, if the company can hold its position."

"It doesn't matter," said the regiment C.O., "if we must sacrifice Company A—if the regiment can gain its objective."

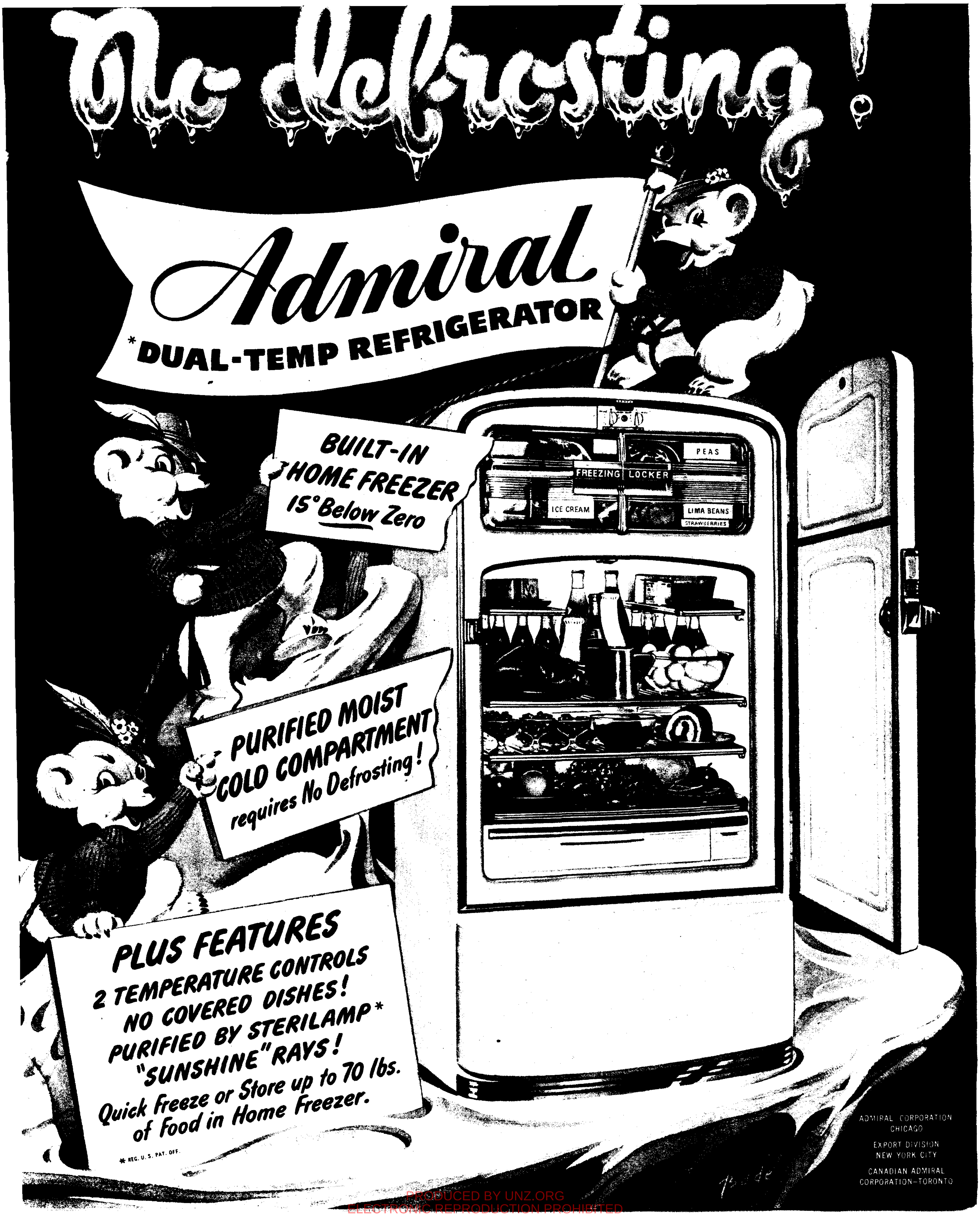
"It doesn't matter," said the division general, "if Regiment 5 is lost—if the division takes the town."

"It doesn't matter," said the Army commander, "if we sacrifice the 3d Division, if the Army can break through the enemy line."

"It doesn't matter," said the Lord, "if we sacrifice the star 7009, called Earth—if only the solar system will stay intact."

"To hell with everything," said the mother, "as long as my son comes back from the war."

This week's cover: Grady Johnson and Photographer David Peskin chased the Larkspur fire engine to a grass fire, held up Larkspur traffic and business all one day while the engines and store owners rehearsed their parts. . . . TED SHANE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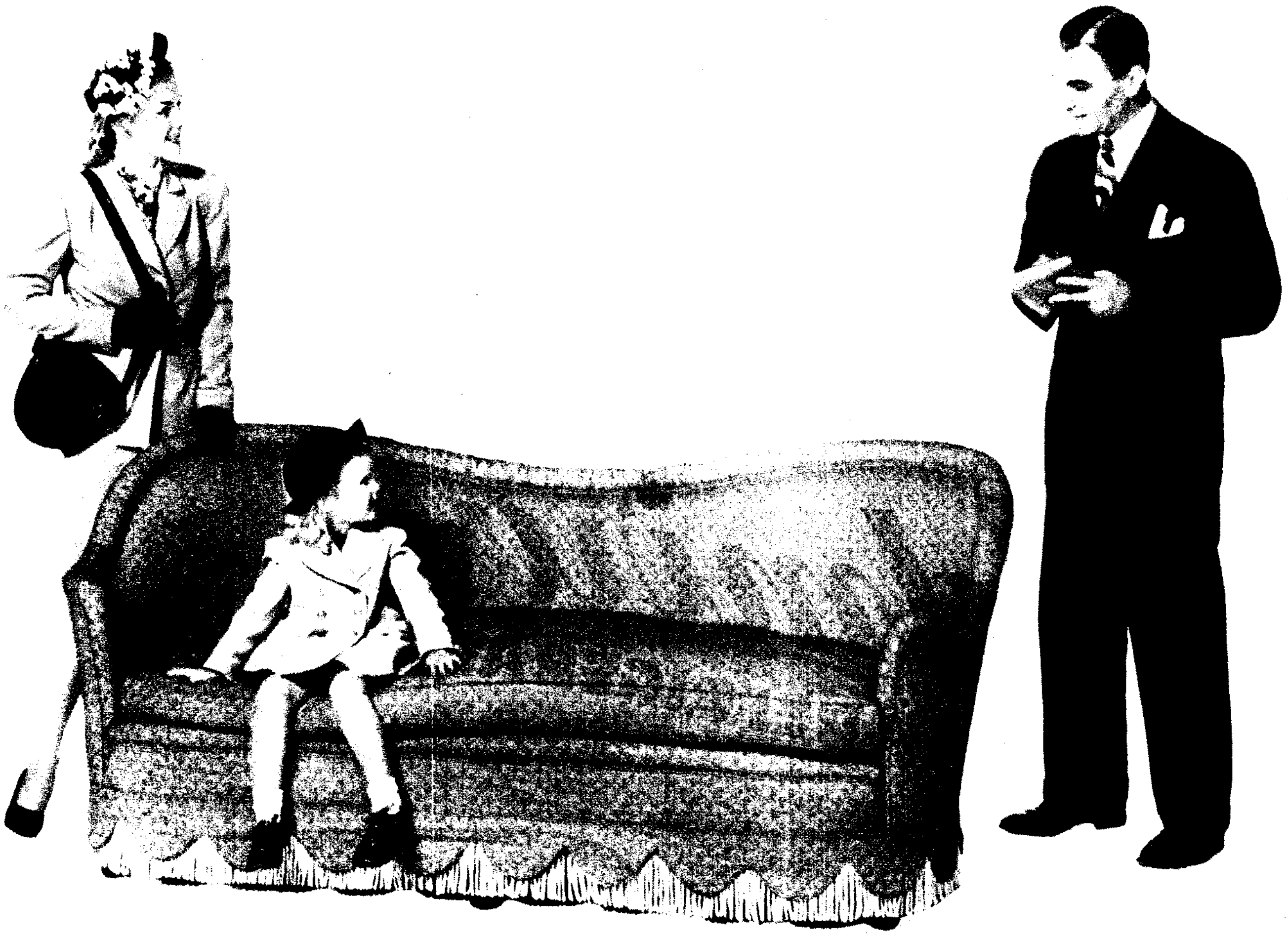

Comfort beyond the dream of queens can soon be yours—in gloriously restful new furniture cushioned with **Airfoam**. On this finest of all latex cushioning you literally float, buoyed up by millions of "live," resilient air cells. **Airfoam** molds itself to your every posture, supports you all over uniformly, insuring complete relaxation. And this miracle-comfort lasts for years—**Airfoam** doesn't grow tired and flabby with age. Fine furniture built with this superb product of Goodyear Research will soon be ready—at attractive prices. Be on the lookout for it.

Airfoam

GOODYEAR

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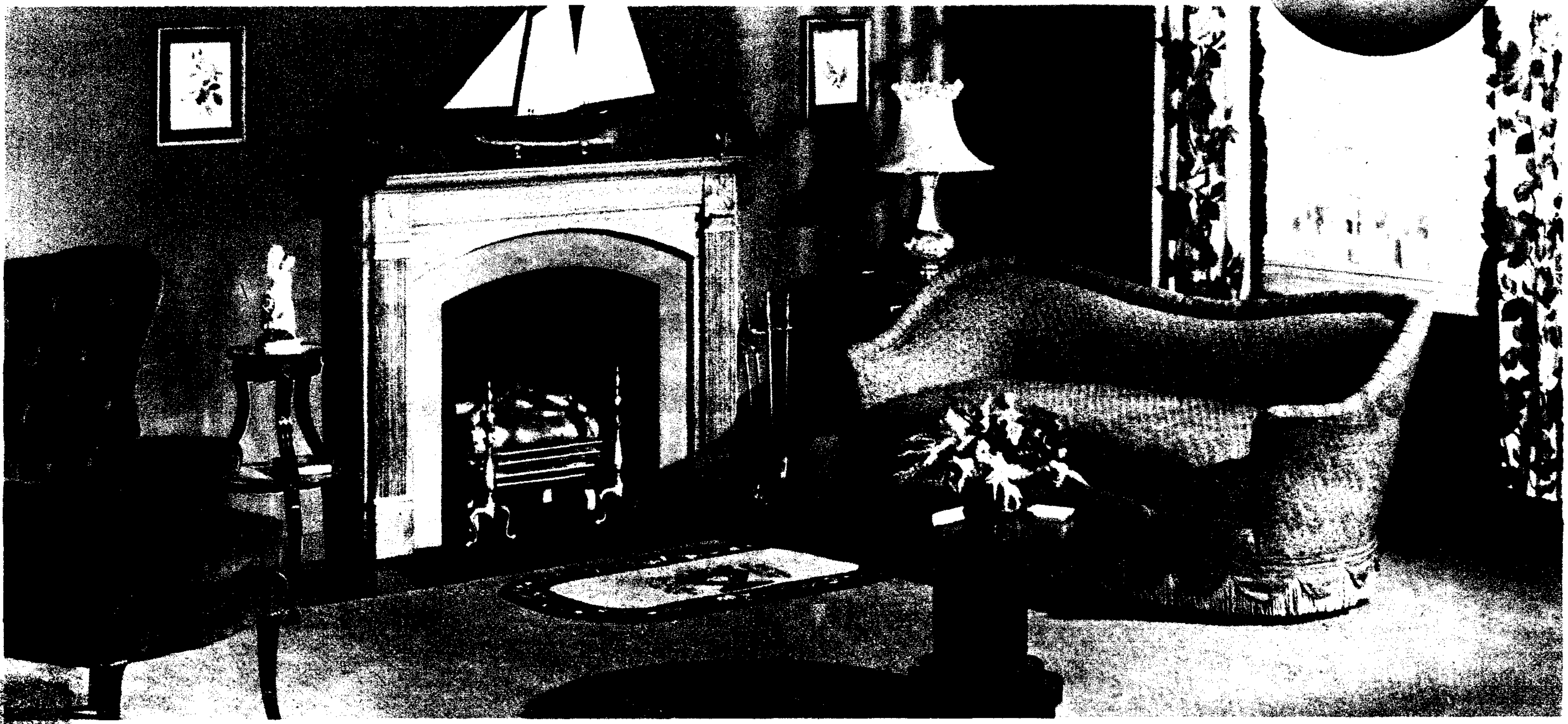
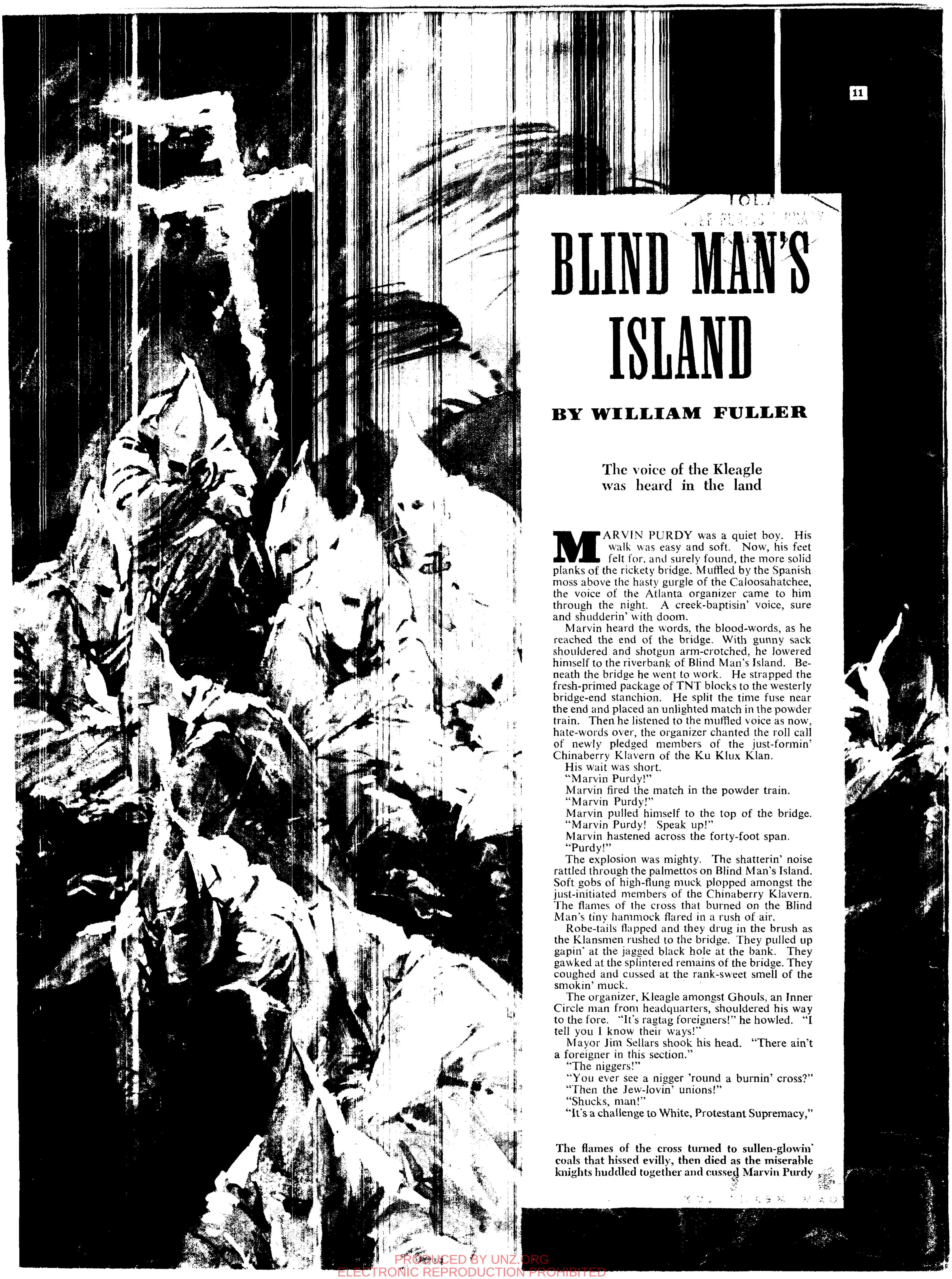
Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



AIRFOAM MEANS LUXURIOUS CUSHIONING IN FURNITURE MATTRESSES AND ALL SEATING



BLIND MAN'S ISLAND

BY WILLIAM FULLER

The voice of the Kleagle
was heard in the land

MARVIN PURDY was a quiet boy. His walk was easy and soft. Now, his feet felt for, and surely found, the more solid planks of the rickety bridge. Muffled by the Spanish moss above the hasty gurgle of the Caloosahatchee, the voice of the Atlanta organizer came to him through the night. A creek-baptisin' voice, sure and shudderin' with doom.

Marvin heard the words, the blood-words, as he reached the end of the bridge. With gunny sack shouldered and shotgun arm-crotched, he lowered himself to the riverbank of Blind Man's Island. Beneath the bridge he went to work. He strapped the fresh-primed package of TNT blocks to the westerly bridge-end stanchion. He split the time fuse near the end and placed an unlighted match in the powder train. Then he listened to the muffled voice as now, hate-words over, the organizer chanted the roll call of newly pledged members of the just-formin' Chinaberry Klavern of the Ku Klux Klan.

His wait was short.

"Marvin Purdy!"

Marvin fired the match in the powder train.

"Marvin Purdy!"

Marvin pulled himself to the top of the bridge.

"Marvin Purdy! Speak up!"

Marvin hastened across the forty-foot span.

"Purdy!"

The explosion was mighty. The shatterin' noise rattled through the palmettos on Blind Man's Island. Soft gobs of high-flung muck plopped amongst the just-initiated members of the Chinaberry Klavern. The flames of the cross that burned on the Blind Man's tiny hammock flared in a rush of air.

Robe-tails flapped and they drug in the brush as the Klansmen rushed to the bridge. They pulled up gapin' at the jagged black hole at the bank. They gawked at the splintered remains of the bridge. They coughed and cussed at the rank-sweet smell of the smokin' muck.

The organizer, Kleagle amongst Ghouls, an Inner Circle man from headquarters, shouldered his way to the fore. "It's ragtag foreigners!" he howled. "I tell you I know their ways!"

Mayor Jim Sellars shook his head. "There ain't a foreigner in this section."

"The niggers!"

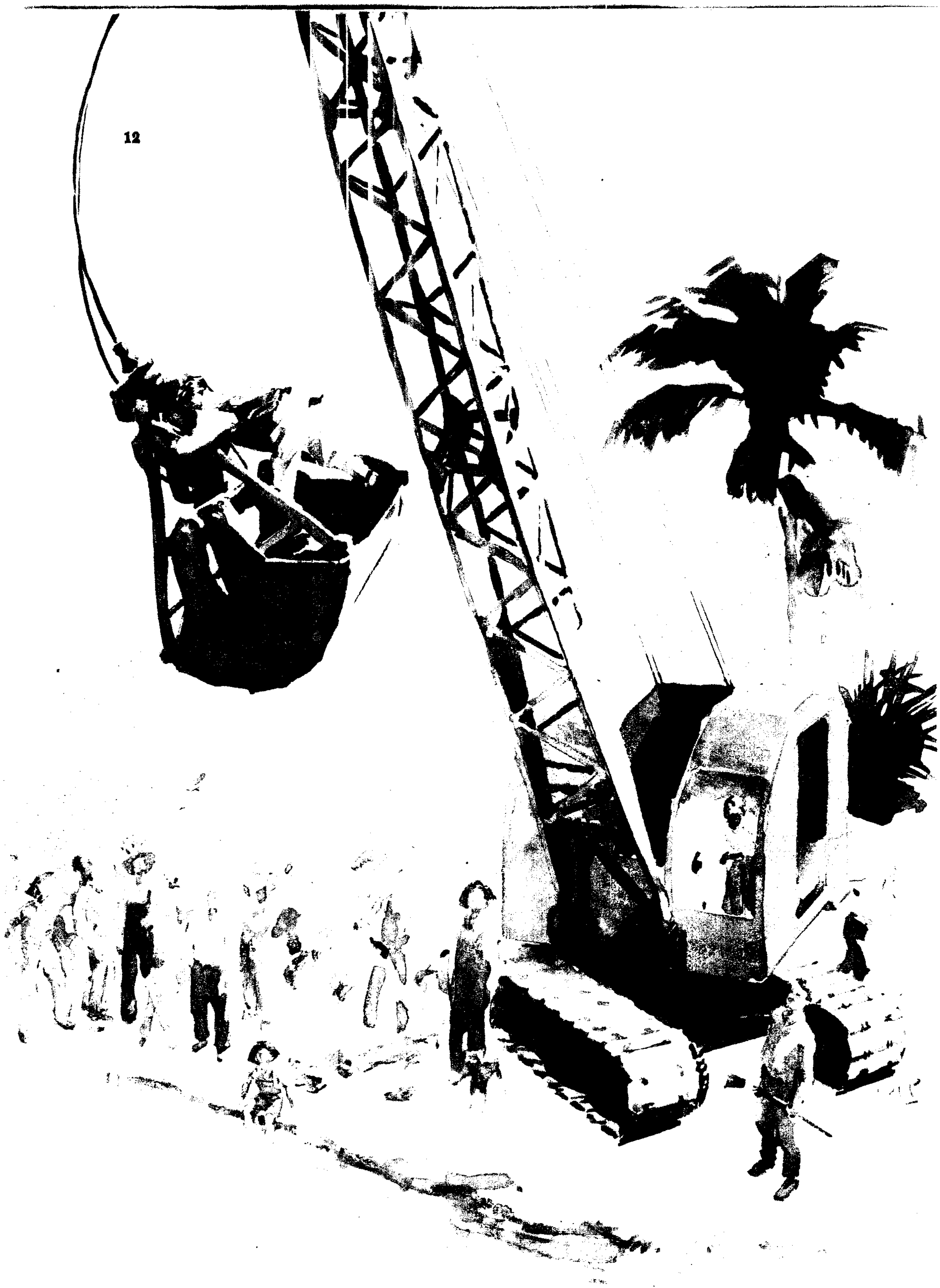
"You ever see a nigger 'round a burnin' cross?"

"Then the Jew-lovin' unions!"

"Shucks, man!"

"It's a challenge to White, Protestant Supremacy,"

The flames of the cross turned to sullen-glowin' coals that hissed evilly, then died as the miserable knights huddled together and cussed Marvin Purdy



The swingin' boom went crazy, and the crowd cheered as the howlin' Kleagle was turned every way but loose

the Kleagle shouted. "It's plain, I tell you—it's plain!"

The mayor grunted.

"You got to get me out of here!" the Kleagle said. "I got a report to make!"

Blind Man's Island sits where the Caloosahatchee swells fat like a chicken snake digestin' a prime pullet. It's eight hundred yards to the northerly shore of the mainland. It's forty feet to the southerly shore. Jim Sellars looked over the forty feet of hasty water.

"There was but one bridge. Can you swim it?"

"You got to get me out of here!"

Jim turned to the Klansmen. "Who here will swim it?"

From across the water came a quiet voice. "I wouldn't any of you folks chance to get into that water. That water is real deep. That water is currenty."

Marvin Purdy hefted his shotgun.

There were muffled curses from the Klansmen, but none of the boys was surprised. Marvin had been at the organizer's meetin' two nights before. He had listened to the organizer's plea for new members. He had listened to the threats and the promises. He had signed with the rest of the boys. There was angry mutterin', but none of the boys was surprised. They knew Marvin. They had always sensed the depth of his stubbornness. They sensed it now, swamp-dark, quiet yet powerful. They sensed it now—and they hated it.

"You blew this bridge?" the Kleagle shouted.

"That bridge was an old bridge. A no-count old footbridge. A man was liable to hurt himself on that old bridge," Marvin said calmly.

"You'd stand in the way of the Klan?"

"I never was afraid of ghosts."

"You venture to challenge our principles?"

"Now, there ain't any need of you shoutin'," Marvin said mildly. "I've heard your principles before. I once helped corral a herd of them Storm Troopers. Them Storm Troopers was mighty mad. They was cussin' most everybody. They was blamin' all their troubles onto somebody else. I reckon, Kleagle, I've heard your principles before."

Jim Sellars said, "You can't get away with it, Purdy!"

"That you, Sellars?"

The mayor was silent.

"Come on out from behind that pillow slip—"

"I say you can't get away with it, Purdy!" Jim shouted. "It's not like when you was livin' the way that you pleased. It's not like huntin' and trappin' the swamps and the slough. We'll, by God—"

"You mean, Jim, that now I'm in business, I got to do as I'm told? I got to follow the ways of others?"

"I'm tellin' you—you got to go by the rules!"

"Sellars," Marvin drawled, "I went into debt to start me that little company. I'm mighty anxious to see the Marvin Purdy Construction Company make a go of it in this section. I want to get along in the town of Chinaberry. But sooner than be a part of an organization of fully growed men who go around in bedclothes burnin' crosses and scarin' people I'd go back to huntin' 'gators on the Okaloacoochie Slough!"

Marvin Purdy had never made a longer statement.

Jim said, "Just what are you aimin' to do?"

"I'm aimin' to let you folks play ghosts there on the Blind Man for a spell. I'm aimin' to give you boys a chance to decide for sure whether or not you really want to join up with such a rough-talkin' outfit. I'm aimin' to put in a lick for somethin' I just spent four Army years thinkin' about. That's what I'm aimin' to do, Jim."

And that's all they could get out of him.

Marvin settled down by a water oak on the bank. The Klansmen trailed back to their burnin' cross.

THE mosquitoes came out in stiflin' swarms. Then the rain came: Florida rain, hard rain and steady. The mosquitoes darted for shelter. Blind Man's Island dripped and wallowed in the downpour. The flames of the cross turned to sullen-glowin' coals that hissed evilly and then died. The miserable Knights of the Invisible Body huddled together in the lee of the hammock. There, they took what small comfort they might from cussin' Marvin Purdy for a mule-headed rebel, for a man who was ridin' for a fall.

Then the clouds squeezed dry and the rain shut down. The gallinippers gathered their dispersed forces for another foragin' attack. Marvin Purdy, listenin', heard what he had been halfway expectin' to hear. He heard the rattlin' of palmettos behind the bank on Blind Man's Island. He heard the fumblin' approach of a large and clumsy-footed man.

"Purdy!" The Kleagle's voice was hoarse.

Marvin's lips twitched in a grin.

"Purdy!" The Kleagle slipped and splashed ankle-deep in the water by the island bank.

"Yeah?" Marvin said, short and loud.

The Kleagle crouched by the bank. "Shhhhhhh!"

"All right," Marvin said.

"Purdy . . . I want to talk business."

Marvin's voice was stealthy, sly. "You say it."

The Kleagle spoke quickly. "You get a boat. I'll wait here. You come back and take me off this miserable passel of land. I don't care none about the rest. You take me off!"

"Why?"

"A hundred dollars, why."

"I don't know that you've got it."

"I collected dues tonight. I was paid for the robes."

"Two hundred," Marvin said.

The Kleagle was silent for a moment. "Get me off. It's yours."

Marvin's twelve-gauge shotgun barked like a wounded 'gator. Pellets smashed through the leaves of the swamp maple on the bank behind and above the Kleagle. The Kleagle jumped. Jim Sellars and half a dozen Klansmen came crashing through the brush.

"What is it? What's happened?"

The Kleagle didn't speak.

"Tell 'em, ghost-folks," Marvin said.

"All right," the Kleagle blustered. "I offered this criminal money to get me out of here."

"Whose money?" Jim Sellars asked.

"Your money. Your dues," Marvin said.

Jim stood close to the Kleagle. "That true?"

The Kleagle tried to laugh. The laugh rolled high and false across the swirlin' water of the Caloosahatchee.

"I wasn't goin' to give it *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

TAKEN TO THE CLEANER'S

Here's what happens to your suit at the dry cleaner's. And some corners the cleaner may cut if you don't pick a conscientious one

BY RUTH CARSON

IN 1946 we spent $1,000,000,000 in this country to have our clothes dry cleaned. In 1919 the total was only $55,000,000. In the less than thirty years between, dry cleaning has grown from a craft to a scientific business, able increasingly to work miracles in restoring jaded garments. During the war, the cleaners claim, they did much to save us from clothes rationing.

We take this service for granted or we grouse about it when anything goes wrong. Mention dry cleaning, and the average citizen will rear up and tell you about that suit he sent to the cleaner's. Oh, the trouble he had! It may have been his only bad experience, so he remembers it all the better.

The dry cleaner gets mad, too. Those spots that weren't there when you sent that dress to him? He discovered, too late, that they were there. Invisible, to be sure. But you should have told him you spilled a Coke, or a cocktail, down your front. He could have sponged away the evidence before dry cleaning and the heat of pressing brought it out, like invisible ink, and then set it for good. A tannin stain, this is called; it is caused by many common things like fruit juices, soft and hard drinks, and it is often not visible until too late.

Don't think cleaning is just dunking your clothes in a cleaning fluid, and then hanging them up to dry. In a modern plant a cleaner uses machinery and chemistry, and he is an artist and a detective, too. He has to figure out what your clothes are made of, and what those spots are, before he even starts to clean.

You can't judge a cleaner by the size of his plant, says the National Institute of Cleaning and Dyeing, at Silver Spring, Maryland. You have to go by the size of his conscience. A large plant can have specialists in every department, and do a perfect cleaning job. Or it can zip things through in a hurry, and never mind about the refinements. A small place can house the best modern equipment where a man can do a fine job with very little help. Or he can skimp on you. The price you pay usually decides.

When you pay plenty and still get your clothes back with the life ironed right out of them, the tweeds as flat as the satins, then the cleaner obviously has done a bad job. If they come back shrunken, off-color, or otherwise unwearable, that may be his fault, too. There are plenty of bum cleaners around. Or it may be the fault of the garments themselves, as we shall see later on.

At Silver Spring the Institute runs a model cleaning plant and dry-cleaning school, in an effort to spread the best techniques. Students come here from every state, and from all over the world. All have had at least one year's cleaning-plant experience before they spend twelve weeks and $275, plus expenses, for a complete workout in every department of dry cleaning, from checking in the garments to glazing the furs. There are now over 2,000 graduates.

In the Institute's research department, new methods and new materials are tested. Here, as a service to member cleaners, come damaged garments from all over the country, for analysis. Some of them are the cleaner's error, all right. But you should see his chamber of horrors—bleeding buttons, fugitive dyes, stiff-as-a-board garments, disappearing zippers. He gets blamed for them, though they were unserviceable items to start with.

Better Business Bureaus and the National Retail Dry Goods Association agree with the dry cleaners that it is only reasonable washable things should wash, and that all others should be dry-cleanable. Or should be sold frankly as luxury items, to be discarded when soiled.

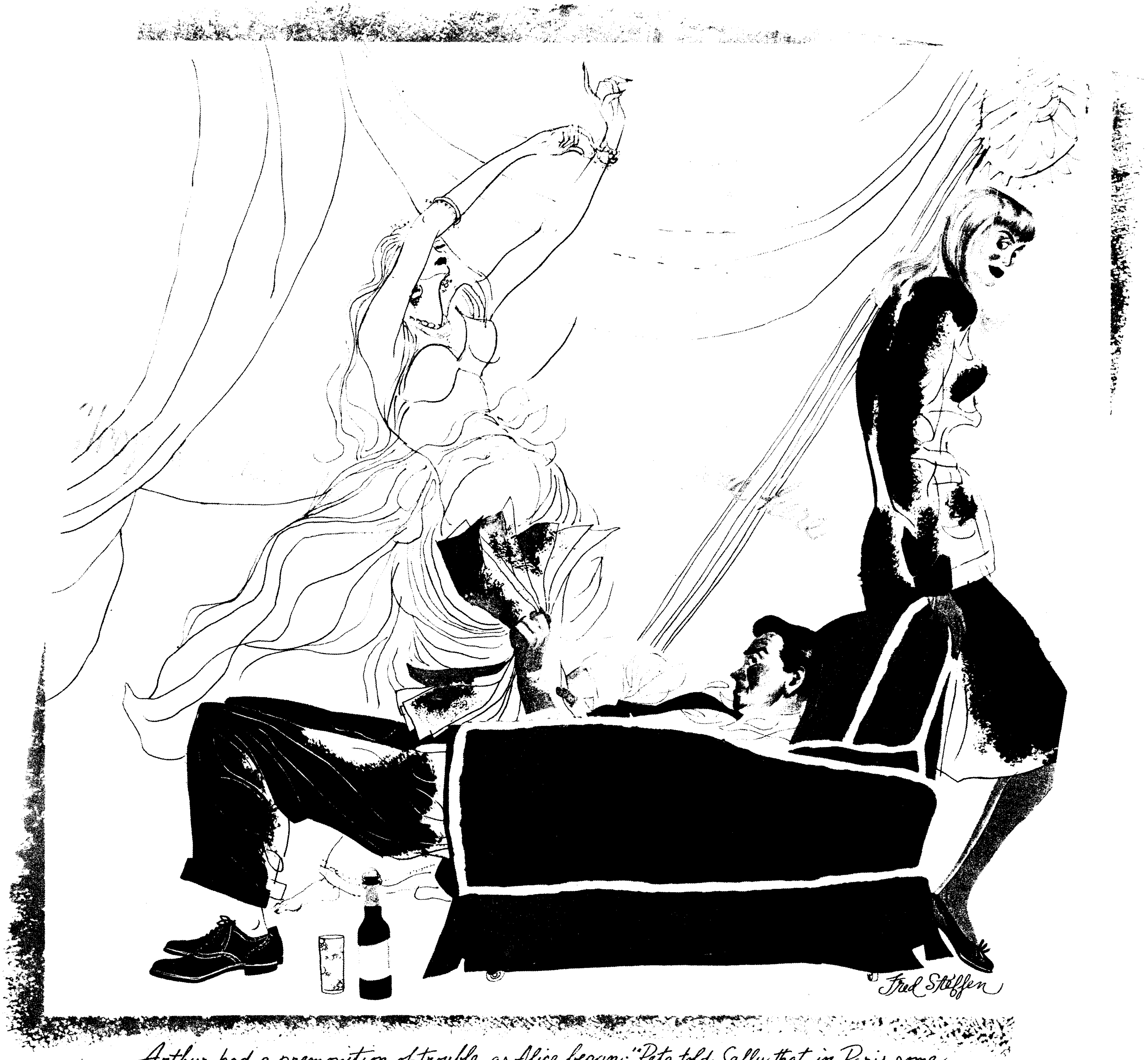
Many manufacturers of new products do co-operate from the start, sending, for testing at the Institute, such various items as electric blankets and plasticized fabrics. Then they work out changes, if needed, to make their products withstand the standard dry-cleaning processes. And the cleaners are constantly studying how to handle new materials. "Twenty years ago," they told us at the Institute, "cellulose acetates would have dissolved in the cleaning fluid, or melted under the pressing heat. Not now."

But take a tour through the Institute's dry-cleaning plant, and see for

(Continued on page 26)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

A careless cleaner can shrink your best wool suit like this by using too much moisture. Even careful cleaners may shrink poor woolens



Arthur had a premonition of trouble as Alice began: "Pete told Sally that in Paris some of the men used to go to the most terrible places . . ."

THAT MAN WAS HERE

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Some are born to obscurity, some achieve it—and there are those who really have to fight for it

ARTHUR KILROY was discharged from the Army in 1945 but he didn't become maladjusted until about a year later. The interlude was not unlike the delay element of a time fuse, however, because when Arthur did become maladjusted it was like a high-explosive shell going off.

Arthur had joined the club in 1942. Eventually he went overseas and served in a Public Relations Office in England, later moving to Paris and then to Germany. He never got any closer to the fighting than the time he remarked. "Is that thunder?" and was informed that he was listening to artillery. Most of the time he lived in reasonably comfortable quarters and got enough to eat. On the whole his conduct while in the Army was exemplary and undistinguished.

In due course he was sent back for discharge and he and his wife, Alice, had a mild binge in San Francisco before they went home to South Beach. There, Arthur resumed the practice of law with his father; rejoined the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club; played golf on Saturday afternoons; went to the country club dances with Alice; and generally settled back into the civilian slough with scarcely a ripple.

Not, of course, that he didn't get into his share of trouble now and then. There was the time that he had driven the milk wagon home after the Thompsons' party and another time when he and Pete Osborne, masquerading as Ben Hur and Ben Him, staged an impromptu chariot race which had ended in a near riot at the country club. Arthur had, however, been appropriately subdued after these occasions and everyone had readily forgiven him, taking these falls from grace to be just another sign of his healthy readjustment.

It was Pete Osborne who engineered Arthur's maladjustment in the fall of 1946.

The Osbornes and the Kilroys lived in the same block, and Pete and Arthur were friends in a Dagwood-Herb sort of way: that is, they maintained an armed truce and watched each other out of the corners of their eyes. The two looked much alike, being of about the same build and having the same neutral coloring. Pete, however, had flown some forty missions in B-17s and had not yet settled back into the humdrum routine of South Beach.

Arthur's trouble really began on the morning after Pete had dived off the high board at the club in his evening clothes. Pete had a hang-over and was staring morosely out of the window while he waited for Sally, his wife, to get her hatchet out. Across the way Arthur was mowing his lawn—*he* hadn't dived off the high board.

"I don't see why you have to do such things," Sally said. "Look at Arthur Kilroy. He doesn't do them."

"He wasn't a hero like I was," Pete mumbled. "He hasn't got anything to forget."

"Nuts!" Sally said coldly. "He's just got sense."

Her husband reflected darkly for a moment. "He's repressed," Pete said. "One of these days he'll probably come unstuck and go around pinching ladies on the street or throwing bricks through windows. What that bum needs is to get maladjusted a bit."

ON TUESDAY afternoon Arthur came home as usual at a little after five. He kissed Alice, picked up the evening paper, got a bottle of beer from the refrigerator, filled his pipe and settled down in his large easy chair. Doris, the colored maid, was rattling dishes in the kitchen and there was an aroma of roast pork in the air.

Alice came back from the kitchen. She was a blonde—just a trifle on the robust side; good to look at, though, and jealous of her husband. She had been a woman ski champion when she was in college and Arthur had learned soon after their marriage that she was the dominating type. However, he was more than fond of her and didn't particularly mind when she prescribed the kind of suits he would wear and nagged him about putting on his rubbers.

"Did you have a good day at the office, dear?" she asked.

"Ummmm. Pretty good," Arthur said. He was engrossed in a story about a new heavyweight prospect that had been discovered in New Jersey. Alice stirred a little.

"You've never told me very much about your experiences overseas, have you, Arthur?" she asked thoughtfully.

Arthur wondered what had brought that up but didn't inquire. "Nothing much to tell," he mumbled. "I wasn't the hero type."

"Now that I think of it," Alice added pensively, "you never used to write much about them, either."

"Nothing much to write," Arthur said cautiously.

"I suppose not," Alice said. Then she added after a little, "I was playing bridge with Sally Osborne this afternoon and she was telling me about some of Pete's experiences. You used to see Pete when you were overseas, didn't you?"

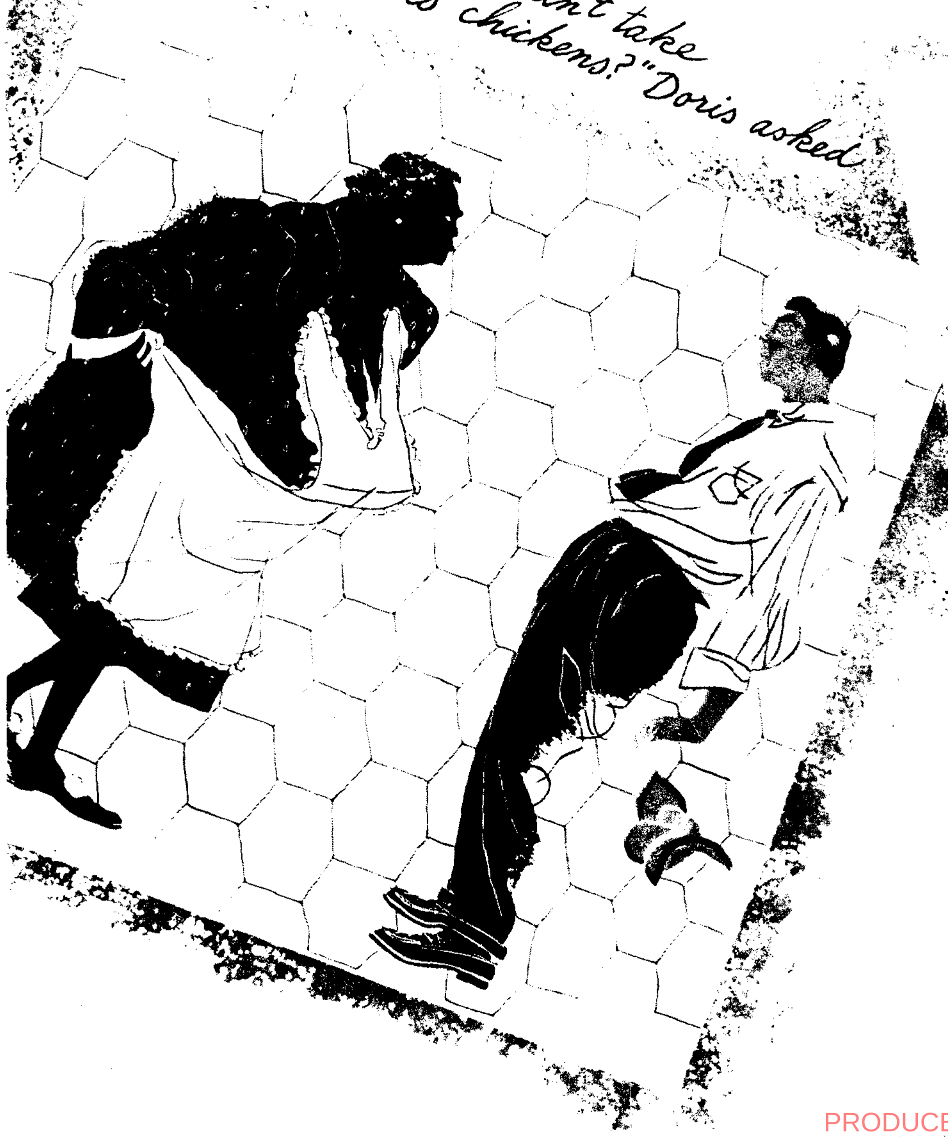
"Ummmm," Arthur said. "Now and then. Why?"

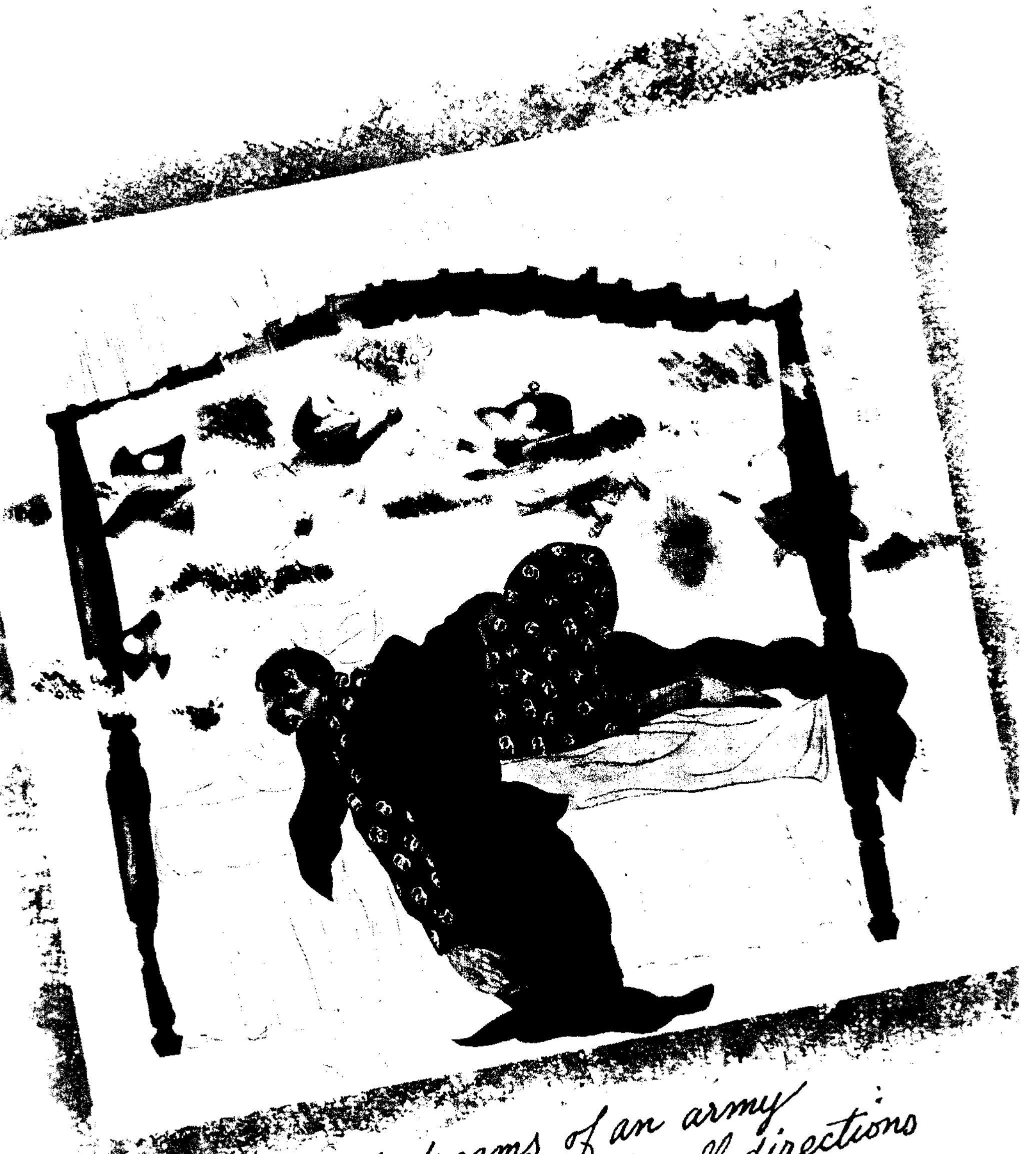
"Nothing." There was a lengthy silence and Arthur tried to get interested in the New Jersey heavyweight again but couldn't. He had a vague premonition of trouble ahead as Alice began again. "Pete told Sally that in Paris some of the men used to go to the most terrible places. The worst one was down in a cellar in the Rue something-or-other where women danced without any clothes on and things like that. Of course, Pete just went there once to see what it was like."

Arthur started a little and made a mental note to tell Pete to keep his big mouth shut. "Eh?" he said and then added *(Continued on page 96)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

"Did you or did you didn't take my aunties chickens?" Doris asked





Arthur had dreams of an army of Kilroys spreading in all directions

SO YOU CAN'T GE

All our new wonder drugs won't cure the sick if there aren't enough doctors to administer them. The shortage is acute and getting worse, as suggested by this waiting room at Bellevue Hospital, New York, crowded with patients. Here is a survey of what lies behind our failure to train enough physicians

A DOCTOR?

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

THIS country is up against a staggering shortage of physicians—a shortage which may jeopardize the health of everyone of us for many years to come. Yet, though they have loudly warned us of this deficit, our medical colleges are now cutting down their production of physicians.

Instead of training more doctors than ever before, these colleges—and the American Medical Association which plays a major part in determining their policy—have embarked upon a cutback program which can only increase our deficit of physicians and thus result in needless suffering, ill health and, often, an all-too-early death for many Americans.

These are serious charges and it is important that they be brought out into the open *now*, while there is still time to reverse and correct this disastrous policy. What is the basis for such charges?

The warnings of our growing deficit of physicians come not from alarmists and crackpots, but from the highest authorities of the American Medical Association. On May 1, 1945, Dr. Victor Johnson, secretary of the AMA Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, testified before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs:

"After the war we are going to require more physicians than before . . . It is conservative to estimate we will need 35,000 more physicians . . . We will graduate 40,000 men in a six-year period and in that period 24,000 physicians will die. The net result is that in 1948 we will have approximately 16,000 additional doctors in this country and these 16,000 will have to provide for the estimated additional 35,000 that I have mentioned."

An editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association of March 10, 1945, recognized the same set of facts and used it as an argument for the exemption of premedical students from the draft. Yet in the face of these warnings most of our medical schools have now clamped the lid down upon the doctor training program.

With only a handful of exceptions, the sixty-nine Grade "A" medical schools approved by the American Medical Association have either dropped or are now dropping—for reasons that will be discussed—the accelerated program of medical education which during the war years provided us with 7,000 extra doctors.

Decreases in Freshman Classes

The University of Indiana reduced its freshman class in a single year from 106 to 81. The University of Louisville dropped from 103 freshmen two years ago to 86 last year. The University of Maryland squeezed its enrollment down from 96 to 82. The University of Michigan dropped from 160 to 124. During the war, the University of Pennsylvania had classes as large as 137. Their next class, according to Dean Isaac Starr, will be down to 100.

These cold statistics strike home when we examine what the growing shortage of physicians actually means —already—in thousands of communities. Consider Kelleys Island, four miles off the shore of Lake Erie near Port Clinton, Ohio.

Kelleys Island had gone without a doctor all through the war. Then the islanders heard about all the returning physician-veterans. This was their chance, they thought, to get some decent medical service. At meetings in the high school they worked out what they thought was a really sweet proposal. To any doctor who would join their community they would give a modern nine-room house—free and clear. To sugar the offer further, they would guarantee him $3,000 a year, above and beyond everything he collected in fees.

All last winter they pleaded futilely with state health officials, with the Red Cross and the Ohio Medical Society. They got their congressman, Alvin F. Weichel, to pull wires in Washington. They told about the six-year-old whose leg was fractured by a car—how the kid had suffered for three full days before they could get him across the frozen lake to a doctor.

They had old people on the island —and pregnant women—and babies. But they got no doctor. They could look across the short stretch of tumbled ice to the mainland. But when anyone fell ill—they were as isolated as any Eskimo village in Alaska.

South Dakota's Vanishing Medicos

Kelleys Island is no unique exception. In South Dakota, for example, the number of physicians has fallen to only half what it was in 1910—while the population has grown. A survey recently completed by an official State Health Committee showed only 331 doctors in the entire state—and fully a third of these were over sixty-five years old. The average number of persons dependent upon each physician has risen from 913 in 1910 to 2,426 today.

Ten counties in South Dakota are today without a single physician. Eleven others have only one doctor per five thousand or more residents.

From Campbell County comes this testimony. "We have been without a doctor for years. We have no hospital—no medical service at all. It is necessary to travel from 27 to 100 miles to secure proper treatment. In some instances it is almost a case of a patient getting well, being crippled or dying all by himself."

And from Tripp County comes this sardonic comment. "We have a horse doctor in town. When a horse or hog is sick we telephone and he comes. But if a member of the family gets sick, we are just out of luck."

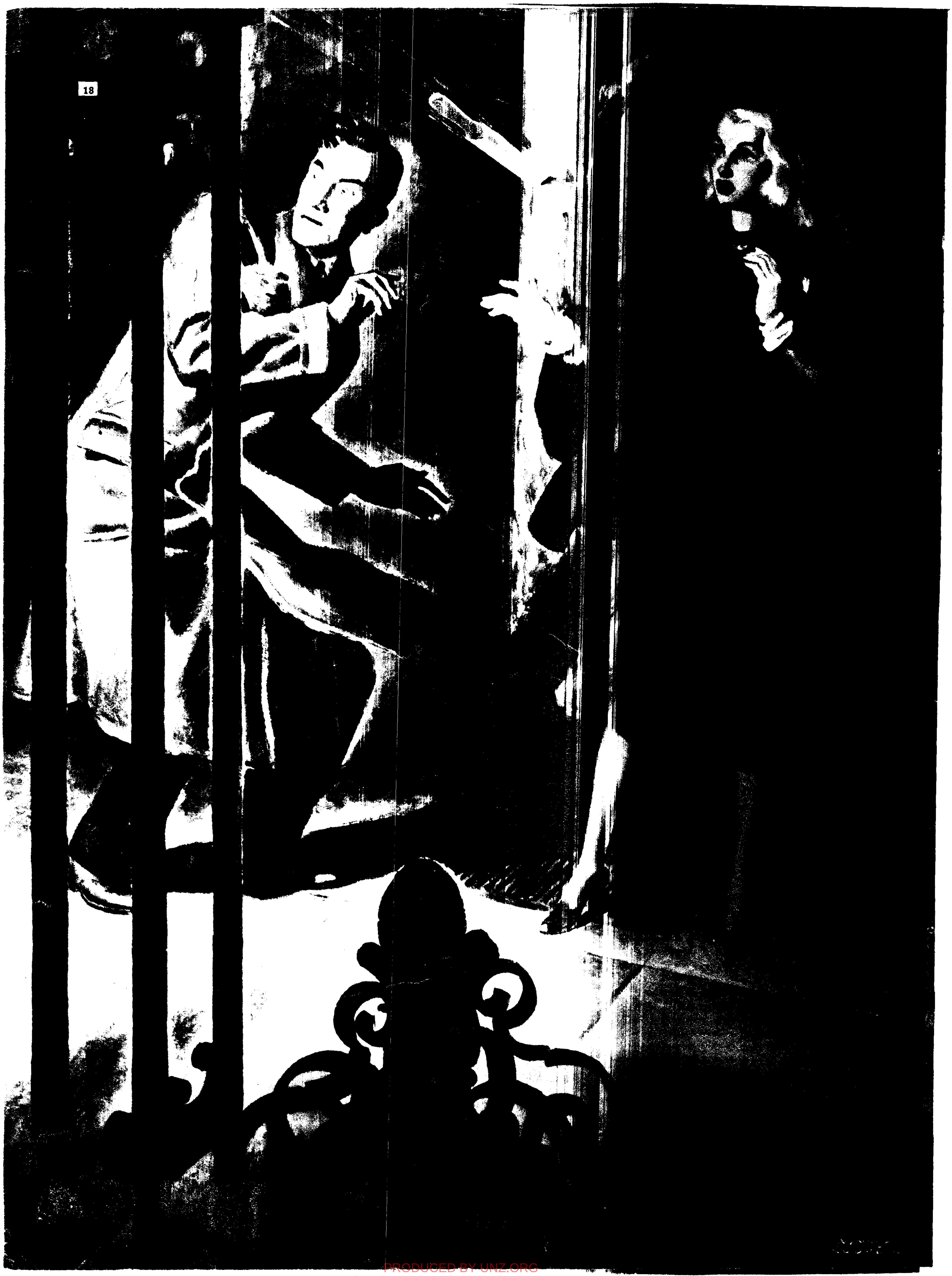
Nor is South Dakota unusual. In Nebraska there are four counties without a physician. In Florida there are five, in Virginia six. And in many another rural state the same vast blank spaces exist.

It has become the fashion among some medical society officials and medical school deans to discount these figures—to pretend that such conditions are the result of the war and are speedily being ended as doctors return from service. Yet the fact remains that in 1940—*before the war*—37 counties in the United States had not a single physician and 317 counties had more than 3,000 persons per active physician. One thousand persons per physician has been long considered, by the American Medical Association and other authorities, a normal maximum patient-load.

Such shortages of physicians have prompted various explanations by medical educators. Typical is Doctor Willard C. Rappleye, dean of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons and chairman of the

(Continued on page 83)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



DUST AND ASHES

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He had all the reasons for slamming the door on love. All but one

THE first time was late in March, at a party in Bill Graham's apartment. Bill was doing his knife-throwing act. Somebody was screaming. A guy named Larry Price who was writing a novel was reading from yellow typewritten pages. It was a lousy novel.

I was just back from the Philippines and I sat on the floor between a wall and a lot of dark-gold hair. A blue dress was under the hair; the legs were okay; so was what was under the dress. But I was jammed against the wall and I was uncomfortable.

"Pardon me," I said. "Would you mind shoving over?"

The hair swung around. There was a face to go with it, bored and beautiful; her eyes were big and dark as they looked into mine. Whoever was screaming screamed again. I could smell the girl's perfume.

She said, "There's no place to shove to." The hair was gold, but dark, and the lights shone in it. I was glad to be back in New York. "I don't know you," the girl said. "I'm Kay Marvin."

"Carl Ramsay," I said. "And how do you like the party?"

Kay Marvin's eyes got even bigger and darker. Her mouth trembled a little, and her voice was very faint.

"I can't stand it," she said. "It hurts me—here." She put a hand over her heart.

For a minute I just looked at her. Then I grinned. "We ought to change that." I stood up and held my hand out and helped her up. . . .

Outside, it was suddenly quiet, and very cold. I turned up my collar, and Kay held onto my arm and we walked until we found a little all-night restaurant. We sat at the counter, drinking coffee and smoking. Pretty soon Kay turned her head.

"Carl," she said. Her voice had emotion. "Oh, Carl, it's so *unfair!*"

"What's unfair?"

"Life," she whispered. Her hair swung against her shoulders. Her eyes were tragic. "It's like a great, cold, iron cage."

I began to think she might be a little crazy. I looked at her, sort of huddled there on the stool and looking like she was getting ready to cry.

"Take it easy, baby," I said. "It isn't that bad." I could hear the wind blowing in the street, and I knew I shouldn't do it, but she looked so hopeless and lost that I stuck my neck out. "You want to tell me about it?"

She swung around on the stool and put her hand on mine. She said, "You're sweet, Carl."

Sweet. "Go ahead," I said.

"Well—Larry Price wants to marry me. And Martin's wife won't give him a divorce."

"Try it again," I said, "slower."

"I mean, I'm sorry for Larry, of course. But I don't love him. I love Martin. And his wife won't—"

"Oh," I said. A married Joe and a Joe who was writing a book. It sounded great. But what could you say? I patted her hand. Then I drank coffee. Her face was drawn and tragic.

She said, "Dust and ashes. That's all that's left. Dust and ashes." She could hardly talk. "And I love him so!"

She was falling leaves in October. Life was over for her. I judged her to be about twenty.

"Yeah," I said. "It's hell, all right."

Her eyes were dark with pain, but she shook her shoulders and made with a brave smile. She drank some coffee. Then she said, "Tell me about you, Carl. You work with Bill Graham, don't you?"

"Yeah. For Universal Bananas." There wasn't anything to tell. "We put in two years in the field together, before the war. Now we're both in the office."

"Carl! Two years in the *jungle?*"

"They won't grow on Forty-second Street."

She was starry-eyed. It was marvelous. "But the jungle! Carl, what was it like?" That one I could answer.

"Tin shacks. Heat. Fleas. Whisky and quinine. They can have it, baby."

The stars went out of her eyes. She said, "Ah, poor Carl. You too . . ."

I said, "Huh?"

She explained. "Everything turns to dust, doesn't it?"

If it made her happy, why should I argue?

"Dust," I said. "You bet."

We finished the coffee and went out. The wind was cold and good smelling. It slapped your breath back down your throat.

A cab pulled up at the curb, and I looked at Kay. She shook her head. "Let's walk. It isn't far."

I waved the cab on. Kay hung on my arm, pressing close against me, and we walked. We walked well together. She took longer steps than a girl usually does. And the wind blew hard in our faces, cold and clean and fresh.

At the door of her apartment she turned and held out her hand. Her cheeks were pink, but her eyes still had woe. I stood there holding her hand.

"Good night," I said. "Cheer up, baby. Maybe life isn't so bad."

For a minute she stared at me with those big dark eyes. "Dust," she said. "Dust and ashes." She bit her lip and turned and went in.

Down in the street, I looked up at the corner windows on the third floor. Kay was standing at one of them; when she saw me she waved. I waved back.

A nice kid, but a little crazy.

YOU'D think that would have been the end of it. But no. A couple of weeks later she called me at the office. It was nearly quitting time.

"Oh, Carl." It was one of those fainting whispers. "I have to see you," she said. "I have to—to talk to somebody."

And who better than dear sweet old Ramsay? I quick-started thinking up previous engagements. Then I thought: What the hell! I didn't have anything to do. It was a fine spring evening. I wondered what it was this time. Besides, I had to eat somewhere, didn't I?

"Okay," I said. "How about dinner?"

We went to a place called the Casa del Oro. Gold curtains on the walls, palm trees standing around in tubs. It was a very romantic joint. Lousy with glamor.

The waiter brought our Martinis. I drank mine and looked at Kay. Her face was pale, her mouth a dark red smear. Bitter. I blinked and looked again.

She was crying. Big tears ran down her cheeks slowly. There wasn't any noise with it. No sobs. Just the big tears, rolling.

I said, "Hey. What goes?"

She looked at me. The tears flowed. Somebody played a violin, and the waiter brought our soup.

"Come on," I said. "Tell me."

Kay swallowed. Hard. She said, "Martin's wife has divorced him—"

I did a double-take. I said, "Maybe I'm not very bright. I thought that was what you wanted."

Her eyes looked at me, big and unhappy with tears. The violin sobbed and moaned. Somebody could certainly handle a fiddle.

"He kept telling me she wouldn't," said Kay. "And she was in Reno all the time. And now—now he's married to a girl from *Indianapolis!*"

"H'mm," I said. "That's rough."

"Sometimes I wonder if there's any use in going on . . ."

She was crying. I noticed that her soup was gone, but she sat there dripping tears; how could I laugh?

I FINISHED my soup. The waiter brought our steaks. A black-haired babe in a comb and mantilla and not much else got out on the floor and sang *La Paloma* with a Brooklyn accent.

"What about this writing Joe?" I said.

"Oh. Larry. He's—rather sweet. And he still wants me to marry him. But I couldn't, now. I feel —dead inside." The eyes filled up again; her mouth twisted; she was heartbroken and disillusioned and bitter. "Carl, why do these things happen to me?"

"I don't know," I said. "Eat your steak."

She looked at me for a minute, and then she smiled bravely. Her hand came across the table and touched mine.

"I'm sorry, Carl. I shouldn't do this to you. It's just that sometimes I can't—stand it." She was still smiling, but her eyes were desolate. She was right back where she'd been the last time. Life was an iron cage, full of dust and ashes.

"Eat your—" I stopped. Half the steak was already gone. "Never mind," I said.

Afterwards we walked to her apartment. It was dark and the air was soft and pleasant. Our steps still matched.

Kay didn't say anything, but when I looked at her she wasn't crying. We walked along together and she had a little half smile on her mouth. Not the brave kind. The kind you get without knowing it.

At her apartment, though, she remembered that her heart was broken. She held my hand, tight.

"Carl. Have you ever been in love?"

"Sure," I said. "Lots of times."

She shook her head. She was sad. Her voice trembled. "Poor Carl. Isn't it—terrible?"

"Yeah," I said. "Love. What does it get you?" I squeezed the hand. "A handful of dust and ashes," I said.

She couldn't speak. She just gulped and started to go inside. I grinned a little.

Then she stopped. She *(Continued on page 34)*

Something went through the air and hit a tree behind us. Kay gasped. "Carl! It's—it's a knife!" The blade looked sinister and deadly in the light

M'SIEU BWA-YEA

BY AMY PORTER

That's the way you ought to pronounce the name of Charles Boyer, star of Arch of Triumph. Hollywood just says "Colossal!" and lets it go at that

THERE are at least two ways to get off to a bad start in an interview with Charles Boyer. One, pronounce his name to rhyme with Sawyer. Two, ask him to explain the technique which won him his fame as the screen's Great Lover.

Either approach is so hazardous for all concerned that his studio now carefully forewarns those who are about to enter the presence of their skittish star.

The number of those who wish to enter his presence is great, and includes writers for all sorts of publications, persistent private citizens, and more or less important visitors with business, political or studio connections. For Boyer is at the moment a big thing in Hollywood. This is because he plays the lead in what promises to be a Triple-A, four-check-mark, five-star movie—Arch of Triumph.

Heretofore, during the last ten years or so, the Boyer stock has been good, steady stock, like steel or railroads, not spectacular, but consistently profitable. Now, of a sudden, his value has gone way up.

Mr. Boyer at his heartiest is no hail fellow well met, and they say that if, inadvertently, and in spite of warnings, one does address him with an American instead of a French accent —Boy-er instead of Bwa-yea—his hackles rise, and it is a sight to see. Coldly, politely, he will say, "That is not my name, if you do not mind," for Boyer is always polite, even with his hackles up.

The Boyer insistence upon Bwa-yea is regarded by some as an indication of stuffiness. The more reasonable

Arch of Triumph
The Story:

A scene from the movie closely parallels an illustration from the serial (Collier's, Sept. 15–Oct. 20, 1945) view is that his preference for the name he was born with is only natural, especially in a man who retains so strong an affection for his native land.

So tender is Boyer of all things pertaining to France that he almost passed up the lead in Arch of Triumph. When David Lewis, the producer, first offered him the part, he said no, he could not accept. He had read the book, he said, and it was a great book, and the author, Erich Maria Remarque, was a great writer and his good friend besides. But no. "I am a *Frenchman,*" he protested. "For me to play a German, that would be ridiculous. For me to play a *good* German, that would be impossible. I have never known a good German. I would not know how to begin to act such a part."

This was, in a way, a heroic position for Mr. Boyer to take, for here was the sort of part he had been looking for—sophisticated, adult, a part to help him live down his reputation as a Great Lover. The Great Lover business has begun to weigh heavily on Boyer's graceful shoulders. It is all very well in the beginning, he feels, to build one's career on a superior kind of public love-making, but after more than 25 years of it, one grows tired.

Boyer is especially leery of a certain fan-magazine reporter because, he says, she *always* asks him how does it feel to kiss Lamarr or Jennifer Jones or Greer Garson or somebody—and he quit giving away his trade secrets some ten years ago. We risked everything by asking well, how *does* it feel, say, with Ingrid Bergman, and Boyer, in perfect good temper, replied: "Miss Bergman is all right." We consider this a scoop.

Anyway, what Boyer wished for was a part of dignity, with, of course, a reasonable amount of his love-making specialty on the side—a part like that of Ravic in Arch of Triumph.

His early refusal was a discouraging rebuff to the new movie company, Enterprise Productions Inc., which already was wondering if it had overreached itself when it bought the rights to this novel shortly after it appeared as a serial in Collier's and before its publication in book form. For in spite of the admitted excellencies which elevated Arch of Triumph to superbest-seller rank—an estimated 20,000,000 persons have read the book—it had many counts against it from a movie point of view.

Taboos of the Movie Code

On the face of it, it seemed to violate many of the morals-and-manners rules of the Johnston office. The hero is a German exile, a doctor, practicing medicine illegally in France in the turbulent time shortly before the outbreak of World War II. The hero's consuming interests are two: love for a girl who is beautiful but not good, and hate for the concentration-camp Nazi who had tortured him.

The theme of the book is grand enough—it expounds the wasteful tragedy of war. But as the theme is developed through the personal tragedies of Ravic and of the girl he loves, sordid details appear. The story is full of items which ordinarily are anathema to the Johnston office: illicit love, bootleg operations, cancer, gynecology, prostitution, heavy drinking, murder. As to murder, the movie code says, "Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail . . . revenge in modern times shall not be justified. . . ."

Charles Einfeld, head of Enterprise, and Producer Lewis overcame Johnston office objections one by one, modifying the story's details here and there, and finding justification for its major events. The killing stayed in on the ground that it was done not so much for personal revenge as for worthy political reasons. The studio was gratified that the script as finally accepted still was a reasonably faithful representation of the novel.

Winning over Boyer was more of a feat, for Boyer, as all of Hollywood knows, is a hard man to budge once his mind is set. Among the blandishments which Enterprise spread out to tempt him were (1) a chance to play again opposite Ingrid Bergman, with whom he had achieved satisfying success in Gaslight, (2) the expert supervision of Director Milestone, with whom he had worked before, (3) the personal urging of Author Remarque, who said he had had Boyer in mind for the part even as he wrote the book and (4) good pay.

But the winning argument was that the studio would fix the story so as to do no damage to the pride of France or a Frenchman. The hero, Ravic, is not a German in the movie, but a man of indeterminate nationality, perhaps an Austrian. And no character in the movie is allowed to speak disparagingly of France or the French.

Whereupon Boyer said a dignified Gallic equivalent of "Okay"—which incidentally was "Okay."

Boyer never worked harder in his life. Once the contract was signed, Charles Einfeld approached his star of the same given name and said, "Sharl"—for Boyer likes his first name also to be pronounced in the French way—"Sharl, nobody could understand you in Cluny Brown. Can you do something about your accent?"

Boyer, being a conscientious craftsman, can take criticism of that sort. He engaged Dr. Simon R. Mitchnek, the language expert, at his own expense, to eradicate, or at least to modify, the French accent which has been up to now an important part of the Boyer stock in trade.

Dr. Mitchnek worked with Boyer for weeks before shooting began, and was on the set all the time to catch any language slip-ups. Dr. Mitchnek says: "I pulled the French 'r' right out of his throat." Those who have admired Boyer as the doe-eyed dove-voiced French-accented romantic will scarcely know him in this new movie. He has become staccato, incisive, a man of steel—though still good in the clinches. Dr. Mitchnek drilled him on such r-filled words as "preserve." The thing to do to take the Frenchiness out of that word, he told Boyer, was to pronounce it as if there were no "r" at all in the last syllable. "Preseve" . . . that's close enough, the teacher said, to leave the nationality of the character in doubt.

Boyer strives always for perfection, sometimes tires out the whole company with his insistence on retakes. It took two days, three doctors and one nurse to see them all safely through

(Continued on page 45)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

Arch of Triumph
By Erich Maria Remarque

Movie and magazine versions of the same scene. Here, Ravic (Charles Boyer) broods over an unsuccessful operation and is consoled by Dr. Veber (left). Roman Bohnen plays Veber

FIREMEN HAVE FUN

Members of the Larkspur, Calif., Fire Department give a hose cart a workout. (Left to right): R. C. Doherty, Capt. A. W. Larsen, Charles McLeran, Bob Mistron

Bud Anthony, lathered Fire Department member, leaves a barbershop in a hurry to answer a fire call, while Barber Charles Ringer (at door) looks on

COUNTRY STORE

The three McLeran brothers, all roofers, start for a fire. Brother Ralph is jumping from a window. Robert is running down a plank, in center. Charles is on the roof

BY GRADY JOHNSON

Smoke-eating is strictly a private enterprise in the town of Larkspur, California, with interesting side lights, both social and financial

NOT counting old Cap Larsen, who commutes from San Francisco's exclusive Nob Hill, to loaf around the firehouse, the population of Larkspur, California, six days a week is 2,550. On Saturday nights this sleepy village nestled in the Marin County mountains 13 miles north of the Golden Gate, becomes a gay, horn-tooting town of more than 6,000 people.

Behind those statistics is a story filled with nostalgic Americana, moonlight and music. Here old men who still like to play fireman have seen their unique firemen's ball outgrow the town to the point where their privately incorporated, clublike volunteer fire department operates Larkspur's largest industry.

That industry—a weekly dance in a half-acre outdoor dance hall the only roof of which is the stars and the whispering boughs of ageless redwood trees—is the romantic tail that wags the municipal dog. It has completely financed a modern $500,000 fire department, pretentiously out of proportion with the town, and a superior brand of fire-eating which doesn't cost the taxpayers a dime!

The town had better like the service, too. The fire department does not have to answer to anyone—mayor, council or taxpayers. In fact, it is an unofficial small-town Tammany whose blessing is vital to political candidates.

The only thing these fraternal fire laddies heed is the raucous blast of their own fire alarm, set off by one of their own 40-odd pull boxes. In response, three firemen, selected and paid by the organization, sail out of its own $30,000 firehouse in its privately owned and operated fire engines.

All over town, in shops, bars and stores, 22 "regular" volunteers and others who would like to gain admission to this exclusive club drop everything when the coded burps of the huge air horn, audible for six miles, tell them where the fire is. Deserting customers, they don their own rakish regalia, follow their own sleek engines in their own cars and put out the fire with water which they pay for themselves and which comes from hydrants which they bought and installed. Under an oral agreement with the town, the Association guarantees fire protection in exchange for the privilege of operating the highly profitable dance pavilion.

Every year since 1913, from April to September, thousands of dancers have been coming to the unique Larkspur Rose Bowl for 25 Saturday-night dances. Beneath redwood trees thousands of years old, buckeye and blooming apple trees—growing up through the floor—three generations have met, danced and wooed.

Playing Cupid for a Marine in China

The dance floor, mushrooming over a creek that winds through town, is a mecca for dancers from miles around. A Marine in China, knowing that the girl he met in San Francisco was an avid dancer, wrote to the firemen to help him locate her. Since all lightfooted folk in the Bay area sooner or later get to the Bowl, the firemen paged her every Saturday over the public-address system. Sure enough she responded, flattered, and promised to correspond with the serviceman. This service is typical of the firemen who have driven hundreds of couples home in their own cars when other transportation failed, saving parental wrath.

Even the trees growing through holes in the waxed wooden floor offer eloquent evidence of the stuff that makes the world—and the turnstiles—go round. Their mossy trunks, swollen with old initials and carved hearts, have been worn slick by bumpings from shut-eyed dancers. Less romantic but equally articulate are wads of chewing gum weathered into the bark, left by Gibson girl and dandy, flapper and sheik, bobby-soxer and zoot suiter.

Founding of this unique fire department dates back to 1906. Earthquake and fire had left San Francisco in ruins. Firemen were heroes of the day, and every other boy wanted to be one. The mustachioed gay blades of Larkspur, onetime training hangout for boxers like Battling Nelson, Joe Gans and Jim Corbett, were aware of this. A fire department would be fun. Besides, one was needed.

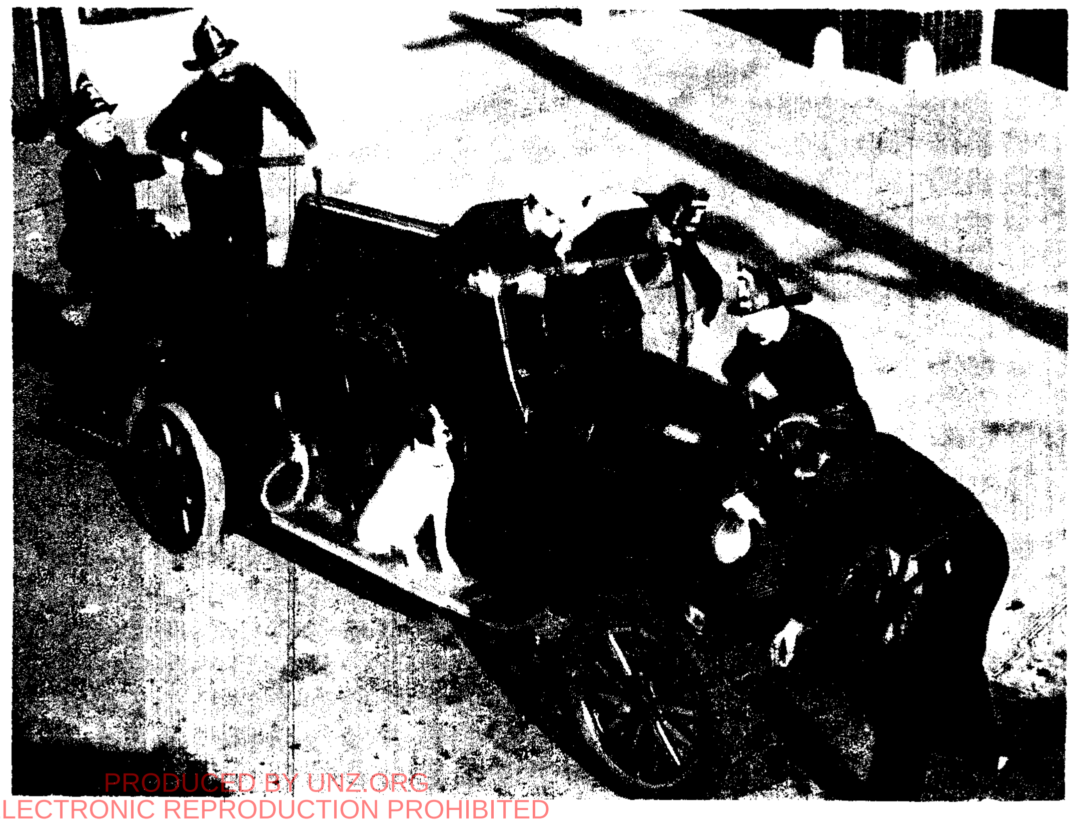
In those days rural fires were fought with buckets of water and axes. But the real honest-to-goodness firemen of Larkspur had to have other things—hats, boots and brass-buttoned uniforms indispensable for parades, picnics, etc.

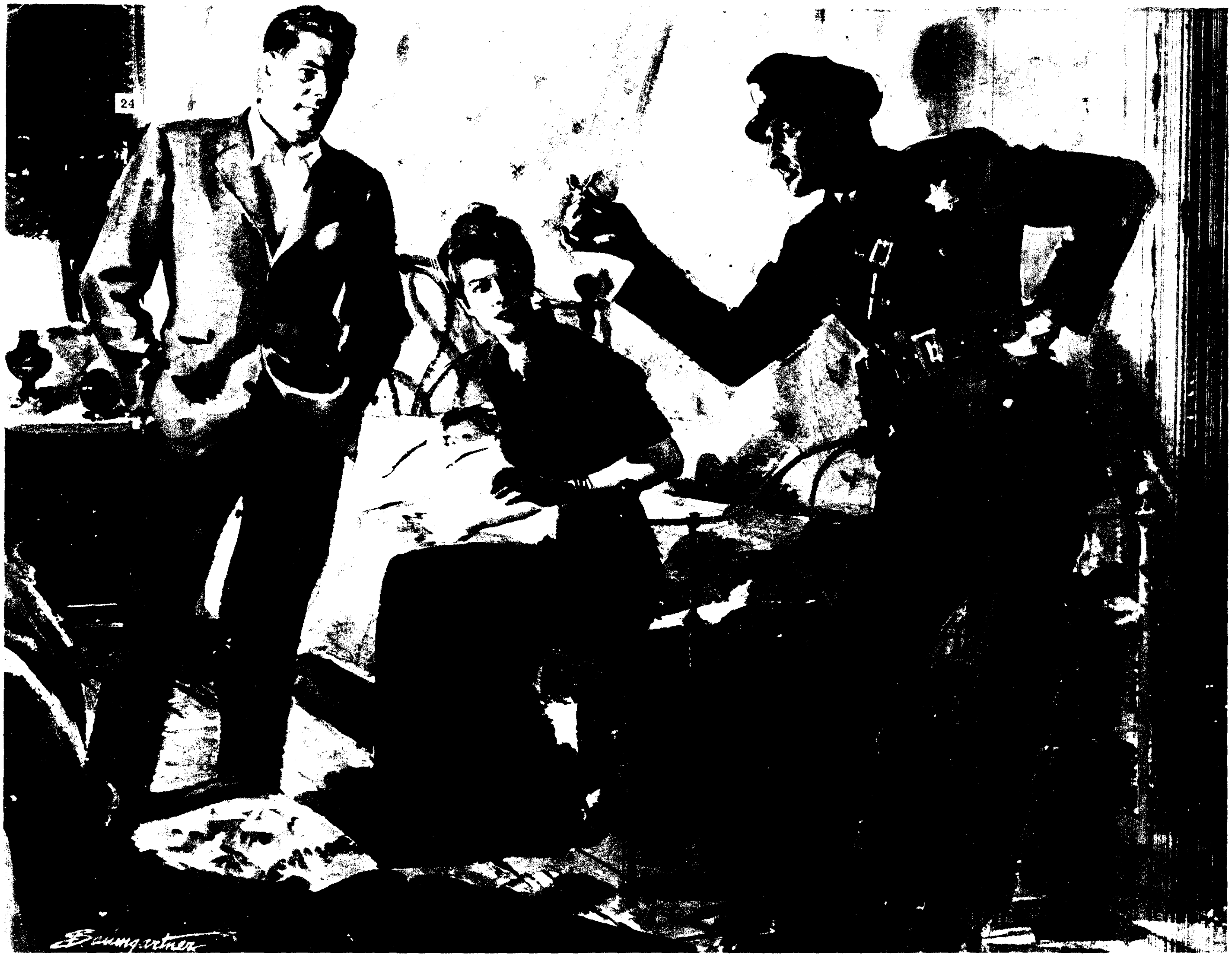
Resorting to the fireman's traditional means of raising money, they built a platform—the forerunner of the Rose Bowl—under a big tree on a vacant lot. To save space they perched the orchestra—violin, banjo, small organ and bass viol—on a platform in the tree. *(Continued on page 42)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Fire Chief M. G. Baughman (left) has a talk with A. W. ("Cap") Larsen, who is wearing his Rose Bowl cap. The fire department does not have to answer to anyone—mayor, council or taxpayers

How many towns in America with a population of 2,500 can boast of fire-fighting equipment like this? Probably none. Below: George Eatherton cranks an old 1918 chemical and hose truck





"Where do you catch butterflies like this?" the cop said lightly to Ritch. Lizbeth started to reach for the pin. "It's not real," she said

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

BY KETTI FRINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

For Synopsis See Page 50

IV

ON THE road again, headed out of Fresno, Ritch was oddly cheerful. They hadn't dared to talk much, at Mrs. Lindner's, about what was happening. Lizbeth had packed during the day; Ritch had had to disappear pretending he was at work. When he came home, he had brought the car from the garage, loaded it; it was then he had seemed suddenly so lighthearted. Now he chattered about how, as long as they were moving on, they should also move on to a new name. He suggested Brown. The Browns . . . the Whites . . . the Martins . . . they could last years at this. Carol was playing contentedly, putting dolls to bed on the rear seat. Only Lizbeth felt depressed. Ritch suggested that she start looking for a stretch of country where they could sleep "We'll haul up early; too conspicuous traveling late at night."

"When *aren't* we conspicuous?"

"Right now!" he grinned. "Don't you know so much bliss between us is unexpected? Evaders of the law are supposed to be at each other's throats after the first day or two."

"Do you have to use phrases like that?"

A police car went by; Ritch thumbed his nose.

"Ritch!"

He laughed. "Take a breather; relax! Ever notice Mrs. Lindner's car in the garage? Well, now it has a new license plate. So, unless she takes the car out tonight—which she won't because she won't drive at night—we're safe tonight. Isn't it wonderful?"

It only worried her. "Won't Mrs. Lindner notice you switched license plates?"

"Would you? What's your car's number?"

"But maybe the police—"

"Sure, tomorrow she may take it out; she gets a ticket, or a cop spots her. Then they're on the right trail again, but for now, we're safe."

She slowly relaxed. "Then if we are free tonight why stop anywhere? Isn't this our night to travel?"

"Blondie, your dopey Dagwood thanks you! Get out that map. I've been thinking that this time, a bigger city . . "

It was August and sultry in San Francisco. At first they lived in the car. Ritch strung up a kind of blanket-hammock in the rear which was strong enough to hold Carol. Lizbeth slept on the rear seat; Ritch up front—or, if their parking place permitted it, on the grass alongside the car. In this steaming weather it was not unusual to see families take to the open. The parks and public grounds were filled with them, with police approval.

Daytimes the Browns divided their time between home hunting and sight-seeing. Ritch did not want to risk hotels or motor courts; they had to find rooms in a house or in a cheap apartment building. The bigness of the city was in one way a safety, in another a hazard. Movie people occasionally came up; there was still lots of Navy around. Ritch might run into old friends in either group; but it was doubtful if he'd be recognized. He was growing a mustache; he wore his hair longer and sunglasses (which Lizbeth had also adopted), but the change was a subtler one: Ritch had begun to look like a harassed, very warm, very tired family man.

They all began to look slightly dilapidated. Car life did not permit much personal grooming. The Browns went each morning to the public rest rooms and showers at bus terminals and railroad stations; they could keep clean that *(Continued on page 50)*

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WOMAN PURSUED BY JEALOUSY

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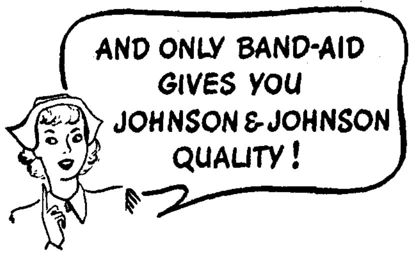
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Keep one box at home—one at work.

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TAKEN TO THE CLEANER'S

Continued from page 13

yourself what happens to your clothes when you send them to the best cleaner's. You will also be able to spot corners a cleaner may cut, if he doesn't charge enough to cover them, or if his conscience skips a few beats.

Arriving in their own individual bag, your clothes are first tagged with the familiar cloth cleaner's tags and then put on the sorter's table. An intelligent sorter removes buttons that look doubtful for cleaning, sets aside garments she can see need prespotting or special care, marks any garment with advice you may have passed on such as "coffee spilled here." Zippers, hooks and remaining buttons are fastened to prevent catching. Pockets are pulled out, generally yielding a haul.

Even the cheapest cleaner will do this, because a lipstick left to melt and smear things up in the drying process causes real trouble. But he may not own a machine for cleaning out trouser cuffs, though they are to be had, vacuum or brush type. (You can check up on your cleaner's thoroughness by looking into cuffs, and by examining sleeve and pocket linings, which should be fresh looking.)

Clothes are sorted by fabric and color, weighed out in batches, and put into machines that operate somewhat like washing machines.

Dress Belts Are a Nuisance

Clothes set aside by the sorter first go to a man called a prespotter. At his table, besides the usual lot of clothes with spots that need removing before the regular cleaning, so they won't get set in the process, are a batch of women's dress belts. Most dress belts are made of fabric stuck to leather, or worse still, some kind of imitation stuff. What doesn't come unstuck in the cleaning fluid is apt to disintegrate, or bleed a dingy glue color into the fabric. The cleaner settles for a makeshift hand-sponging job.

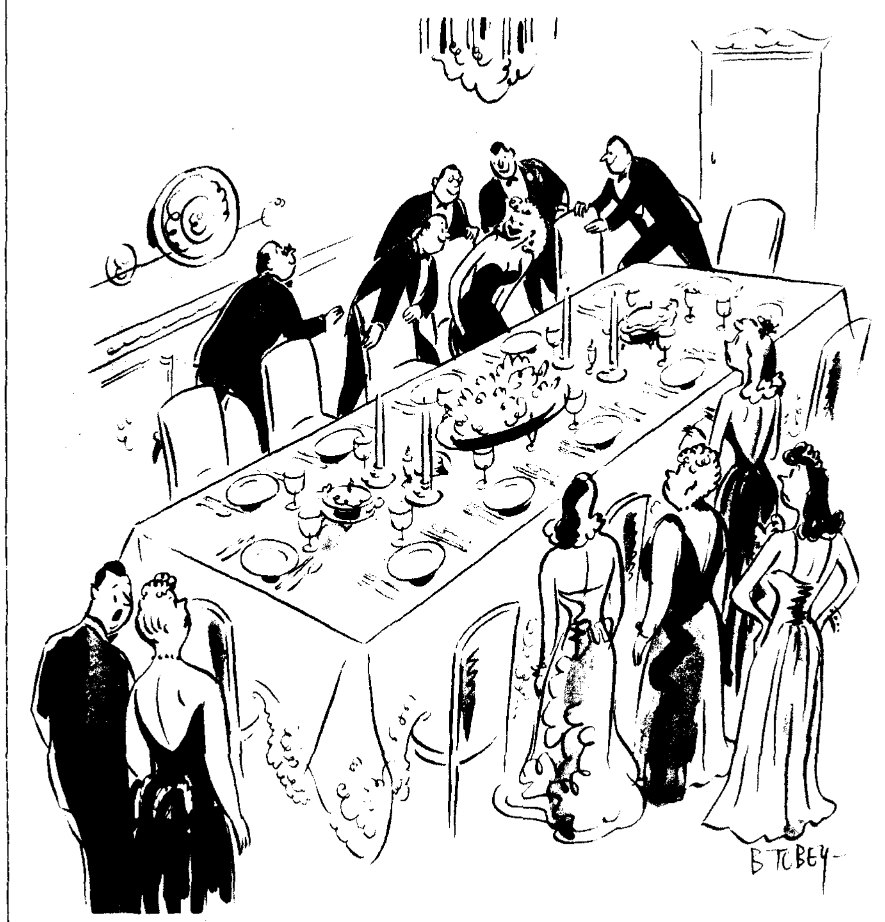
Also on the prespotter's rack may be a small, light fur piece that rattles when the cleaner handles it. Too dry to stand anything but careful hand-cleaning. And a hand-painted blouse. This is tested for color fastness. If the color comes off easily, the blouse goes back to the owner marked *not cleanable*. Otherwise it gets a quick and careful cleaning.

Time and cleaning treatments vary for different materials. Delicate fabrics get a minimum of machine cleaning. Chiffons and the like are further protected from friction by being put into nylon net bags. Velvets also go into net bags, after being first turned inside out and pinned at the neck and hem to keep the pile from being rubbed. Mechanical action on anything easily matted, like Angora sweaters, is reduced by raising the level of the cleaning solvent.

Otherwise, regular loads of clothes are treated very much as you treat laundry at home, only instead of water there is a dry-cleaning solvent, and instead of your laundry soap there are special soaps some of them synthetic detergents, developed for use with dry-cleaning fluids. If the clothes are *cotton* (like raincoats and windbreakers) a little moisture-bearing solvent will be added, since moisture helps the cleaning action of soap on cotton. Rinsing is done with more, clean solvent.

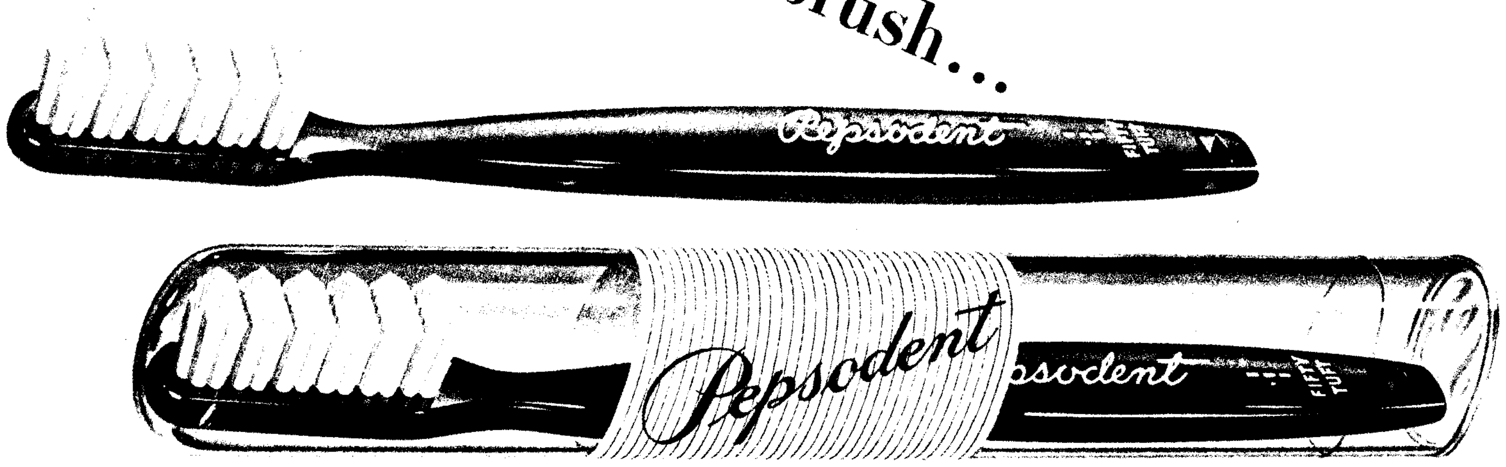
A fifth of the cleaning in the country is now done with synthetic solvents, like carbon tetrachloride and perchlorethylene, which are nonexplosive. But they are highly volatile and toxic, so that they are used in completely automatic and enclosed machines that not only filter the fluid so that it can be recirculated, but even condense the fumes and turn them back into fluid again. Such machine turn the clothes out already tumbled dry Hence the short-order cleaning possibl in big cities.

The other four fifths of our cleanin is still done with petroleum solvents which are cheaper. Being less volatile they are also used for jobs like bel sponging. This use of petroleum products doesn't mean you may expect to b blown sky-high, or even lightly singed



COLLIER'S "I told you we should have had place cards" BARNEY TOBEY

Next time you buy a tooth brush...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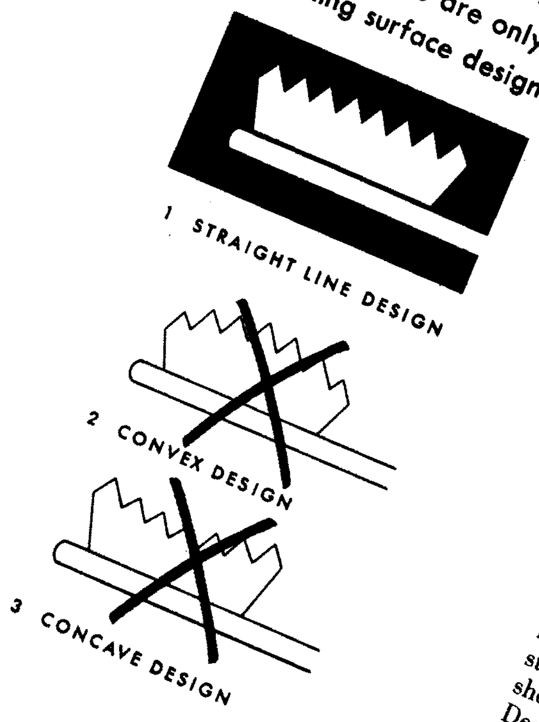
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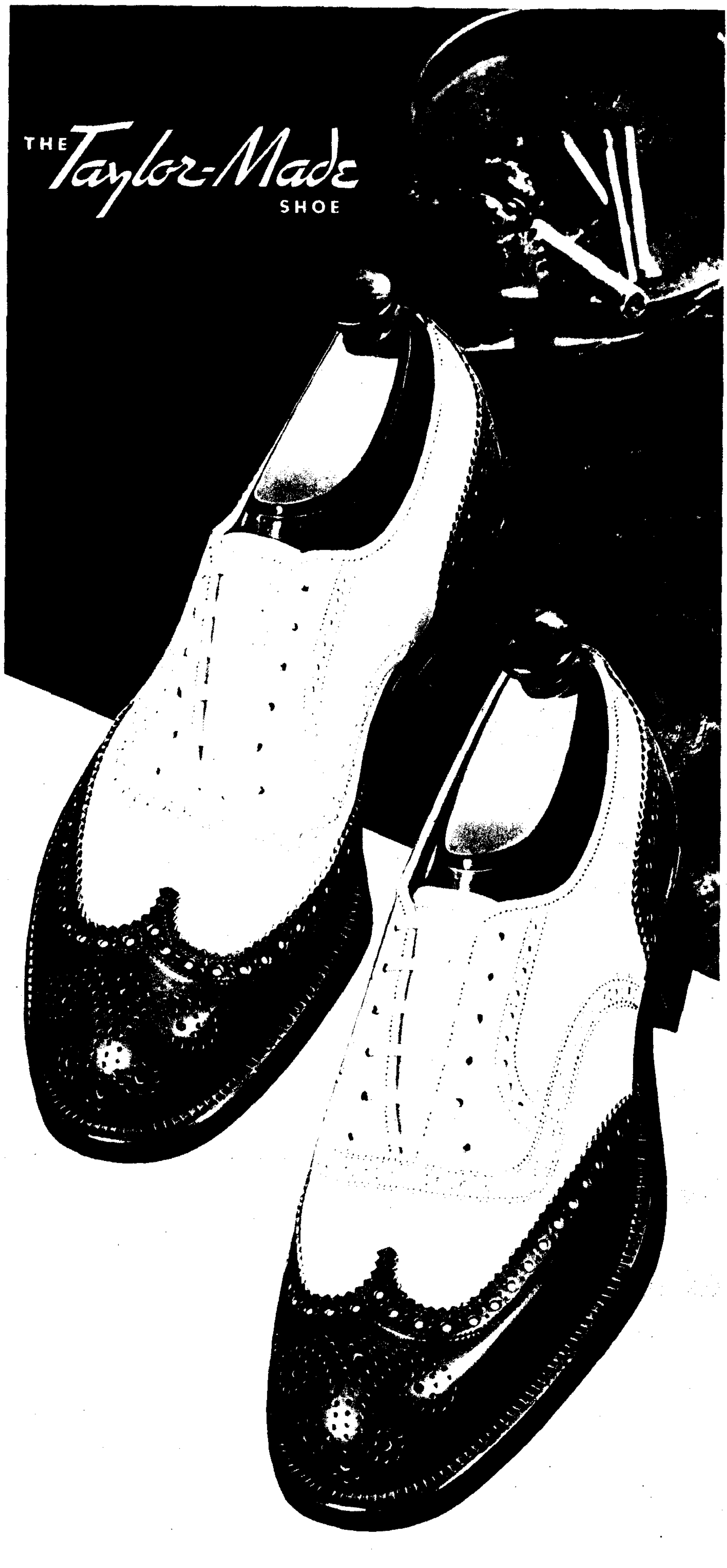

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ELEGANCE

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if you venture into a dry-cleaning plant, for leaders in the industry have worked out a good safety system.

The solvent most commonly used now is called Stoddard solvent, which is inflammable only if brought up to a temperature of a hundred degrees. This automatically reduced hazards considerably. Every other precaution is taken in a careful establishment. No smoking. Explosionproof motors. Good ventilation. Maintenance of more than 55 per cent humidity, which prevents static sparks from forming. The result is that dry cleaners have as good a life expectancy as most of us; much better than those of us who try dry cleaning at home, where all these precautions are not possible.

Your clothes can come out of their solvent bath sparkling clean or dingy, depending on the condition of the solvent. Cheap cleaners, and we are not referring necessarily to prices charged, may not refresh their solvent often enough. One result can be that it will redistribute dirt through your clothes. They will smell of the solvent—and worse. ("Ten years ago," says the Institute, "we received fluid samples in here for testing that looked like ink or sirup. That doesn't happen any more.")

Pressure filters are used with many cleaning machines to keep the fluids clean. The machines automatically recirculate the cleaning fluid, keeping the level always the same so that there will be no redeposit of soil. As many as forty gallons of fluid may go through a single garment. Filters take out soil and detergent. Peekholes in the exit pipe let the operator see when the fluid has become clear. Then the clothes are pronounced clean.

But a careful cleaner does not depend only on the appearance of his solvent. Every now and then he takes out a sample, however clear, and tests it. If his tests indicate contamination, although not apparent to the eye—it is purified by distilling, if he has a vacuum still, or in one of several other ways.

Once clothes have been through the cleaning solvent, those that were not tumbled dry in an automatic washer go into special tumbling drums for that purpose. Or, if they are too delicate for tumbling, like a rhinestone-studded net, or a wool with leather appliqué, they are hung in a cabinet where warm air blows gently through them.

You might think this was the end of cleaning, and it is in many plants. But some garments still need spot cleaning and even wet cleaning before they are fully refreshed, and these they will get in any thoroughgoing establishment.

A top-notch spotter knows fabrics and dyes as well as stains, and he is an artist at coaxing away spots and feathering out the area so that you would never know. He has a perforated metal steam board on which to work, and a little hand machine that squirts moisture or warm air. He doesn't scrub at a spot the way you do at home. He simply tamps it gently, to flush it out of the fabric instead of grinding it in, and he has a whole battery of chemicals to help him. He has digester agents made up of enzymes to remove spots like blood, egg white and cream by digesting them away.

One of the worst home remedies is putting milk on ink stains; it just gives the spotter the extra job of taking out the milk stain. Never apply one remedy on top of another, because then you are just piling up trouble. Plain water, no warmer than you would use on your face, is a safe-enough remedy. Or, best of all, go straight to the cleaner, quick.

Bloodstains and Spun Rayon

The toughest spotting job they can remember at the Institute was getting a bloodstain out of the skirt of a spun-rayon suit. The fabric had been treated with a resin sizing which, apparently, the blood had penetrated, the resin then acting as an insulating agent which resisted all regular bloodstain-removal treatment. It was necessary to remove the resin, then the stain, then resize the fabric with gum arabic, calling in the jacket also to give it the same treatment. A fifty-dollar experiment that took days.

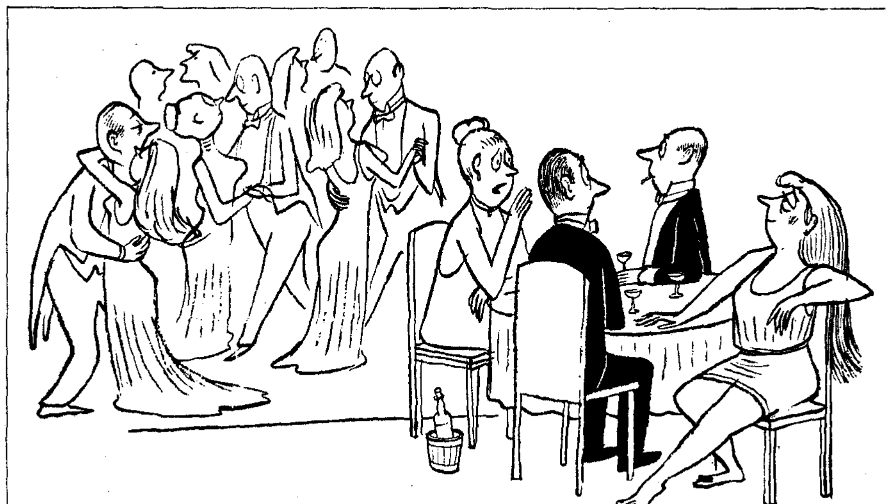
Cleaning may remove sizing from many fabrics, but the cleaner has become expert in putting back some sizings, or their equivalent. Especially nonpermanent raincoat treatments.

The spotter may find some spots too extensive for him. Or a garment may be so generally soiled that dry cleaning has not freshened it enough. In both cases, it goes to the wet cleaner.

Here the garment is stretched flat on a table, then gently brushed by hand with a soft bristle brush dipped in soft, cool water blended with the mildest possible soap or synthetic detergent. The brushing is done with a comblike motion Rinsing is done the same way. An extractor removes excess water by centrifugal force—no wringing. Then the garment, if it is a dress, is eased over a form made up of fabric tubes, with dials on its bosom and stomach. The dials have been set to the measurements of the garment before wet cleaning. Now the operator steps on a pedal, and warm air through the tubes blows the thing into lifelike shape, gently drying at the same time. Wools are dried at room temperature.

All fabrics are color-tested for fastness before wet cleaning, and sometime setting agents are used to hold the color

Even with the greatest of care, a cleaner sometimes runs into bad shrinkage with wet cleaning. This may be due to overstretching of the fabric in manufacture. For example, regenerated rayon taffeta may be stretched, then sized to hold it there. Even spilling water on it at home will take out the sizing, and that spot will shrink. Or fabric may hav



"You haven't asked Mrs. Packard to dance"

think first of yourself
SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY

You women—always thinking of others. But when it comes to household appliances, think first of yourself . . . you really deserve the best. In Norge appliances you will find the answer to your dreams of lightened domestic duties and of better living.

P. S.—You will find Norge dealers conveniently listed in the classified section of your phone book.

A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY—Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

BRUGAL
GOLD LABEL
BRUGAL
Brugal Rum
SUPERIOR
PUERTO RICAN RUM
BRUGAL & CO. C. por A.
WEST INDIES
PARK & TILFORD

BRUGAL RUM

Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

The Rum with the Richer Flavor

—the rum that has the unqualified endorsement of

PARK & TILFORD

It is the *quality* of Brugal Rum that gives it *richer* flavor. And this quality is assured by the proud tradition of the Brugal family—a tradition born over a half century ago. After your first taste you, too, will unqualifiedly endorse Brugal Rum.

"FOR THE GAY IN SPIRIT"

IN GOLD LABEL & WHITE LABEL • 86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

been inadequately preshrunk in the first place, as in the wool of a suit. The cleaner maintains that any garment like a wool suit, especially a light-colored one, to be really serviceable should be able to withstand wet cleaning without shrinkage. Otherwise the time will come when it cannot be satisfactorily cleaned.

Clean at last, your clothes stop long enough to have any buttons replaced, any necessary mending done, and then go on to the pressing department. Only it's called finishing now.

Modern finishing is a delicate job, done mostly with steam and a light touch, and with even such refinements as dry steam and wet steam. If the material is smooth like satin or gabardine, it goes onto a steam board with a smooth, shiny head that is brought down gently. Rough fabrics like tweed and crepe call for a gridlike head, to keep from making them flat and shiny.

The sleeves of women's dresses are slipped over a sleeve board covered with a black taffeta bag that is then gently inflated with steam, finishing a sleeve in a second's time. Gathers take another second over a perforated egg-shaped iron called a puff iron, which puffs steam into them. Hand steam irons are used for finishing touches like smoothing belt loops, and for a good deal of work on woolens. Fleece coats are hand-combed.

Of course there is a lot of specialized cleaning, too, like cleaning gloves, hats and furs. You may not know it, but your leather gloves and jackets are apt to lose part of their color in the cleaning process and have to be redyed. Also, solvents can never be filtered clean after suède has been in them. They have to be reconditioned before further use.

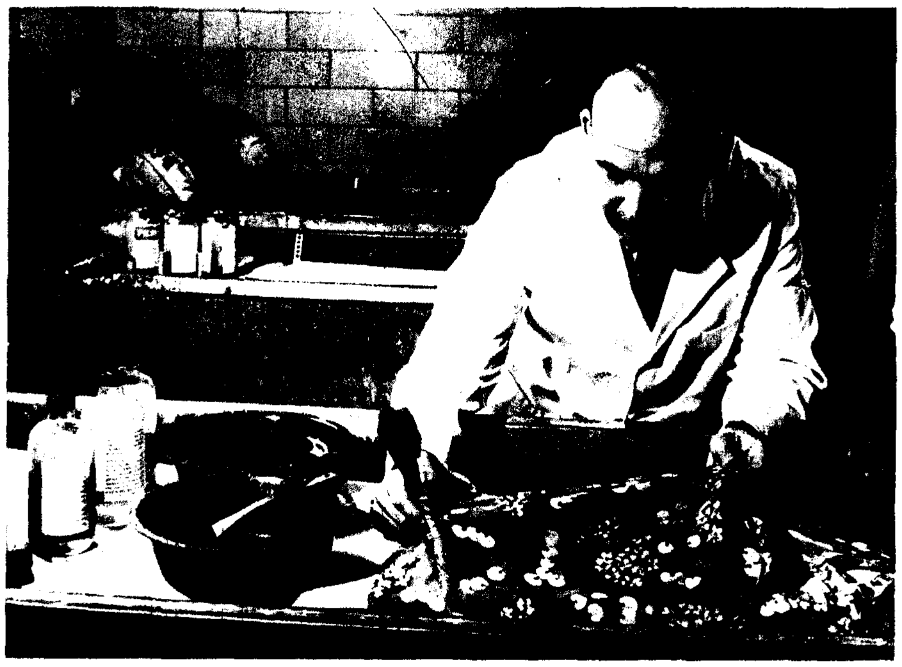
Special Techniques for Furs

Fur-trimmed cloth coats go through the regular machine-cleaning process, but for only ten minutes as against the usual half hour, since prolonged immersion in cleaning fluids takes oil out of the fur's hide. Therefore the cloth of the coat may need spot cleaning afterward. But all-fur coats are seldom immersed in fluid. They go into special wooden drums, where they are tumbled about with sawdust that has been moistened with cleaning fluid. After the sawdust has had a chance to absorb the dirt out of the fur, the coat goes into a wire cage drum, where the sawdust is tumbled out of it.

Broadtail coats, too delicate for such treatment, are hand-cleaned instead. All linings are hand-sponged, great care being taken that no fluid shall penetrate to the hide. If your fur coat comes back from the cleaner's shrunken and rattly dry, it may have been too ancient to take it; or, more likely, it wasn't treated right.

It is impossible, cleaners say, for anything to be lost at the cleaner's, so foolproof is their tagging system. But even the Institute has had its bad moments. Like the one when a valuable tapestry vanished. The British embassy in near-by Washington had sent over a batch of tapestries to be cleaned. They agreed to the cleaning price of $300, but warned that any loss or damage would cost the Institute $3,000. The tapestries came out beautifully cleaned. But one very small one was missing—until someone cleaned out the button trap, a small receptacle attached to the washer, for catching buttons that may become detached. Here, bright as any button, was the small tapestry, completely unharmed.

The Institute's detective work is done in the research and trouble departments. Here, in a dark room, ultraviolet lights identify many stains, and show up the telltale edge an acid burn makes around holes for which the cleaner may have been blamed. Under microscopes bite marks made by insects can be detected.


HANS KNOPF

Elwin M. Bowen, Institute instructor, demonstrates prespotting to remove stains that otherwise become fixed in regular cleaning process

In a miniature gas chamber the acid fading common in blue dyes on acetate rayons can be duplicated. Did you ever have a blue or a green dress come back from the cleaner's streaked with pink? You won't believe it, but the cleaner didn't do that. The atmosphere, harboring gases from any kind of fire, did it. The heat of pressing may have brought the fading out. Or it may have developed after you hung the cleaned dress in your closet. It frequently happens in stores, before the dress has a chance to be bought. It's one of the many things that are not the fault of the cleaner but he's blamed for it. Hence the gas chamber, in his defense, in which a snip from the seam of a dress may be tested.

In the trouble department is one exhibit that will be displayed in court. It is a woman's printed silk suit, completely ruined with a black stain smearing the front of the jacket. The woman is suing the cleaner, and the Institute has decided to fight the case.

The troublemaker is a black buckram lining, stitched into the lapels of the jacket to stiffen them a little. Such black buckram is used in suits, coats and dresses, though its presence is frequently not detected until too late, since it is impossible to rip each garment apart before cleaning. The black dye survives dry cleaning all right. But the minute any moisture touches it, introduced by the spotter, or by the steam of pressing, or even by you spilling a glass of water, it departs from the buckram and hits the fabric of the garment itself. Then nothing but a pair of scissors can remove it. Why white buckram, which is sometimes used, couldn't always be used instead, no cleaner can comprehend.

It's hard to discourage a cleaner, though. We saw what was once a lovely, rustly taffeta evening gown there. Now it was as rattly and harsh as a piece of old wrapping paper.

"We'll be able to fix it up all right," said the cleaner cheerfully. Just a little matter of a soluble sizing in the fabric. They'll soften and re-treat it, and you'll never know the difference.

Cleaners are optimists.

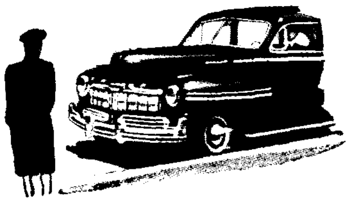
THE END

Silk dresses are eased into shape and gently pressed at same time by warm air that inflates black cloth bags, fondly known as Suzie-Q's

HANS KNOP

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT...

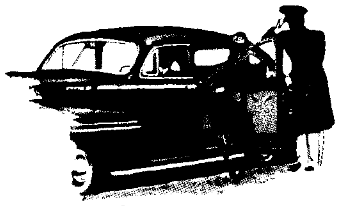
Wherever it goes, the '47 Mercury creates a pleasant stir. Drive up, say, to a country club and see how quickly the doorman is ready to take over.



That hood's a honey!

He's not a bad judge of cars—handles all kinds—and likes to drive a Mercury because it's so easy to park, so *lively*, so responsive to the wheel, the accelerator and the brake.

You'll like it, too. You'll like its sleek, youthful lines...its smooth-flowing contours accented with just the right touches of chromium. You'll like its handsomely blended two-toned interior . . . its super-comfortable seats that let you stretch out and relax . . . its impressive *big car* look and feel.



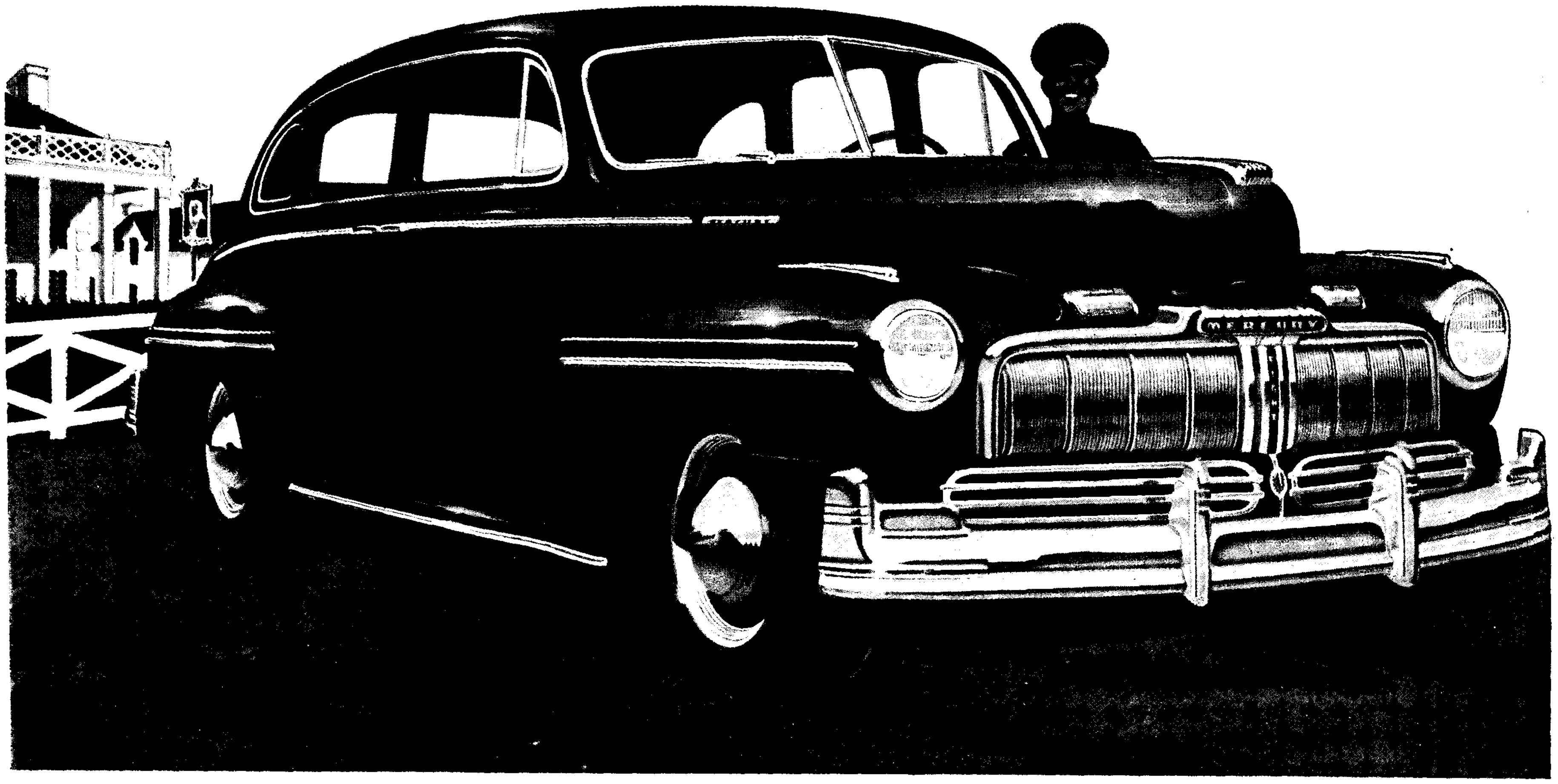
Such luxury!

What a get-away!

See this new '47 Mercury—with more beauty, more comfort, more "life" and more economy than ever before—now at your nearest Lincoln-Mercury Dealer. It has even *more* of everything you want for '47!

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

WITH THE 1947 *Mercury*



"I think it's a fine idea to pay salaries to wives!"

TEASED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"WHO, I repeat WHO, said anything about paying wives salaries?" roared Elmer, the bull. "Salaries for *what?* For interrupting a guy in the middle of *his work?*"

"But, dear," said Elsie, "I thought you said—"

"Don't *dear* me, woman!" snapped Elmer. "I said—and I'll say it again—*if* husbands paid wives the way bosses pay husbands, maybe there'd be more work done in *homes* from 9 to 5!"

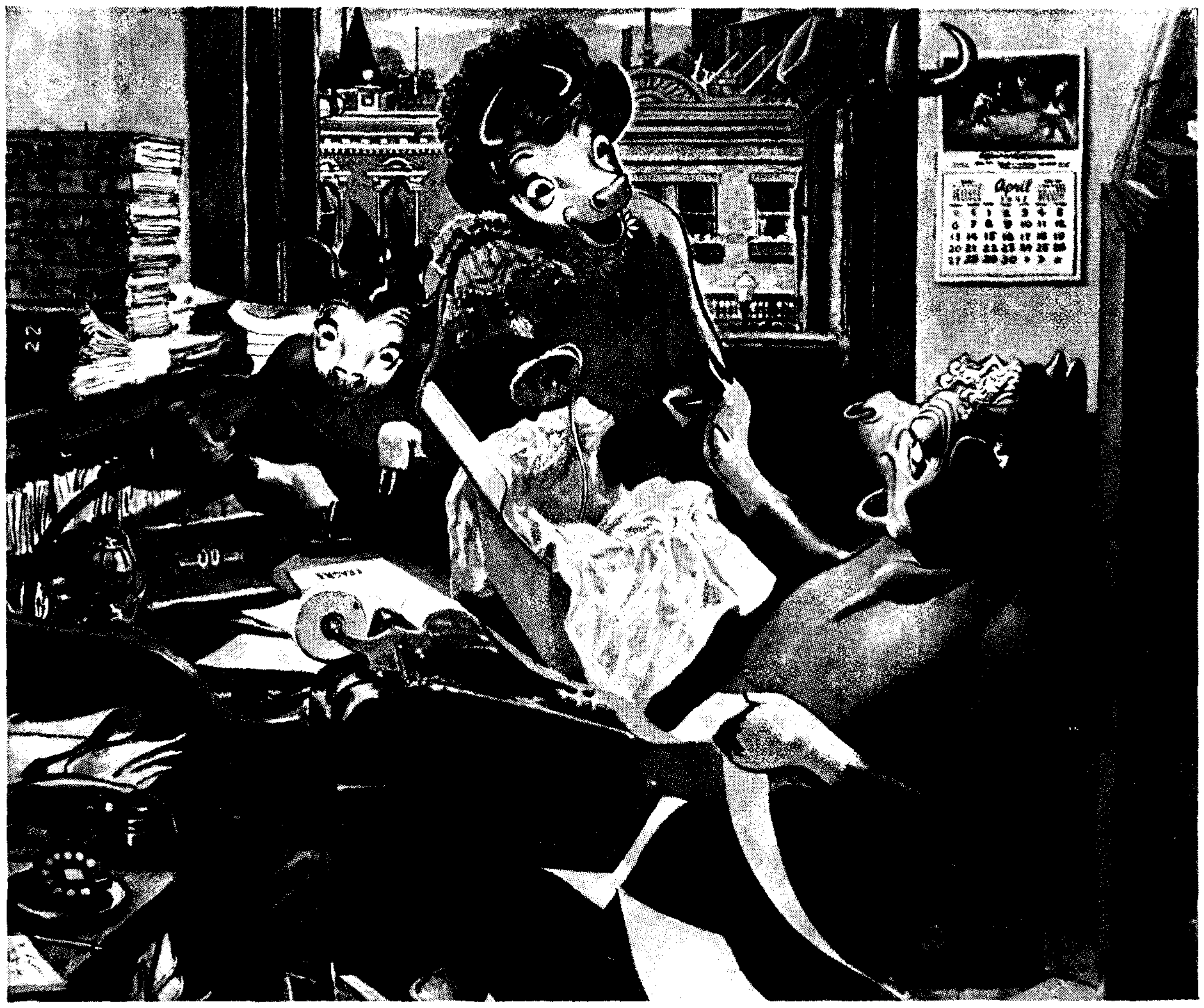
"Could be," agreed Elsie. "But who'd get the breakfast *before* 9? And what husband wants to start the day without his cereal—especially if he has glorious, cream-in-every-sip *Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk* to go with it?"

"Keep Borden's Milk out of this!" ordered Elmer.

"How *can* I, dear," asked Elsie, "when, penny for penny, milk is your best food buy these days? It's jam-packed with body-building nourishment—vitamins, minerals, precious proteins—"

"Who's talking about your precious proteins?" asked Elmer. "*I* was talking about the precious *time* gad-about wives waste."

"Waste?" gasped Elsie. "I'm sure no sane housewife would waste a single drop of Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk. It tastes so wonderful, and there's a full day's supply of Vitamin D in every quart."



"Get back on the main line," thundered Elmer. "Suppose women *do* flutter around a bit in the morning, they have the rest of the day to do with as they please."

"Oh, husbands are *really* funny," laughed Elsie. "Who do you suppose plans the meals, shops, keeps house and children clean, mends the—"

"Aw!" belittled Elmer, "I could toss that off with my left hand."

"*That*," said Elsie, "I will have to see. Suppose you *toss off* supper for Beulah and me."

"Oh, no you don't!" shied Elmer. "I'm through work at 5."

"See!" giggled Elsie. "If women were through at 5, husbands would have no suppers. And none of those fluffy golden omelets and soufflés, none of the zippy Welsh rabbits women love to make with that heavenly cheese food, Borden's Chateau!"

"Don't tell me," sneered Elmer, "that you—personally—make all the *Borden's Fine Cheeses?*"

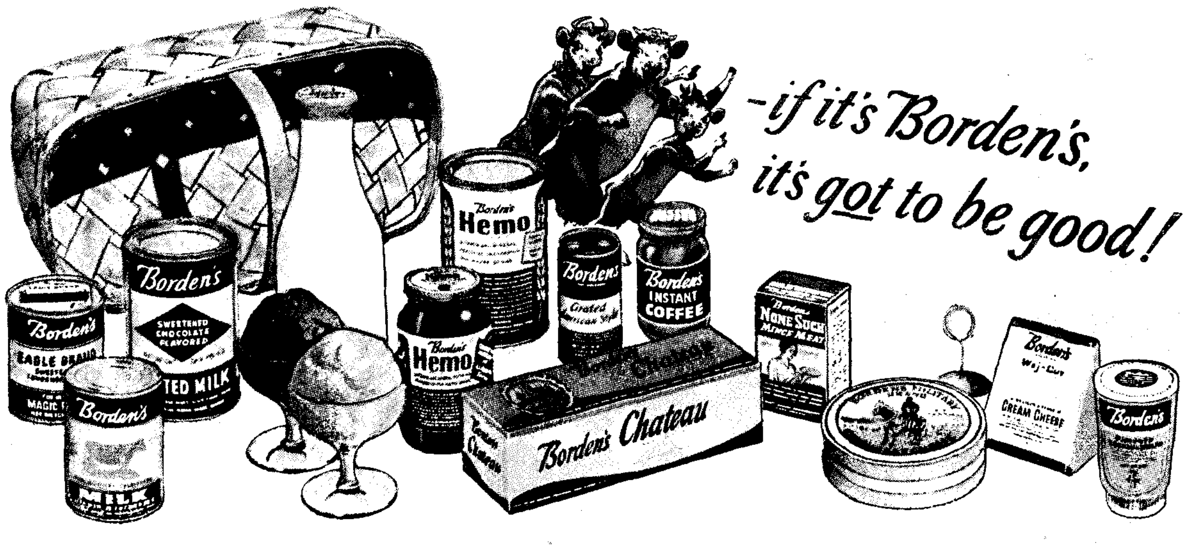
"No, indeed," answered Elsie. "It takes a very special skill to make cheese food with the beautiful smoothness and mellow-mild Cheddar flavor Borden's Chateau has! Why, I'd *never* learn to blend a cheese so that it would slice, spread, *or* melt like Chateau does!"

Borden's Chateau

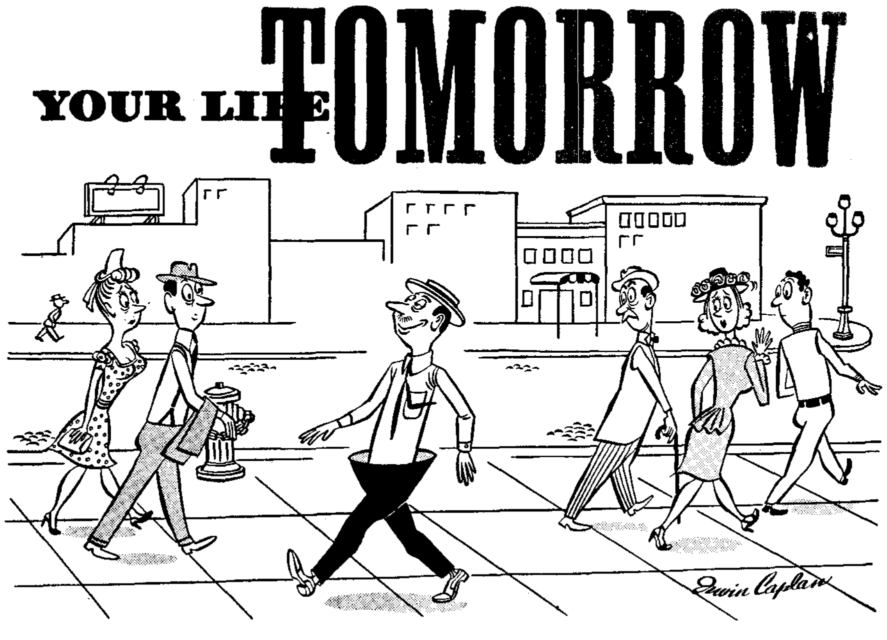
"*Slice, spread, melt!* Boy, is this *rich!*" chortled Elmer. "The woman's gone through a whole ad, and hasn't said *good* once!"

"Do I need to say it, dear?" teased Elsie. "*Everybody* knows—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

© The Borden Company


-if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's Hemo
Borden's Eagle Brand
Magic
Borden's Sweetened Chocolate Flavored
TED MILK
Borden's MILK
Borden's Hemo
Borden's Grated American Style
Borden's Instant Coffee
Borden's Chateau
Borden's None Such Mince Meat
Borden's Wej-Cut
Cream Cheese
Borden's

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW



BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

IRWIN CAPLAN

No Visible Means of Support

Many a hipless male has gone through the years, hitching up his pants with a belt and by hand to avoid the embarrassment of wearing suspenders with his coat off. Now, "disappearing" suspenders have been revived in a new form that can be worn out of sight *under* the shirt. A light elastic harness fits over the shoulders, with a supporting strap running down each side, terminating in a metal loop like the hitch on a garter. These fasten over buttons on the waistband lining and hold the pants up securely. You put the invisible suspenders on first, then your shirt, and make the hitch through the cloth, leaving nothing to be seen. Women and children can wear them as well as men.

Pictures Pop Out at You

The time is soon coming when pictures in magazines and newspapers may actually be "stereos"—three-dimensional scenes. The invention of a corrugated optical screen laid close over a picture made up of a number of different views of a subject and cut up into parallel lines will give the illusion of depth without the use of polarized lenses or colored goggles. Advertising displays showing depth have been used for some time in crude form, but this new advance may mean an improvement in photoengraving methods as radical as the half tone, which made the steel engraving obsolete. Research is still in progress to perfect methods of printing picture and screen together, for use on flat paper. Work is also being done to apply the technique to movies and television.

Ring Up Your Lights

As simple as a push-button bell circuit is a new system of house lighting with all the switches operated by low-voltage current. The scheme uses relays, long familiar in telephone and power work. These are installed in the lighting fixtures, which are supplied by 110-volt circuits coming direct from the meter. The push-button wiring, exactly similar to bell wiring, can be run anywhere that switches are desired, tacked to studding or woodwork without elaborate insulation. These small wires are supplied with current at a few volts from a small transformer and operate the relays. This saves hundreds of feet of heavy armored cable usually required for looping through the walls to switches. Many more switch positions can thus be used without adding much to the cost of wiring a new house.

Heat It With Cold Water

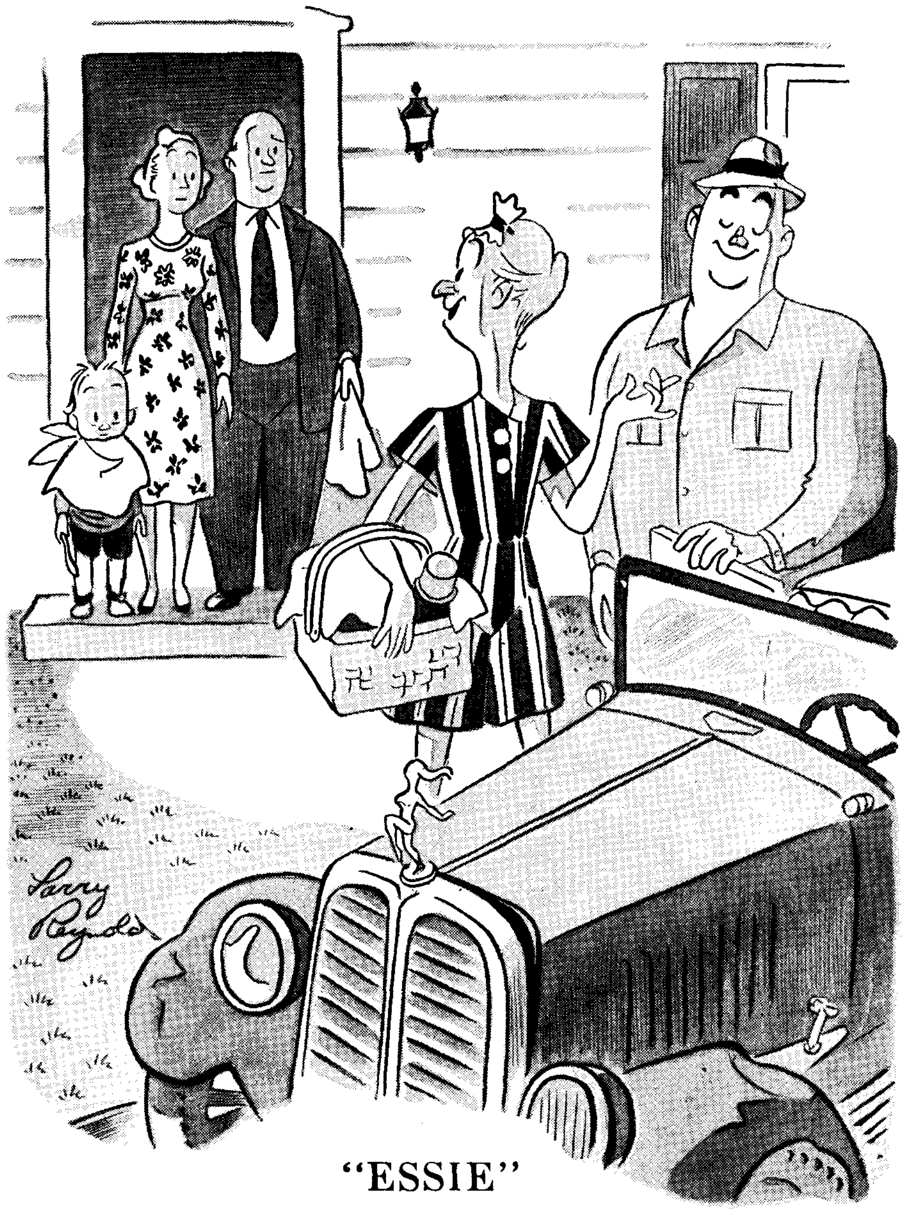
Chemistry has thought up a new one: a heating fuel composed of nothing but aluminum powder and cold water. Pour them together and their container gets hot. Temperatures are not high—only comfortably warm to the touch, but the heating goes steadily on for a long time, as the aluminum slowly oxidizes. The first commercial application is in hair curlers, dispensing with wires and heating coils, and new ideas for using this cheap kind of heat are coming in daily. One is for warming ice-cream scoops to make the cream slip out quickly and smoothly. An aluminum-and-water heating pad is in prospect, and winter shoes with warmed soles. Somebody has even suggested a hollow steering wheel for your car. A few drops of water or melted snow, and the wheel is comfortable in the coldest weather.

House Cleaner for Auto Oil

Look at the oil in your auto engine with a microscope and you will probably find it filled with tiny fragments of steel, chipped off the castings in normal operation. Too fine to be caught by any strainer, this abrasive powder circulates constantly, damaging bearings and roughening honed surfaces. Now comes an ingenious magnetic device to "scrub" the oil and lengthen the life of the motor. The invention is an oil stick with an "alnico" point, to replace the measuring rod on any car. It seizes all iron particles that come near it. Since all the oil passes through the reservoir it will be kept virtually free of harmful chips. Whenever your oil level is checked, the attendant will wipe the stick clean, so that it can pick up a new load. The magnet should last a long time.

One-Pound Powerhouse

The liveliest dry battery ever made is a new midget, designed for use in portable electronic equipment. It weighs only one pound and takes no more space than two king-size cigarette packs. Yet it carries a 300-volt kick—as much as 200 ordinary flashlight batteries. Its extraordinary compactness comes from the special flat-plate construction used in the tiny powerpacks in wartime proximity fuses. Six of the little batteries, weighing only half a dozen pounds, will operate a special lightweight photoflash gun with a repeating bulb as many as 2,500 times without renewal. Other uses will include portable television pickups, insulation testers and Geiger counters for detecting radioactivity. ★★★



"ESSIE"

"I know it's not my regular day off—but Horace showed up in an Essley Sportshirt!"

ESSIE IS JUST A WOMAN at heart—so, like *all* women, she falls for Essley Sportshirts!

ESSLEY'S SMARTER COLORS and patterns could be the fateful lure . . .

THE FULL, FREE CUT could make shoulders seem wider . . . chest more rugged . . . waist a little slimmer!

WHATEVER IT IS, it's worked out in good sturdy fabrics, masterful needlework and beautiful finishing—the things you *expect* of an Essley!

PLUS pleat-pockets, short sleeves or 2-button cuffs and 2-way collars for play or work—just in case these fine Essleys leave you *time* for work!

ESSLEY SHIRTS

SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS

© E. S. C. Essley Shirt Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City

No Wonder Fleischmann's Makes America's Most Delicious Martini!

NOT JUST DRY... IT'S "DRY" DRY

—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *four big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Martinis, Tom Collins, *all* gin drinks!

FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
EST. 1870
America's First Gin

90 PROOF

FLEISCHMANN'S

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF

DUST AND ASHES

Continued from page 19

turned back, came close to me. The light was dim there in the hall but I could see the tears on her cheeks again. She got hold of my lapels and reached up and kissed me. It tasted salty.

She went in then and I stood there looking at the closed door.

When I got down to the street I looked up at her window. She was there. She waved, I waved, and I went on home.

She was still crazy, all right. But I was beginning to like it. Maybe I was crazy too. . . .

So when Sally Wilcox gave a party the next week, I called Kay and we went together. It was just another party. Bill Graham with his knife act, Larry Price with his novel. He was still writing it. It was still lousy.

I danced with Kay. Then I danced with Sally. Then I found a drink and wandered around dodging Larry Price, and after a while Kay turned up at my elbow.

"Carl!" she said. "Bill told me all about it! I think it's *wonderful!*" Her face looked like a Christmas tree.

"That's fine," I said. "What are you talking about, chum?"

"Why, Bill says you're going down to Central America again. The place where you were before."

"The Old Man's talking about it," I said. "There's a new man at Number Four, and he's having a little labor trouble. The boss thinks I could clear it up, maybe. But it isn't definite."

Kay said "Carl" again, very low. It reeked with glamor and drama. "Won't it be—dangerous?"

"Sure," I said. "I could trip over a whisky bottle and break a leg."

She was looking up with those eyes. "No, be serious."

"I'm not kidding. There are always a lot of empties lying around. The fleas are bad, too."

She went right past it without stopping. She half-closed her eyes, and murmured, "Moonlight in the tropics—the deep, mysterious jungle—the glint of steel in a shadow." Her eyes got wide, suddenly. Scared. She caught my arm. "Carl, you *will* be careful, won't you?"

I looked at her. "Oh, for goodness sake," I said. "You can see the same moon any clear night in the States. Number Four's a lot safer than Broadway. And what's romantic about a bunch of bananas?"

For a while she didn't say anything. A kind of glaze went over her eyes. She let go my arm.

Then she said, "Oh." She bit her lip; her mouth was trembling a little at the corners. I felt like a heel. But dammit, she had to snap out of it sometime. I patted her shoulder, and she made one of those brave, pitiful smiles.

She said, "Take me home, Carl, please." One hand touched her throat; the other made a vague gesture from the wrist. "All this—stifles me."

That girl.

OUTSIDE, there was spring rain falling. I saw a cab and waved it down. Kay didn't say anything all the way to her apartment. She sat in the far corner of the seat with one of those blank stares working. The street lights flicked past and rain streaked against the windows.

At her door, though, she put her hand on my arm.

"You'd better come in for a while," she said. She let it go down to a whisper. "I'm—afraid, Carl. Of myself, I mean."

That was new. I blinked at her. We went in.

She had a nice place, quiet and comfortable, with soft lights. I sat in a deep leather chair, and Kay dragged up a footstool for herself. She sat on it, all pale and unhappy. I gave her a cigarette.

"Now," I said. "What are you afraid of, baby?"

The eyes had a haunted look. She let go with a big sigh. "Life," she said. "It's so sort of cruel and meaningless. I brood about it, Carl, and I'm afraid I might do something—foolish."

She could pour it on. "How do you mean, cruel and meaningless?"

"Well—like Larry Price," she sighed.

"Price?" She was jumping ahead again. "He doesn't make sense, I'll grant you, but—"

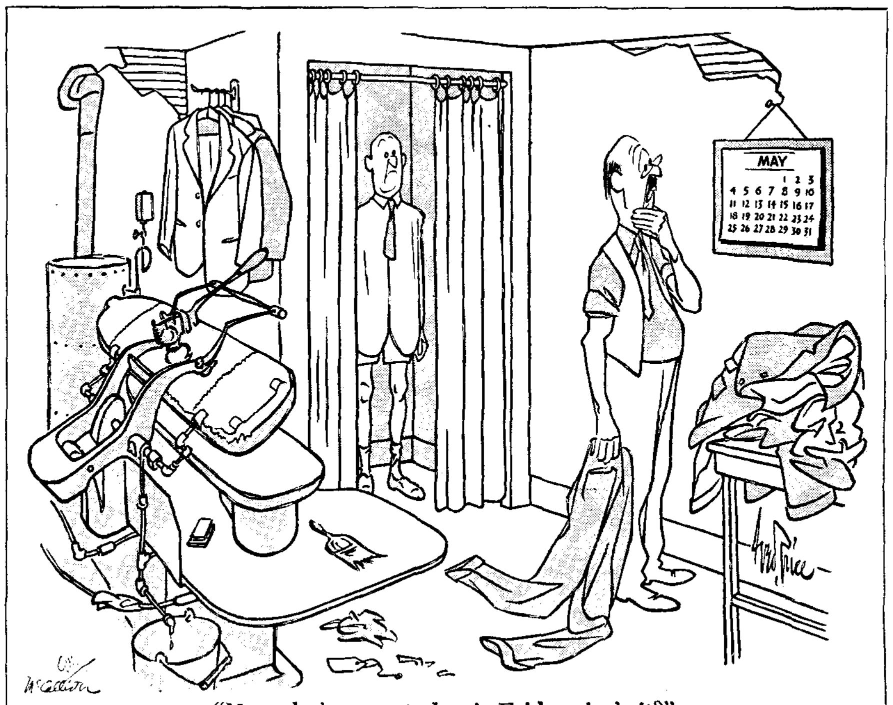
Kay shook her head; the hair danced and swung. "Life is cruel to him, Carl. He's going to have to get a job."

"That would be rough, wouldn't it?" I said. "You've got a job. I've got a job. Why not Price?"

"But Larry's a genius. He ought to be free to write his novel."

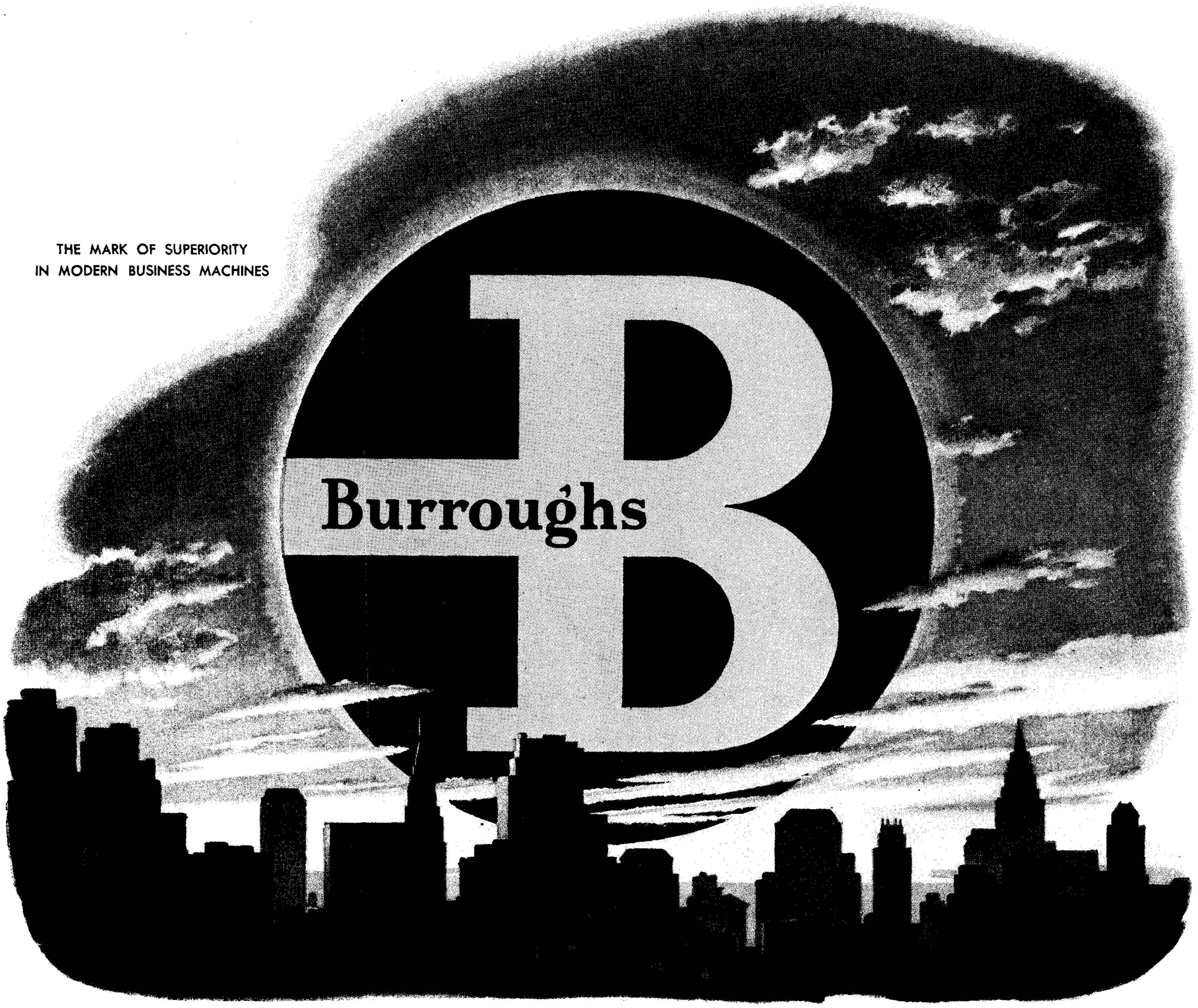
"He could be a genius nights and week ends, couldn't he?"

The hair swung again. "You don't understand. Larry has something fine;



"Now, let's see—today is Friday, isn't it?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE



THE MARK OF SUPERIORITY
IN MODERN BUSINESS MACHINES

THERE'S A NEW DAY DAWNING IN BUSINESS MACHINES AND METHODS

Business looks to Burroughs for fast, accurate machines to combat rising costs, reduce office expenses, provide more immediate information on which to base sound judgment. Business knows that Burroughs is a single source for all the factors of mechanized efficiency: machines that do work in less time, counsel that applies them most effectively to the job, service that maintains them at peak condition. To fulfill its increasing responsibility, Burroughs has stepped up the tempo of research and product development to a new all-time high. What's going on at Burroughs today will certainly serve business better tomorrow.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

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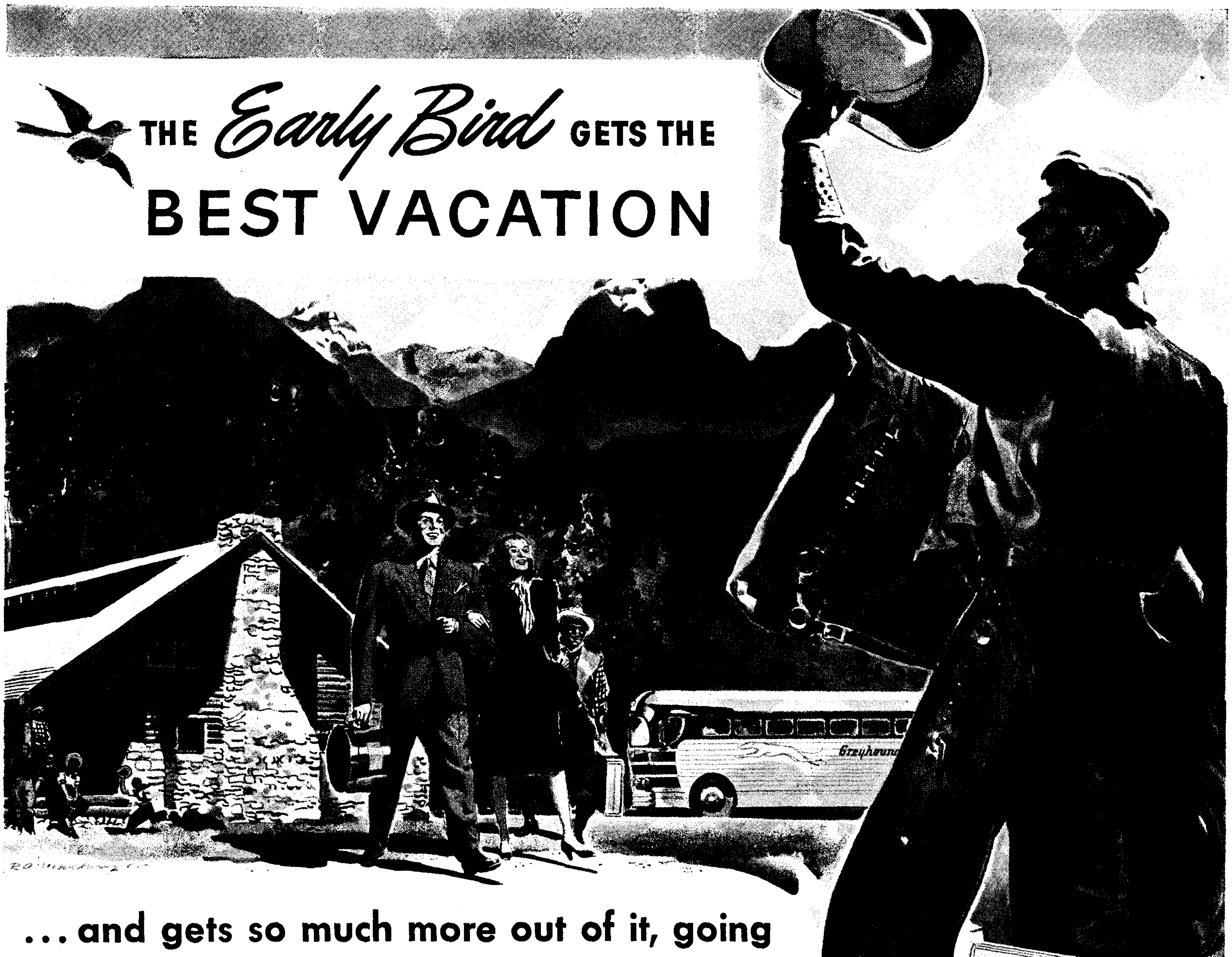

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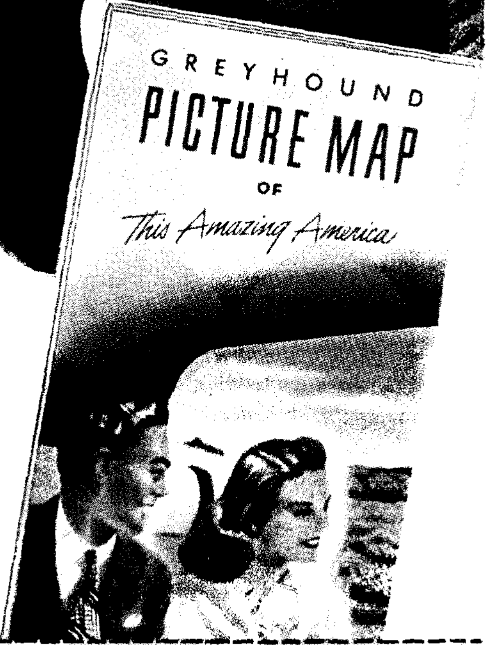

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I was getting tired of Price. It was a lousy novel, anyway. "Okay," I said. "Okay. Okay."

She didn't seem to hear me. She was looking far away. She said, "I wish I could help him. . . . *Carl!*" She swung around to me, and now the eyes were shining. *"I've* got a job!" she cried. "If I married Larry he could go on with his Work." She said it with a capital W. She added, very dreamy: "He asked me again tonight."

I sat still and the smoke went up from my cigarette in a thin blue line. There was a funny feeling in my stomach.

I said, "You mean you'd support the guy?"

"Of course. I'll scrub floors. I'll do anything. Just so he can write his book. That's all that matters."

Larry Price. A skinny little Joe with a thin face and a little mustache. A Joe who was writing a book.

The feeling in my stomach got sharper. My face felt stiff. I looked at Kay. "It's crazy," I said. "Don't do it, chum."

"I want to do something—worthwhile," she said.

I could see her breasts going up and down when she breathed. She was noble and exalted. She was Joan of Arc.

I got up and walked across the room. I shoved my hands into my pockets, hard.

"You could raise goldfish," I said. "You could learn to crochet." I turned and looked at her. "You could marry me . . ."

She sat on the footstool with her head tipped back, her eyes wide and startled. "Why, Carl. I didn't know you felt like—*that."*

I said, "I didn't either, till you started this Price nonsense. But that's the way it is."

It was just like that. Bing! I'd been working up to it, I guess, but I hadn't known it until now.

I waited, looking at her, and her eyes got darker. She looked like she was going to cry again. And she shook her head slowly.

"Everything turns out wrong, doesn't it, Carl? I like you—oh, awfully. I want us to be friends. But you see, you're strong. You'll be all right. And Larry—" She dropped it a couple of notches—"Larry—needs me."

She was dizzy enough to do it, too. Just for the ham in it. I took a breath.

"Listen, baby," I said. I made it hard. "You better grow up. You put on a good act, and you've had a fine emotional splash. But you can't stay fourteen years old all your life."

I stopped. She should have slapped me, thrown a lamp at me, tossed me out on my ear.

She got up off the footstool, and her eyes were gentle and understanding.

"I've hurt you, haven't I?" she murmured. "I'm sorry, Carl. Truly I am." She held out a hand toward me; her voice throbbed. "Poor Carl. Try to understand, won't you?"

She was doing a far, far better thing, and she wasn't going to have the script changed. I took a deep breath and let it go.

I said, "Oh, for the dear sweet leaping hell!" Then I jammed my hat on my head and went out. I remembered not to slam the door.

When I got down on the sidewalk I looked up at her window. Don't ask me why. But I did, and there she was. She sort of drooped at the shoulders, suffering, and when I looked up she raised her arm halfway and let it drop.

After a minute I waved back.

NATURALLY, the Old Man picked the next day to make it definite. Number Four was in a mess; Higgins kept moaning by cable, collect; and I was elected. A month, maybe two. Plenty of time for Kay to marry her genius and get started scrubbing floors.

Meanwhile, I could be cuddling up to a banana tree under the tropic moon.

I came out of the Old Man's office with passage booked on the Molly Simpson. She was sailing next day. I sat at my desk and looked at the wall. Graham came over.

"What's the matter, pal?"

I told him, and he grinned like a fool. "Gosh," he said. "Old Number Four. How I envy you!"

A comic.

"Oh, go to hell," I said.

Bill clasped his hands over his heart and grinned at me.

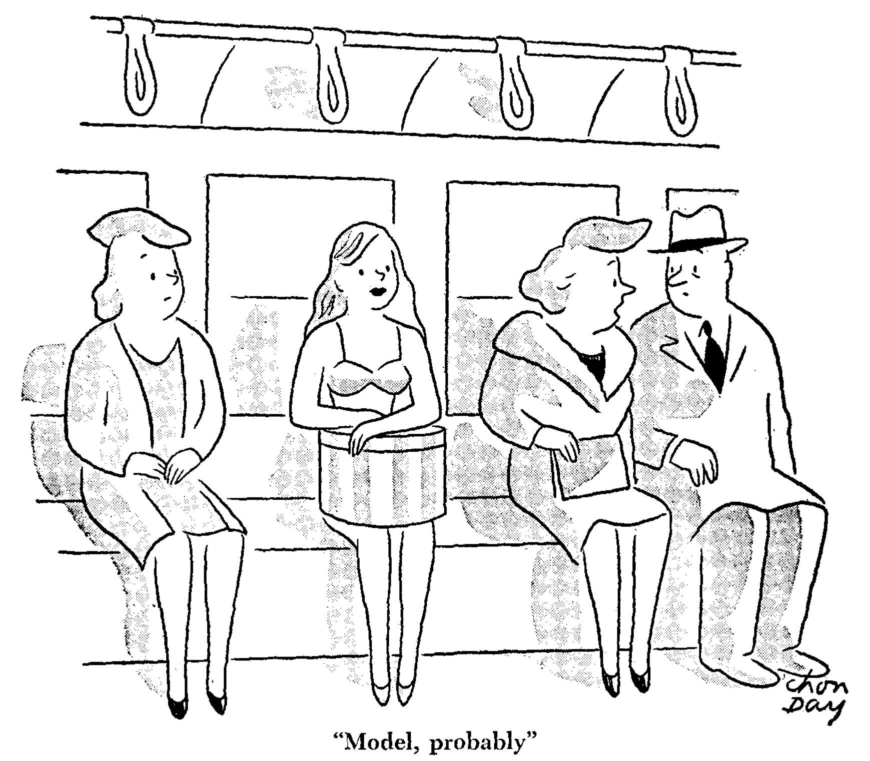
"Boy!" he said. He was rapturous. "Think of it! Night in the tropics. The whisper of the night breeze, the haunting melody of a serenade, the impenetrable mystery of the jungle." He cocked his head on one side, watching me. "Boy!"

I didn't say anything. I just stared at him. He looked nervous and took a couple of steps backward.

"Now, pal," he said, "take it easy. I was just kidding."

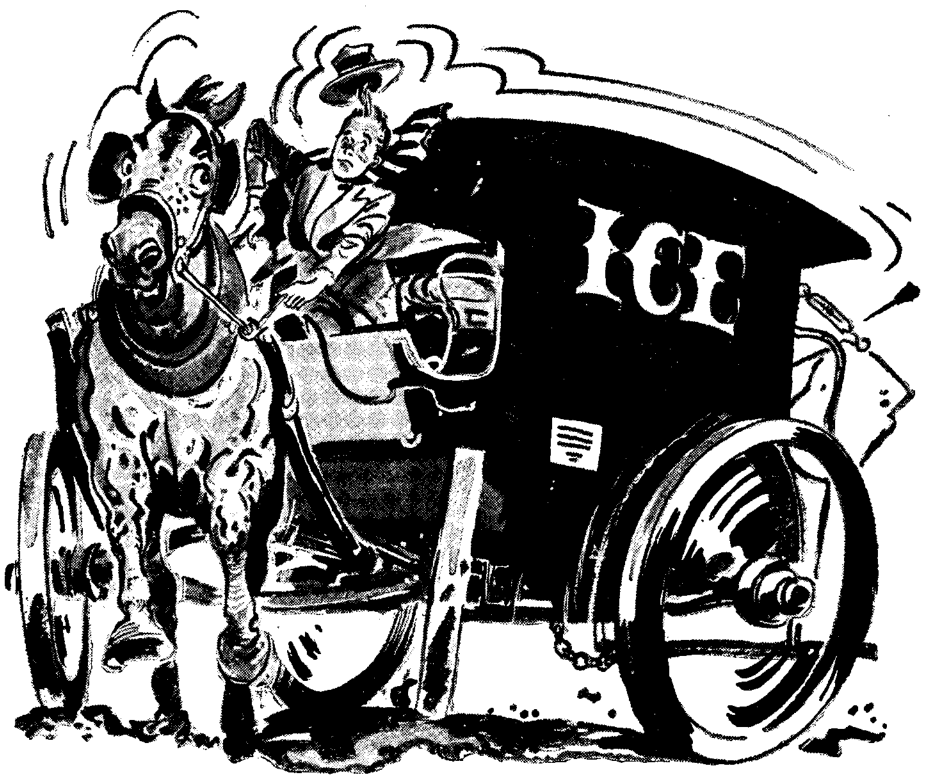
I kept looking at him.

"Wait," I said. "A tropic moon. Pas-



"Model, probably"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY



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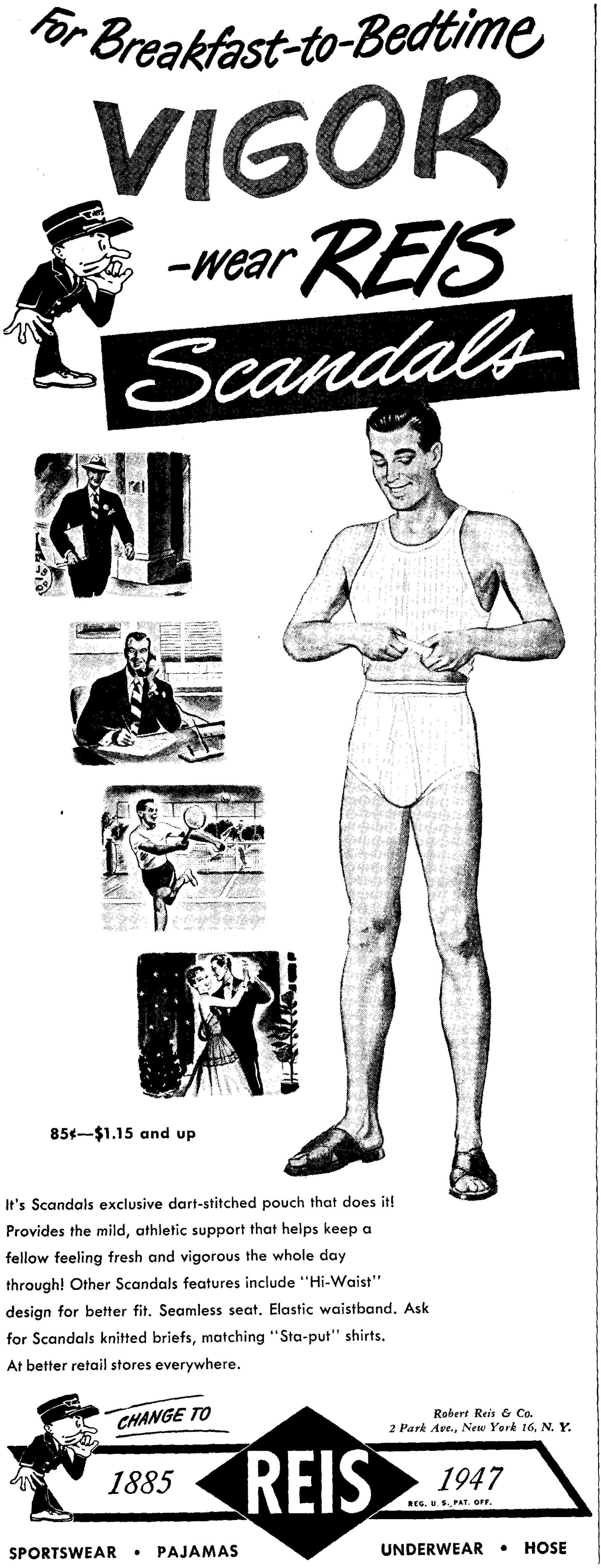

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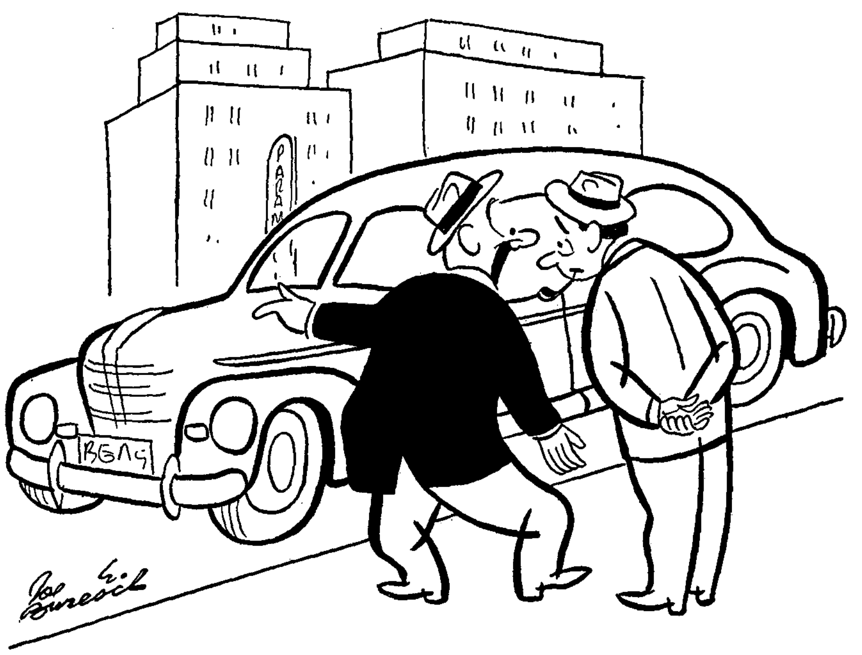


"I bought $2,000 worth of raffle tickets and won it!"

COLLIER'S JOE E. BURESCH

sion and danger and romance. Maybe even the glint of steel in the moonlight!"

Bill's mouth dropped open. I got up and smacked him on the back.

"Pal," I said, "you're a genius. All we need is a few details. Now, listen." . . .

Kay was supposed to have a date with Price, but when she found out I was leaving next day she broke it. We went to the Casa del Oro again for dinner, and there were all those palms and fiddles and soft lights, and it was going to be a push-over.

"A memory," I said. "Our last evening together. I want that, to take with me into the jungle."

Kay sat across the table from me with her hair a soft gold cloud and mist in her eyes. It was beautiful and tragic and unforgettable. In a minute I'd have myself crying.

I gave her back one of those brave smiles and put my hand on hers.

"And I want to apologize for last night. I guess I lost my head."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I couldn't ask you to marry me, now. It wouldn't be fair to you." I put the old throb into it.

She said, "I don't understand."

"If anything happened to me," I explained. "A woman, alone in that country—" I shook my head. "I should never have asked you at all."

Kay made her eyes narrow, looking at me. Maybe I was pouring it a little too fast. "I thought it wasn't dangerous," she said.

I shrugged. "Ordinarily, maybe not. But Higgins has been having labor trouble down there. You know what that means—especially in the tropics."

What it meant was that the peons didn't like Higgins, and as soon as he was out of sight they'd go to sleep.

KAY still looked like she smelled something. I took a look around the place and saw what I wanted at a table on the other side of the dance floor. A dark, sour-looking Joe in a dinner jacket, sitting alone. Kay started to say something, and I caught her wrist.

"Shh!" I lowered my voice, made it tense. "Kay, I've got to get you out of here. I don't want you mixed up in this."

She took a quick breath; her eyes were bigger than I'd ever seen them. "Carl! What—?"

I jerked my head at the sour Joe. He was eating his dinner and minding his own business.

"That guy over there," I said. "Come on."

I stood up. I still had Kay's wrist. I started for the door, walking fast and pulling her with me, and as we left I took another quick look across the floor. The guy didn't seem to be interested in us at all.

There wasn't any reason why he should be.

Outside it was a dark soft warm spring night. We took a cab to Kay's place. She didn't say much. She sat close to me, kind of goggle-eyed, and I put my arm around her.

"Carl," she whispered, "what's it all about?"

I shrugged. "There are other outfits down there besides Universal. Maybe there's something behind all this trouble Higgins has been having."

She said, "Oh." Then she didn't say any more. I watched her face. She was thinking it over, and the more she thought the better it got.

I thought it was pretty good myself.

We got out of the cab in front of Kay's, I paid the driver and he drove away. We started across the sidewalk.

That was when it happened.

Something went whisssh through the air, and hit a tree behind us. Kay gasped.

"Carl! It's—it's a *knife!*" Its blade was shining in the light, looking sinister and deadly. Kay was breathing fast and she grabbed my arm, tight.

"Yeah," I said. "It's a knife, all right."

There didn't seem to be any point in standing there talking about it. I got her inside and up to her apartment in a hurry. We didn't turn on any lights. We stood just inside the door and Kay put her hand on my arm.

"I never dreamed," she whispered. "Carl—you'll be careful?"

There was a little light coming in from the street, and her eyes were big and scared. But excited, too. I looked down at her, and then I laughed. It was a good laugh, very bitter.

"Careful!" I said. "Why should I be careful? Why should I care what happens to me—now?"

It was a killer. Everything was very quiet and I could smell Kay's perfume. She moved closer to me. Her hands caught my lapels and her breath caught in her throat.

"Carl," she breathed. "I can't let you go like this. I'm going with you! We can be married on shipboard, tomorrow."

I took a deep breath. This was it. Like something we'd rehearsed for a week. It had everything but the orange blossoms. I looked into Kay's eyes and they were soft and dreamy. All I had to do was wrap her up and take her with me.

For a minute I looked at her. Then I took her hands off me and switched on a light and went to the window. Kay made a noise behind me, but I didn't pay any attention. I raised the window and put my head out.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Hey, Bill!"

Kay made another noise. I felt her behind me, looking over my shoulder. Bill Graham came out into the light and looked up at us. He was grinning.

I said, "Okay, Bill. It's all over. Thanks for helping."

I turned away from the window and looked at Kay. She was staring at me. There was a little V in her forehead.

"What is it, Carl? I don't understand."

I said, "No, I guess you don't. You were all set to marry me, weren't you?"

"Why—yes. Of course."

"And I thought that was what I wanted. That's why I got Bill to help me put on this act tonight."

"Act?"

"Act." I put my hands on her shoulders and shoved her down into a chair. Hard. She sat there with one hand up to her mouth and her eyes staring at me.

I said, "Bill's a handy guy with a knife. Down at Number Four, whenever he was bored, he'd go around flipping knives into trees. He was bored most of the time."

She wasn't talking. She wasn't acting. She just sat there and stared.

"And you fell for it!" Maybe I was yelling. Maybe she needed to be yelled at. "Dammit," I yelled, "I love you! Can you understand that? Or is it too simple for you?"

She didn't say anything. Just gawked. I leaned down and shoved my face close to hers.

"I love you. I want you to marry me. But not on a fake buildup, with a lot of cheap, imitation glamor. I want a wife, not a Class-B ham-peddler."

I straightened up, looked for my hat, and found it in my hand.

"So go marry your genius," I said. "Maybe he likes it. Maybe he'll spend the rest of his life playing up to you. But I'm through."

This time when I went out I slammed the door. But good.

WHEN I got down on the sidewalk I shoved my hands into my pockets and started walking. I didn't look up at her window this time. It wasn't the kind of goodby that needed a wave to go with it.

I walked. It was a fine night. There was a moon, and the stars were shining, and the air was soft and cool. I thought about that hair, dark-gold and swirling. I thought about the perfume she wore. I thought about her arm in mine and our steps going along together and the way she'd smile without knowing it while we walked.

No more corn. No ham. No iron cages. No acts. Just dust and ashes.

It was a lousy night.

I stopped at the corner to let a couple of cars go by, and suddenly there were heel taps behind me, and then something caught my arm. I smelled the perfume right away.

"What the hell!" I said.

I looked down at her. I wasn't dreaming. She was there, holding my arm, shaking it a little.

"You didn't wave," she said. "I watched, and you didn't even look up." She hadn't stopped for a hat or wrap. Her hair was all over the place. A man walked past with an Irish setter on a leash and Kay kept saying, "You didn't wave," over and over.

I said, "So then what?"

"So then I knew, of course."

To her it made sense. Everything was clear. I said, "What are you talking about, baby?"

Her eyes were wide and deep.

"I mean, there you were, going away, and your shoulders hunched like that, and of course I was mad because you were right because I had been dramatizing everything. Only I didn't know why."

She stopped for breath. A woman passed, walking a fox terrier. I didn't say anything.

"And then you didn't wave," Kay finished. "So of course I knew."

I took her shoulders and shook them a little.

"Make sense, will you? Knew what?"

"Knew why, of course. It was because of you. To make me interesting, for you. And without you for an audience it wasn't fun any more."

She moved closer to me and her hands got my lapels again. "Carl," she said, "I love you, too. Take me with you, Carl. I'll never be a—a Class-B ham again."

A guy with a red nose and an unsteady walk came by with a leash in his hand. There wasn't any dog on the end of it. He drifted around the corner, trailing the empty leash.

"Wait a minute," I said. "It's going to be rough down there, Kay. Hot and dirty. Fleas—"

She put her hand over my mouth. The moon was shining, and if it wasn't a tropic moon, it would do until we could get one.

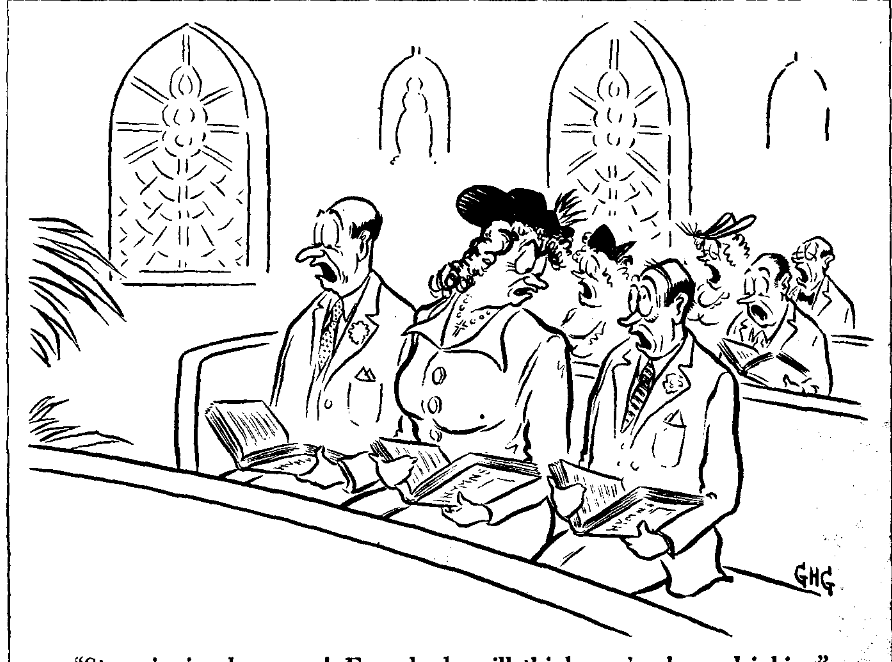
"Darling," she breathed. "I don't care about the hardships. So long as we're—together."

It was heart-rending. She swayed, and lifted her face.

Well.

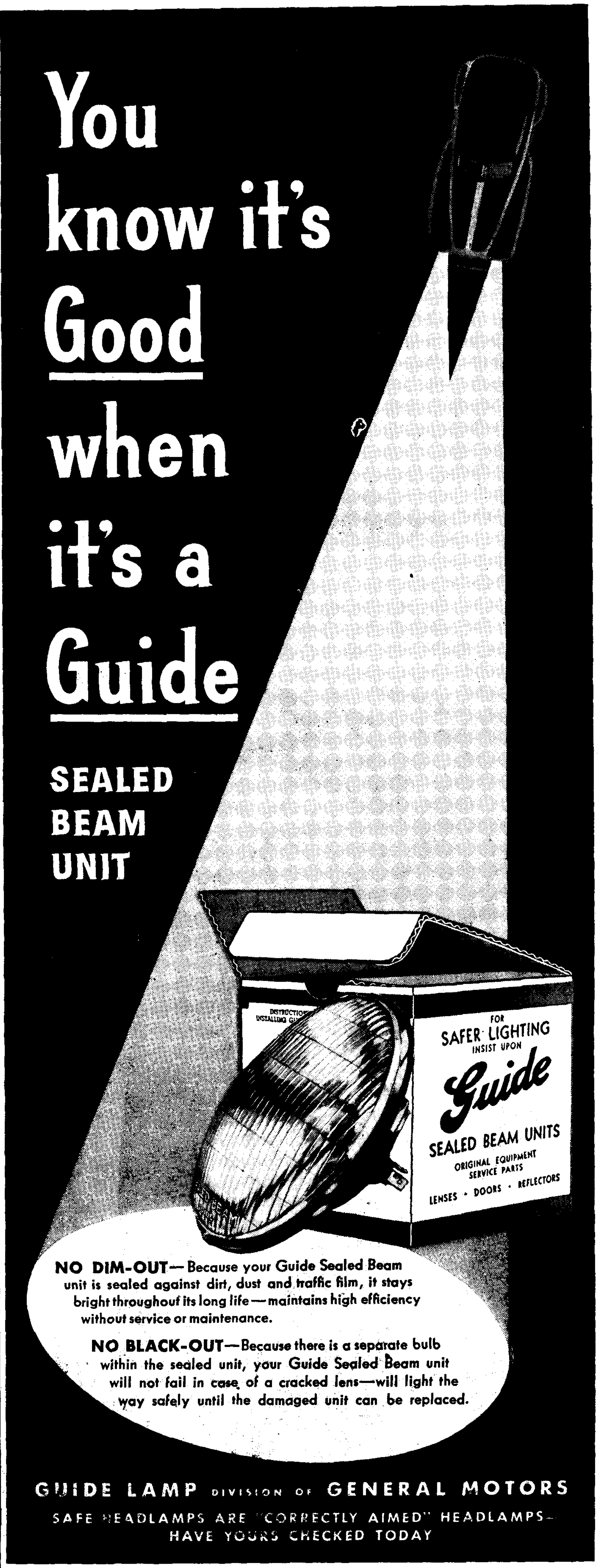
It was okay with me.

THE END



"Stop singing harmony! Everybody will think you've been drinking"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN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GUIDE LAMP DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

SAFE HEADLAMPS ARE "CORRECTLY AIMED" HEADLAMPS—HAVE YOURS CHECKED TODAY

COOL AND SELECTED

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Clothes make the man—hot or cool—in summer. To be comfortable follow these suggestions

Cool-off suits look best with harmonizing shirts, ties and socks. Here a rayon tropical is worn with white shirt, print tie; Palm Beach jacket, slacks, with the same; seersucker suit, with blue shirt, tie and handkerchief

IT WILL probably be as hot as ever this summer, but the man who has been able to save a few dollars after paying his income taxes may be able to do more about it than usual. There may be less grumbling and face wiping, and less envy of the women's bare legs and their sleeveless and backless dresses. Chances are that more lightweight suits will be available—in tropical worsted, rayons, Palm Beach cloth, many types of synthetic yarns, and in the old reliable seersucker, the cloth of a thousand wrinkles. Chances are they'll cost more, too.

As far as men's clothing is concerned, tropical worsted is a comparative newcomer; a dozen years ago, it wasn't even popular.

Men appreciated the fact that the garment weighed only 2½ pounds instead of the 5 pounds of a regular worsted suit, but it was tight fitting, with unsightly patch pockets, and had no style to speak of.

It positively did nothing for a man's looks, and millions of men who prided themselves on their appearance wouldn't be seen wearing the darned things.

But technical advances in weaving were made, style was injected into the designs and tailoring, and the suit caught on. Today the manufacturers can't make enough of them. A good-looking, well-styled tropical worsted suit this summer will cost $40 and up, and if you've got the money, it's worth it.

Palm Beach, sometimes called the All-American cloth, is a combination, in varying percentages, of mohair, cotton and rayon. This cloth has a high porosity rating, which means that it is so woven as to permit a maximum of air circulation. Palm Beach suits are comparatively low in price, a complete suit selling as low as $23.50.

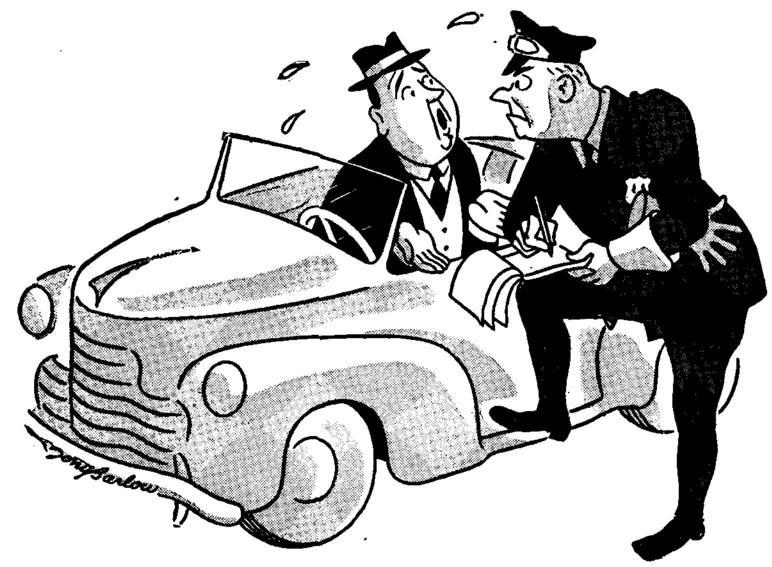
Seersucker has been a popular summer cloth in the South for many years. In recent years it has become well known nationally. It is the lightest in weight of all suiting fabrics, and is a crinkly cotton. It has a tendency to wrinkle, but hanging near a window overnight will help the wrinkles to vanish. Seersucker comes in tan

(*Continued on page* 101)

Color is the keynote of beach wear. [illegible] robes of [illegible] linen. Knit swim trunks are back in favor with [illegible] this summer, and you can get them in practically any color you like. Matching print trunks and shirts [illegible] and Palm Beach [illegible] beach [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILFRIED ZOGBAUM

The odds AGAINST talking a cop out of giving you a ticket are 12 to 1



FROM "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" by LEO GUILD
Courtesy Marcel Rodd, Inc., Publishers

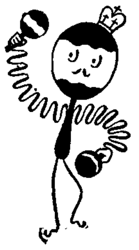
BUT the odds in FAVOR of your liking MARACA RUM are 301 to 1

Based on statements of prominent purveyors of liquor as to whether they personally like Maraca Rum.

MARACA RUM

LIGHT AND DRY...

in step with the times



Yes, if you like a really fine Daiquiri, Rum Collins or other rum drinks, you'll like Maraca Rum. It's the modern rum—*light and dry.* Two types: White Label and Gold Label—each correctly *light and dry* for its type. Recipes on every bottle. Ask your liquor dealer about Maraca Rum. He's an expert on rum quality.

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86 PROOF
WHITE LABEL
EXPORT
PUERTO RICAN RUM
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Puerto Rican Rum
White Label—Gold Label
86 proof

FIREMEN HAVE FUN

Continued from page 23

With the dance proceeds they bought resplendent uniforms, waxed their mustaches, sat for the photographer, then repaired to the saloon to discuss departmental details. No sooner had they gotten down to business than a fire broke out, and they discovered they had forgotten to buy axes and buckets.

Hastily borrowing these essentials from neighbors, they formed a line to the creek and extinguished the blaze with minimum damage to their dress suits.

Something had to be done, and another dance seemed to be the answer. It was such a success that it became a weekly affair. Meantime the volunteer firemen of near-by San Rafael, Fairfax and Sausalito had bought fancy hand-pulled hose carts which they raced against one another. The Larkspur sports went into hock for a gaudy red job with two six-foot wheels and roller bearings for speed. Two 20-gallon tanks of chemicals and some hose made it handy against fires, too.

"That set us back $600 and we had a hell of a time paying for it," says 65-year-old R. C. Doherty, president of the Association from 1913 to this year. Doherty, owner of the Larkspur Lumber Company, furnished material for the first dance floor and still runs to fires like a kid. Husky, ruddy, and over six feet tall, he attributes his agility to "good liquor and lots of cigarettes."

And Then Came the Hose Fights

The cart was raced with varying success against fires and firemen. Tiring, the firemen made a deal with the local expressman to pull the cart with his horse and wagon. In time, cart racing was supplanted by hose fights wherein both the firemen and the spectators, soused inside and out, attempted to wash opponents down streets under pressure.

In 1922 the young Association splurged for a fire truck. The then newest thing in fire-fighting equipment was being demonstrated at the San Francisco convention of the International Fire Chiefs Association. Ingratiating himself with the fire chiefs of New York, London and Tokyo, Fire Chief Doherty invited the big shots to Larkspur. There the firemen were fed barbecue and filled with wine guarded personally by a prohibition agent and beer donated by a brewery which forgot to remove the alcohol. Somebody drank too much and during the festivities Larkspur, population 1,200, found it had bought the same kind of equipment New York had.

Meantime, the Rose Bowl, a 60- by 40-foot platform built in 1910 and named for the wild roses climbing its chicken-wire walls, had caught on in a big way. The firemen's sporting and romantic instincts had a lot to do with its success. Wearing huge beribboned badges identifying them as hosts, they saw to it that all the gentlemen met all the ladies. The ladies liked that, and as their circle of friends widened so did the dance floor. Enlarged every few years, last season it set a record of 3,700 paid admissions at $1 a head in one night. Its chicken wire was replaced long ago by high fences surmounted by spiked ornamental iron.

Couples line up for blocks to get in. Between dances cash registers on Magnolia Street sing a merry tune of cocktails, hamburgers, ice cream and bottle goods. No strong drink is allowed on the floor, but beer and sandwiches may be bought inside from a concession operated, incidentally, by the firemen of neighboring Corte Madera. Couples who go out to hit a bottle run a risk of being refused readmission. Persons who pass out the gate are stamped on the hand with indelible ink. Those who pass out in an alcoholic sense are branded with a bright red "X" and may not re-enter until the stigma or the drink wears off and must produce in addition a cash register receipt signifying they have drunk at least four cups of coffee.

Big-name bands don't play at the Bowl. Despite its dimensions little more than a juke box is needed to fill it. Members of the Association say that Paul Whiteman's agent tries annually to get the band in for $1,500 a night, getting laughs for his trouble. Struggling college-boy bands usually are hired, as the Bowl is a favorite rendezvous for the Stanford and University of California crowds who meet under their schools' banners hung from the trees. Ernie Heckscher, popular San Francisco and radio band leader, got his start at the Bowl. Phil Harris, Jack Benny's band leader, was a drummer there in 1918.

Money, Nuisance and Noise

The people who swoop down on the town bring with them money, nuisance and noise. The Blue Rock Hotel puts out the No Vacancy sign even in lean years. The Rose Bowl Château, a Magnolia Street drinking emporium a block from the Bowl, does more business on Saturday nights than all other days together. Florence's Sweet Shop stays open until 3 A.M. loading the visitors with sodas and such. Mexican Leo Martinez does a fine business in Italian dinners and his 18- by 20-foot dance floor catches some of the hard-drinking overflow. He is installing a glass-enclosed cocktail lounge commanding a chilling view of San Quentin State Prison.

Although some couples linger after the last dance at 1 A.M., usually the town is back to normal with a minimum of smashed fenders by 1:30. Automobile traffic, as well as human traffic on the dance floor, is directed by members of the Association deputized for the occasion by the chief of police. Rowdies are dealt with by the time-honored coat-and-pants lift and are jailed in cells thoughtfully provided by the firemen in their firehouse.

Residents of Larkspur generally boost the dance. The tax-free fire service saves every homeowner about $20 a year and the efficiency of the department has cut the fire insurance rate to 70 cents per $100. Fire underwriters rate the town as a Class-5 risk, better than many cities several times larger. The Association keeps the local church on its side by honoring free of charge all the tickets the church can sell for one night a season.

The Lions Club is being given the Bowl for one evening to raise money to build a municipal swimming pool. The volunteer firemen of Corte Madera and Kentfield are privileged to sell as many tickets as possible for one night, and these are honored without charge.

Persons living close to the Bowl complain, and with cause. The noise precludes sleep until the wee small hours, and a driveway turned into a lovers' lane can be as embarrassing as whisky bottles on the lawns Sunday mornings.

In deference to objectors, the Association will not rent the Bowl to anyone else despite lucrative offers, keeping it quiet except on Saturdays. That gesture and sympathy are all the sleepy can expect. If the dances were discontinued the firemen could cut off fire protection. And to replace the elaborately equipped department at this late date would result in crippling taxation. It was because of the town's financial embarrassment that the Association installed fire plugs and boxes at its own expense. Underwriters aren't happy with the arrangement because the city council, responsible for

Don't Love Her!
Don't Love Her!
Don't Love Her!

Alluring... destructive ...she tempts the man she hates, to kill the man she loves!

RKO
PRESENTS

JOAN BENNETT

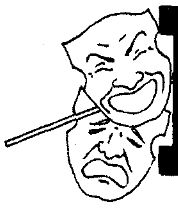
ROBERT RYAN • CHARLES BICKFORD

in

THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH

Directed by JEAN RENOIR • *Screen Play by* Frank Davis and Jean Renoir

RKO RADIO PICTURES



How to run away with the show!

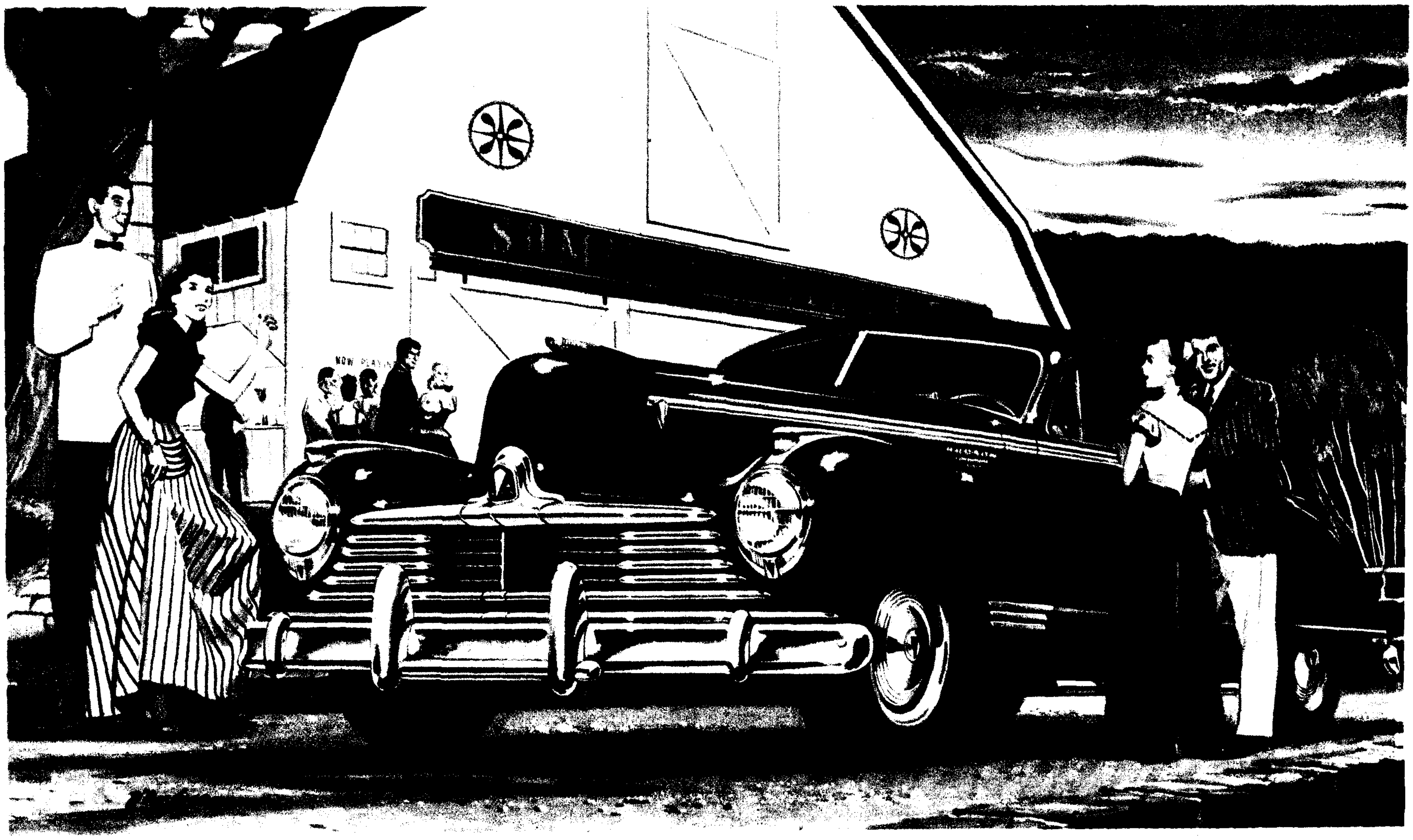
RIDE "ON STAGE" IN STYLE! There's sure to be a ripple of "oh's" and "ah's" when you appear in a new Hudson. Your audience can't resist its rich color, its smooth styling and the satisfying luxury of an interior in a fabric-leather combination; so it's on with the show . . .

Spellbind them with action! Scamper uphill, glide along the highway, float through traffic—your Hudson Super Six or Super Eight engine never even lets you know it's at work. Hudson's steadiness on sharp curves and its completely effortless steering are sure to impress any crowd. You're putting the holder of 149 official AAA stock-car performance and endurance records through its paces—and anyone can tell it's a star!

How to take over! Your Hudson dealer, one of a nationwide group of 3,000, is ready to show you Hudson beauty—to let you experience Hudson's rare comfort and ease of driving. See your Hudson dealer now—the sooner you see him, the sooner you can "run away with the show" in your neighborhood!

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



Two famous lines—the Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—in popular body styles. Your choice, in either series, of 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines. Your choice, too, in both series, of nine fresh new colors and four 2-tone combinations; with a wide optional selection of equipment and accessories.

fire protection, cannot guarantee it. The firemen themselves are in the anomalous position of being trespassers every time they enter a burning house.

The town at one time nearly won control of the fire department. Wanting the new firehouse located next door to the city hall, the town deeded a lot to the Association, inserting a clause giving the town ownership of the department when the building was paid for. The Association got around this by paying off all but $500 of its mortgage. As long as it meets the interest payments—and failure seems unlikely with dance revenues of $75,000 a year plus a $125,000 reserve in War Bonds—the Association can and will continue to run the fire department, the dances and, in effect, the town.

Weather has been kind to the dance. Only 12 have been rained out in all its history.

Membership in the Association, limited to 22, is coveted. Vacancies caused by death or moving out of town are filled from a list of candidates most active in emergencies such as the grass and forest fires that periodically threaten Larkspur and adjacent communities. New members are elected by the standing membership.

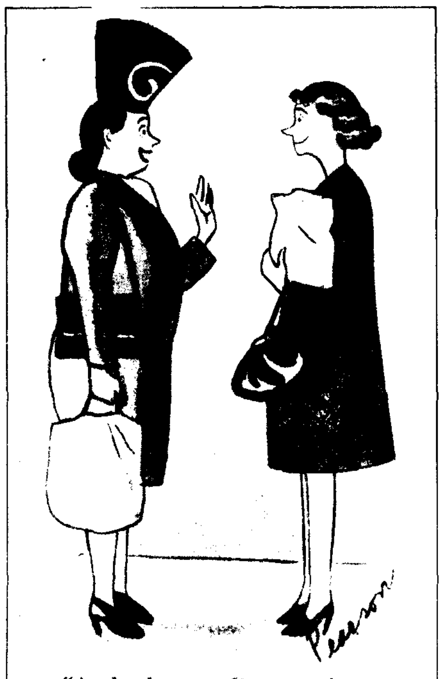
Men With Mechanical Know-How

Members are chosen from the building trades because their knowledge is helpful at a fire. However, there is also an ulterior motive. W. T. Frizzi, an electrical contractor whose slight build makes him handy in treetops, keeps the 3,000 lights at the Bowl in working order. He also operates the spotlights. Stocky President Charley McLeran, a roofing contractor, can rip off, or nail on, shingles with the best of them, and he keeps the Bowl sheds in order. Tall, bespectacled Bert Wheeler is a lumberman, and floors do rot. Howard Clark is a police captain and with Police Chief W. V. Nicholson, a gray-haired gentleman who moans when he misses a good fire, helps maintain law and order. George Eatherton is a carpenter. R. P. Elder and Walter Benz are utilities experts, and Robert Mistron, operator of Bob's Fixit Shop, runs into a lot of things that need fixing.

Members vote themselves $365 a year each, or a dollar a day salary. For this each works 25 nights at the Rose Bowl and responds whenever possible to every fire alarm, of which there were only 10 last year.

Members are not allowed to dance or drink at the Bowl. Members in their cups are explicitly urged to stay away from fires. This used to cause confusion, especially when a few of the boys got together over a jug and each tried to direct the fire fighting. But even twenty-two sober fire chiefs at a burning barn were a problem, so the Association employed a full-time fire chief at $225 a month and two full-time firemen at $175 a month. These three employees now give the orders and their employers carry them out.

Recently A. W. "Cap" Larsen, secretary of the Association since 1909, resigned to "give some young fellows a chance" but visits the firehouse often to talk over old times.



"And, oh, yes, Grace—since I saw you last I've had my appendix out and a new sink and heating unit put in"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

A little, pink-cheeked cherub of 74 summers, Larsen probably did more than anyone to make the Bowl famous.

Among the free advertising he garners from California papers were stories and pictures of a girl who would "jump from the top of a redwood tree into a fire net." The jump didn't materialize. Neither did the "rescue" of a beautiful college girl by the fire chief from a burning house, which was scheduled to open the dance season. Nor did the 1923 dance marathon wherein dancers would attempt to break the "record" of a theater usherette whom Larsen dubbed, for the press, a prominent society girl.

Tradition Supplants Publicity

The marathon was condemned by the clergy, and Cap, knowing householders near the Bowl wouldn't stand for it, "reluctantly" called it off. By 1930 these stunts and any other form of advertising became unnecessary, and the huge Bowl filled on tradition alone.

The Association's clubrooms above the engine house are a fireman's dream. They boast a pool table, radios, large assembly hall, kitchens, showers, plush sofas, Venetian blinds and inlaid linoleum floors. Here members congregate for checkers, to shoot pool, to shoot the breeze and hope something will catch fire.

The Larkspur volunteers have a record of never having suffered any broken bones or deaths. All are trained in first aid, making the firehouse with its resuscitator an emergency hospital.

Despite its earnings the Association is incorporated as a nonprofit venture. Its by-laws presumably prevent any member from laying hands on Association money.

Old-timer Larsen, well to do in his own right, fears the Association's financial success will be its downfall.

"Sooner or later somebody will want to cut up that $125,000 melon and they'll start fighting among themselves, and the city will have to take over one way or another."

Right now there is no fight over money—except to soft-pedal its quantity. "If everybody knew how much we had," opines Doherty, "each would want a fire plug in front of his house."

THE END

M'SIEU BWA-YEA

Continued from page 21

the scene in which Boyer has to stick a hypodermic needle into Bergman. Boyer couldn't get the hang of it, and when he can't get the hang of something he sweats, and when he sweats he spoils his make-up, and when he spoils his make-up, everything has to start over.

Boyer looks much as he did in his early hits, except that he has somewhat less hair. His classic profile, rivaling that of the late John Barrymore, has remained clear cut through the years, and his liquid eyes and gentle mouth are as well adapted to expressions of tender yearning as ever. Boyer usually weighs about 160 pounds. But for the starveling part of Ravic, he had to lose 15 pounds. When we lunched with him he had only a fruit salad, without dressing, and tea.

Because the very tall Miss Bergman is slightly taller than he, Boyer had to stand on a platform for their tête-à-tête scenes. At one dramatic point, he bespoke her a sorrowful farewell, turned and fell off the box. To Mr. Boyer, this was not funny, and titters among the crew quickly died out under his black looks.

Boyer's hard-working studio day runs from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. At lunchtime, most movie players go together in groups to eat, but not Boyer. His lunch hour is, as a rule, a time of sacred solitude in his own bungalow, where he can study his lines for the afternoon's scenes.

He will, however, inconvenience himself on occasion to do a kindness to some humble person. One day a nameless little extra girl asked him please to pose with her for a picture which she hoped would help her get a stage job. He did, lengthily and patiently, sacrificing a good part of his precious lunch hour.

It is hard to associate this precision machine of a man with the romantic legends told of his early life in France. Can this be the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, or vice versa? The man who turned a lion loose in the streets of Paris in order to observe the behavior of people in the face of danger? The man of many love affairs on the banks of the Nile, the Seine, the Danube?

Boyer is a model of self-discipline now, except that he smokes perhaps too much. He dismissed the legends as ridiculous, all but the gambling ones.

At 6 P.M. he drives his convertible to the French Foundation, an institution built and maintained by him to promote better understanding of France in America.

The Foundation is his pride. Its low stucco building houses some 15,000 volumes on French history, art, architecture, costume, and some valuable original French documents. Its rooms are spacious and quiet, clothed in modern furnishings of subdued color. Movie companies make frequent use of its research facilities—as for the French setting of Arch of Triumph. To Boyer, it is a retreat where his nerves, jangled after a day of wrestling with hypodermic needles and Miss Bergman, can find repose.

He shuts himself up in his private office there and writes a few personal letters in longhand. Or he fondles his books, considers moving this group on biography to a shelf on the other side of the room, or this chair to that corner. When he isn't working, he may spend the whole day there, lunching—alone—at Ernest's, the French restaurant next door.

At 7 P.M. or so, he heads for home, where his wife, the former Pat Patterson, and his three-year-old son Michael wait for him. Boyer wouldn't like it a bit if they weren't waiting for him. He has uncompromising continental views about the duties of a wife. There used to be occasional reports that gregarious Pat chafed at the restricted Boyer regime—no more acting for her, no night clubs—but to all appearances their domesticity is of the model variety.

Boyer insists on a Garboesque seclusion for his private life. The iron curtain parts only for friends of long standing,

DOES YOUR CAR LIMP ALONG?
WHIZ
MOTOR RYTHM
A TUNE UP FORMULA
MAKE IT SING A NEW SONG!

TUNE UP WITH
MOTOR RYTHM

Pour a pint of MOTOR RYTHM through your carburetor and make your motor *zing* with a youthful song of power and pep! MOTOR RYTHM cleans out carbon and other harmful, power-wasting deposits the modern, chemical, *safe* way—makes your car run better and travel farther on less gasoline. See your dealer about the special MOTOR RYTHM offer of both a four-ounce can and a pint—a 95¢ value—for only 75¢.

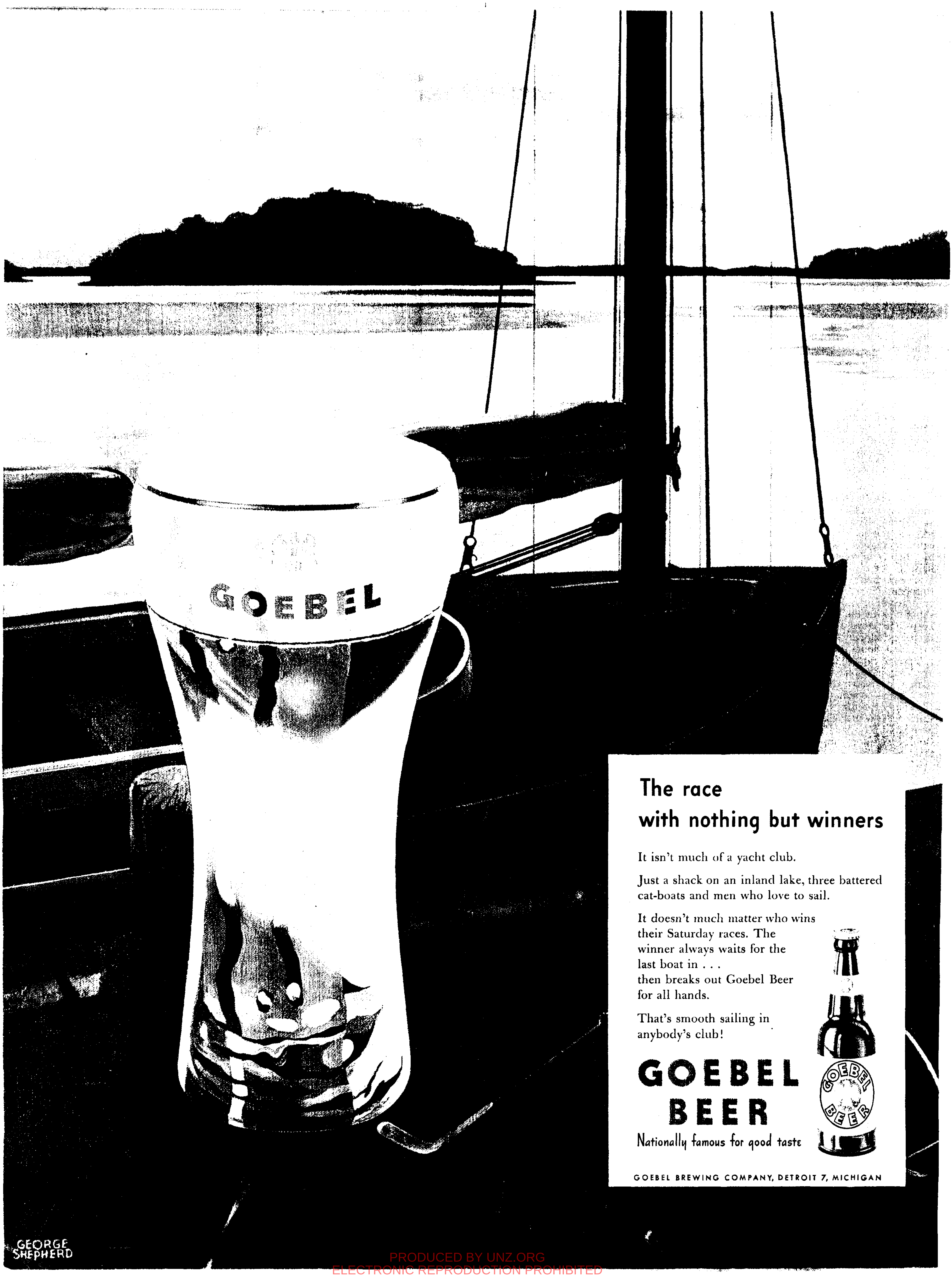
Keep Your Motor Young With MOTOR RYTHM!

Pour it through the carburetor for a *chemical* tune-up the modern, *safe* way; add it to the crankcase regularly to *keep* your motor clean inside; and use MOTOR RYTHM to break in your *new* car . . . give it the best start in life! *R. M. Hollingshead Corporation, Camden, New Jersey; Toronto, Canada.*

Whiz

Don't miss the Professor Whiz hypnotic show. Be sure to see him when he comes to town. Ask your dealer for details.

Hollingshead



The race with nothing but winners

It isn't much of a yacht club.

Just a shack on an inland lake, three battered cat-boats and men who love to sail.

It doesn't much matter who wins their Saturday races. The winner always waits for the last boat in . . .
then breaks out Goebel Beer for all hands.

That's smooth sailing in anybody's club!

GOEBEL BEER

Nationally famous for good taste

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN many of them French—Actor Pierre Blanchar, Novelist Philippe Heriat, Pianist Artur Rubinstein, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jean Pierre Aumont, Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou.

Mrs. Boyer told me that marriage had been good for her character in some ways. "Once I couldn't bear to be alone," she said, "but Charles taught me to enjoy solitude." As a husband and father, he is generous, considerate and full of boyish good humor. He loves home chores, has a knack for building things.

Occasionally, something stirs him to impatience. He hates gossip and will leave the room to avoid listening to it. He keeps every promise and is offended if others fail to do so. He likes a smooth-running household; a jammed salt shaker can uncork his quick temper.

But such little things, Pat says, are no more than the nervous rough edges of a personality which is essentially kind and sensitive.

"He is not at all the man my family feared he was when I married him," Pat says.

Her British family had seen him in the Paris theater, and they knew his reputation—a reckless, drinking, gambling matinee idol, with seventeen wives, more than likely, tucked away somewhere.

Got His First Break at 19

Actually his early background was sober enough. He was born in the town of Figeac in 1899, the son of a moderately prosperous manufacturer of farm machinery. He attended the Sorbonne to qualify for a professorship, but immediately upon receiving his degree, he entered a Paris dramatic school, and at age 19 was catapulted, through a lucky break as an understudy, into a lead. He had clear sailing and adulation for several years as the star of Playwright Henri Bernstein's producing company, until high living, drink and gambling brought him a temporary setback.

His first try at Hollywood was a failure. He was so humiliated by his bit part as chauffeur in Red Headed Woman, starring Jean Harlow, that he turned around and went home, delaying only long enough to make Producer Irving Thalberg promise not to show the film in France.

On his next try, a few years later, Hollywood welcomed him with the best possible parts—in Private Worlds, in Love Affair, in Back Street—and fame and fortune have followed him ever since.

He met Pat shortly after he arrived, proposed that first evening, and married her 19 days later.

The only trace of his old rakishness that Pat ever saw was his addiction to baccarat. When they visited Paris, he stayed out several nights in a row, gambling for ten or twelve hours at a stretch. Pat told him she wished he wouldn't. So he quit, completely and forever.

The only thing that will bring Boyer out of his domestic shell is a worthy French cause, or the arrival of some prominent Frenchman. Then he and his wife entertain lavishly, either at home, or in the great room at the Foundation. Never at night clubs.

He gives generously and regularly of his own money to send food and medical supplies to France. He has established a scholarship for French study under sponsorship of New York's New School for Social Research, and he is on the committee to establish an international Oscar to be awarded to the film which contributes most to friendship between nations. He served in the French army as an enlisted man for a few months in 1940. While he was on leave in America, expecting to return momentarily, France fell. Upon becoming an American citizen in 1942, he announced that: "I am now an American with a Free French accent."

Altogether Boyer has become the very picture of a sober substantial middle-aged citizen with cultural interests. The gay dog of Paris has disappeared entirely.

Boyer has a respectable number of avid fans who see him still as the epitome of romance. He is grateful that not many of them are of the screaming bobby-sox variety. His fans run from age 25 on up to old age, and they seem satisfied to write him letters. They don't insist on trampling him to a pulp with their loving feet, or tearing the lapels off his jacket. If they did, Boyer probably would call the cops and then retire from the movies.

On the Arch of Triumph set one day, Boyer wandered onto the stage they were preparing for the Monte Carlo gambling scenes. This, like all the Arch scenes, is an authentic duplicate of the real thing. The gaming tables and decorations were imported from a French casino.

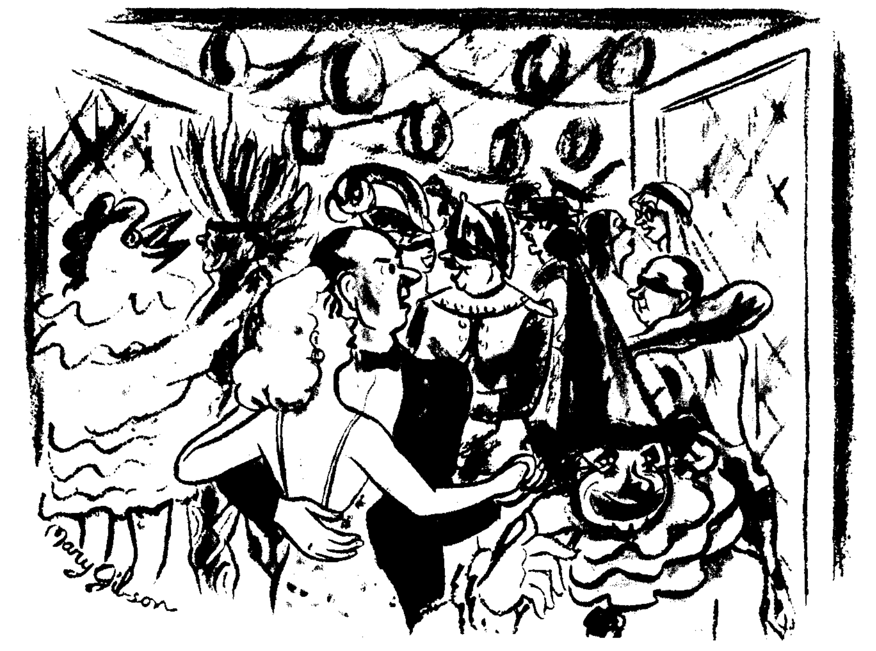
Boyer looked and admired and then jumped. For sitting at one of the tables was an old friend.

"Henri!" cried Boyer, and the French flowed free. The studio had imported a genuine croupier from Monte Carlo to play the part of the croupier in the movie. Boyer knew him from long money-losing nights in France.

Should he set things up for some real roulette, Henri asked. Would M'sieu Boyer like to try his luck once more?

"No, no," said Boyer sadly, "all that is over for me."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I feel like a damn' fool in this outfit!" MARY GIBSON

I've Been Waiting for You...

I like "SMOOTH MEN" who keep presentable longer with NEW MENNEN LATHER SHAVE

It's One...Two...Three Ways Better!

WILTS WHISKERS FASTER!
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LEAVES SKIN SMOOTHER!

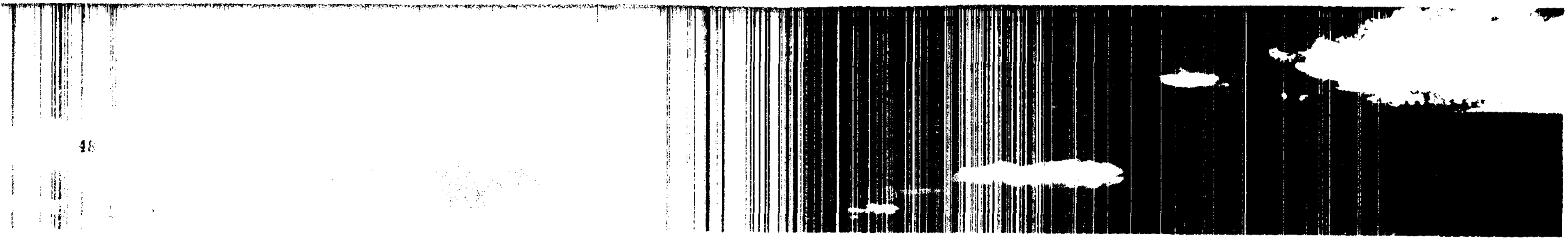
Preferred by Most Doctors who Specialize in Skin Care!

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE

PLAIN OR EXTRA-COOL MENTHOL-ICED

"WOW" the Ladies with the He-Man Aroma of Mennen Skin Bracer!

MENNEN SKIN BRACER



A LONG TIME, A LONG DISTANCE

BY THOMAS W. DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Woman is the final mystery. But there's no mistaking the look in the eyes of a woman in love

"DOCTOR," said Marston's partner, "you've been working too hard. Need a rest. Run up to the north woods or something."

"He's right, darling," Marston's wife told him at dinner. "You've been jumpy and cross. The children and I will stay here. You go alone."

So one June morning, in the St. Paul station, Marston kissed Sue goodby and boarded a train for Adventure.

Long, lean, intense—that was Marston. His carrot-colored hair was clipped close, and he was forty. But age is relative. Watching the St. Paul skyline recede, he felt fifty. An hour later, angling northeast into Wisconsin, he felt forty-five. And five hours later, by the time he had left the train at Moose Crossing and had been driven twenty miles into a country of spruce forests and sparkling air, to the log lodge at Buck Lake, he felt thirty-five.

That early in the season there were few guests, and when Marston changed to trunks, and went down to the lake, he found but one other person on the wharf. She was a girl of twenty, in a swimming suit. She glanced up to say hello, then began anointing her legs with oil.

He pulled off his shirt and shoes, and intruded a toe into the water. It was icy. He loved swimming—during college vacations he had been a lifeguard—and now irritation flicked him.

"It's too cold for swimming," the girl said. "It won't be right for that till July."

"I came to swim," he snapped.

"It's not my fault," the girl drawled. "They had snow here a month ago. They say this is the country where they have ten months of good sledding and two months of poor sledding."

She was laughing. His toe encountered the water again, and jerked back.

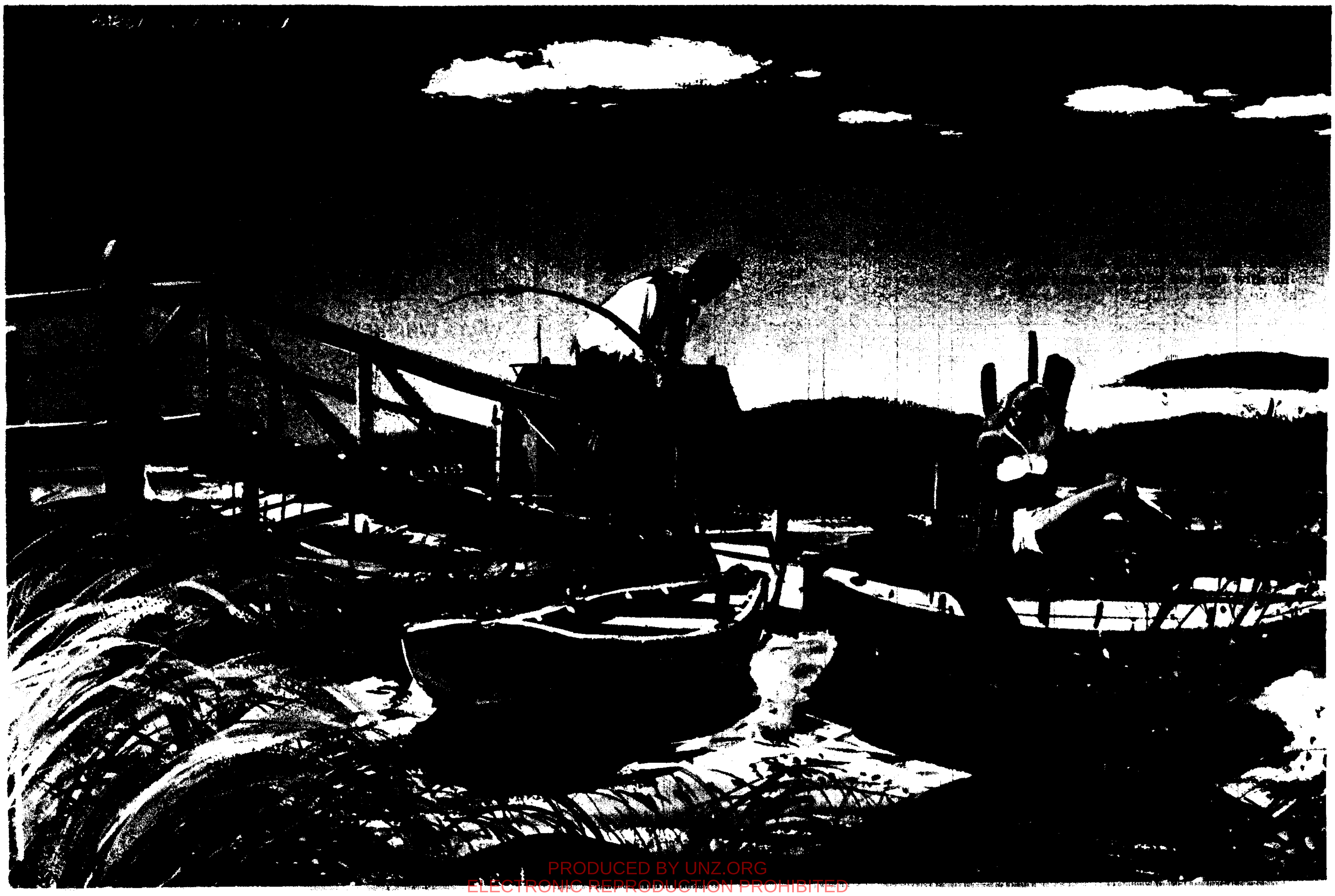
"I wouldn't try diving," she said. "The bottom is simply bristling with snags."

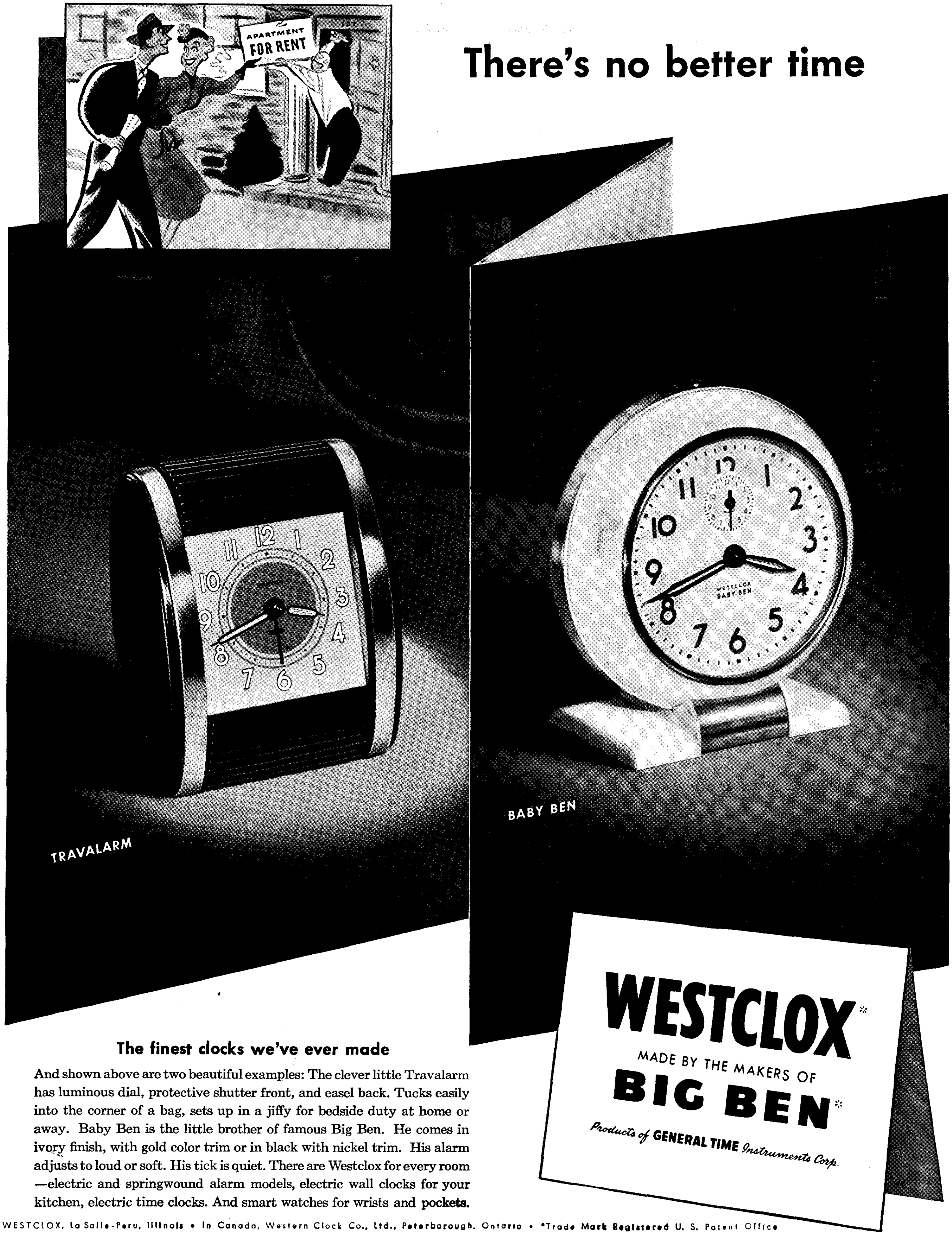
"Snags! What kind of place is this?"

"A place for fishermen. This lake was made by damming a river. It used to be a valley full of timber. The tree roots are still down there waiting to bop you or trap you."

Since there was no springboard,

(Continued on page 71)




APARTMENT
FOR RENT
There's no better time
TRAVALARM
BABY BEN
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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
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The finest clocks we've ever made

And shown above are two beautiful examples: The clever little Travalarm has luminous dial, protective shutter front, and easel back. Tucks easily into the corner of a bag, sets up in a jiffy for bedside duty at home or away. Baby Ben is the little brother of famous Big Ben. He comes in ivory finish, with gold color trim or in black with nickel trim. His alarm adjusts to loud or soft. His tick is quiet. There are Westclox for every room —electric and springwound alarm models, electric wall clocks for your kitchen, electric time clocks. And smart watches for wrists and pockets.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada, Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario • *Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vacation days ahead
California Girl Swim Suit
Clarion

This summer will hold a new world of pleasure for the lucky owner of a Clarion 3-Way Portable Radio . . . Smart looking, light, powerful . . . Every electronic advancement. Entertainment at its best. Moderately priced. Ask your Clarion dealer.

The Clarion line includes a model for every room in the home.

Clarion
AMERICA'S FIRST AUDIBEL RATED RADIO
WARWICK MANUFACTURING CORP.
Chicago 44, Illinois

The Story:

Motion-picture producer FRED STEELE wrongly believes his wife to be having an affair with a brilliant young lawyer, RITCH ALVIN, and disappears from his ranch near Hollywood in pursuit of the lawyer. Steele is carrying a pistol.

Frantic, LIZBETH STEELE, his beautiful wife, gets a message to Ritch, whom she knows only slightly. Ritch leaves his sailing sloop and drives to the ranch.

Here the lawyer learns that Steele, insanely jealous, has kept Lizbeth a virtual prisoner because of a love affair she had before marrying him. Lizbeth's five-year-old daughter, CAROL, is not Steele's child. Using the child as a hostage, Steele has threatened to kill Lizbeth if she attempts to leave him.

Though they hardly know each other, Ritch takes Lizbeth and Carol away to escape Steele's murderous wrath.

With newspapers screaming about the mysterious disappearances, Ritch, Lizbeth and Carol, under the name of Smith, come to live in the house of a MRS. LINDNER, of Fresno. Here, Ritch and Lizbeth fall in love.

One night Ritch overhears Mrs. Lindner listening to a Hollywood gossip on the radio. He learns that she is an ardent movie fan and realizes that, sooner or later, she will see and recognize photos of Lizbeth, Carol and himself in movie magazines.

Informing the landlady that they have found another place to live, Ritch tells Lizbeth to pack. The next night they leave. . . .

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

Continued from page 24

way, but not fancy. Mainly Lizbeth was haunted by the growing shadows under Carol's eyes; but she consoled herself that this heat would get any child down. At least the child slept a lot; that was something. But was it a healthful sleep? Was it not perhaps just grogginess, the stifling atmosphere of the car, its constant motion daytimes when they usually kept on the move? She finally suggested taking Carol to a doctor, just to have him look at her. . . .

"That's an awful close look to give anyone," Ritch warned, "but go ahead—or do you want me to take her?"

"It would be safer."

Lizbeth waited for over an hour in the car. When she saw them coming toward her she could have cried with relief. Ritch looked at ease; apparently he had successfully lied his way through the interview, and Carol skipped along beside him.

Fortunately the doctor had been busy and hadn't asked too many questions; his nurse had taken all the phony details of name, address, etc. The doctor had even been a little annoyed that Ritch had bothered him; on the other hand he could understand parents being so extra-cautious these days: the polio epidemic.

"Polio!" Lizbeth exclaimed when he told her. "Did you know it was around? You didn't tell me!" Ritch was the one who read the papers. She was alarmed, accusing.

"Why tell you? The advice they give you in the papers is keep your child out in the open, and away from other children. The doctor repeated it. We couldn't have been doing better for her."

Lizbeth's tenseness subsided. The fact that Carol was away from other children was some satisfaction, though a wry one.

Whether it was the polio, or just their homelessness, Lizbeth began to look more closely at the hordes of wandering people like themselves, and feel a contact with humanity which she had never felt before. She saw other families, everywhere, knocking on the same doors, asking the same question: "Have you got some place for us to live?" She saw them coming out of the countless motels on the outskirts of the city, in the mornings, packing up for the day in their cars, only to start looking again for shelter for the next night. The weather, too, for the first time, began to mean something to her. In the public rest rooms she heard other women talking about it; the birth of each hotter-than-yesterday day was a fright to them—not because of the discomfort to them, but, because of the sickness scare, what it might mean to their children, and to other people's children the country over. And when suddenly a mother grabbed her child from a group of children, there was apology in her eyes, and other mothers understood the apology and thought maybe they were being lax, and grabbed their children. Lizbeth heard the G.I. Bill of Rights and other laws talked about with scorn. "And when we finally bought the Quonset hut," she heard one woman say, "do you think we could find a place to put it? All those zoning laws! And when we did find a lot, it would have cost more to move it there than we paid for the thing. Money back? Are you crazy? We left it there."

"That new veteran housing development!" another exclaimed bitterly. "Try to get in there with children. Jake's going back into the Army; I don't blame him. Make the government pay for our living."

LIZBETH talked about it now and then with Ritch. Why weren't there places to live? Office buildings were going up, stores—but where were the homes? One afternoon when they had been down along the coast for a swim, and were headed back toward San Francisco, she said to him, "Ritch, you could do something about that. I mean, why couldn't lawyers be lawyers for things like that, for the people? If congressmen won't help them, someone has to. The way it is now, there are thousands and thousands who can't vote, because they have no homes, keep shifting about, no permanent addresses. You sometimes wonder if the politicians *want* to keep them homeless. These displaced people are the ones who have the beefs, and it would show up in the votes."

What Lizbeth was talking about was that lawyers should become lobbyists for the people. What did she think they were already? Not for the people, as she meant it, but for pressure groups, corporations, industries, big-money interests. They were all over Washington; of all people they were the easiest bought; the very nature of their profession had trained them to defend guilty and innocent alike.

As Mrs. Lindner had said, things were a mess. And as Lizbeth was saying now, she, Lizbeth, expected him to go out on a limb and do something about them. Not too seriously; it was partly "just talk," but the effect was that, after a while, Ritch stopped smiling. An old pain which he thought he had anesthetized popped up. He began to look back over his own career. Smart boy, bright boy, going up. The being up was the important part. Up so high that you saw little of the world's real miseries. It was easy for a bombardier to wreak destruction from 30,000 feet, and then ignore it; he saw so little of it actually. Ritch's recent Hollywood

WHICH OF THE UNLUCKY SEVEN SYMPTOMS MAKES YOU SUFFER?
THE UNLUCKY SEVEN
1. Digestive Upset
2. Poor Appetite
3. Lack of Pep
4. Cranky and Irritable
5. Heartburn
6. Headachy
7. Washed-Out Look

ANY ONE MAY MEAN YOU NEED THIS PROMPT GENTLE LAXATIVE!
SARAKA

Why suffer with a single *one* of the Unlucky Seven Symptoms when caused by constipation? Do as thousands do — get *prompt*, but *gentle* relief with pure vegetable Saraka . . . so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure*.

NO "LAXATIVE SENSATION"

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perch had been a pleasant one, with a view and fresh air. Go down among the rabble, fill yourself with its problems? That was the ironic worthlessness of most lives: Once a man got strong enough, and was in a position to do something about the world, the strong position was more valuable to him than the improving of the other man's weak one.

Ritch hated this system; it was one which could nowhere be better seen than in the picture industry. Ritch had seen unimportant young actors struggling for expression and sincere art. They banded together in little theaters, labs. Yet when they got to be famous they could no longer risk their position to fool around with such experimental stuff. Let those who had nothing to lose do it. Most of them didn't even want to brave Broadway—which they always talked of doing. Risk a flop? Horrors.

It happened even more with writers. They became high-priced, two-and-three-thousand-dollar-a-week remodelers, working largely on stories by nobodies. If the picture turned out badly, the remodeler could salve his conscience and convince a few people that it was the original story which stank. If the picture turned out well, look what he made out of nothing—with the help of actors, a director, other experts, sets and music, and the expenditure of a mere million dollars. Ask that same writer why he didn't occasionally also write an original story, or a book. What!—and make a thousand dollars or so and then, besides starving on this pittance, have some cheeky reviewer tell you, for all the world to see, what he thinks of you? Nuts!

No, the limb was very neglected these days, very empty. Ritch had avoided it himself. Other people didn't know it, but he did. Hadn't he, a bit, quite a bit, liked the glamor and notoriety it gave him to defend a movie star, to fight a powerful studio, to argue an intricate law, to collect big damages—when he might have been more dully, but more importantly, engaged in defending some poor guy's soul; life perhaps? He thought of the young kid he had seen on the stand in a Fresno courtroom. A marijuana charge: very common, very minor. Perhaps Ritch couldn't have gotten him off; perhaps he shouldn't be let off. But to see that he got the right kind of treatment, so that the bad veins in him would be tied off, allowed to shrivel and die, while the good ones were fed and made hearty. That was good work; that was important. A good fine great doctor has wealthy prominent clients; he also works in clinics. Ritch had neglected the clinical work to become a movietown lawyer. Was it too late for him to ever become anything else?

He found that he had not only been thinking about it; as he drove this late sunny afternoon, he found that he had been talking it aloud to Lizbeth. He felt an intensity in her, a sudden heavy atmosphere in the car which made him aware of it. "Ritch, you make me want to cry."

"Why?"

"Never mind. You promised Carol you'd show her the Golden Gate Bridge. It ought to be nice in the sunset."

He speeded up a little through the evening traffic.

RITCH realized why Lizbeth had been upset. He was beginning to know her very well, read her moods. He knew, also, when to leave them alone. He left this one alone until they got onto the parkway which led eventually to the bridge. Then he felt that emotion had left her and she could be reasonable.

"Lizbeth, when I was talking about whether or not it was too late for me, I didn't mean it might be too late because of this trouble about Fred. This mess we're in has nothing to do with it."

"How can it possibly not have something to do with it?"

"Because I know we're going to get out of this someday. I'm not always so sure; I have my moods, too. Sometimes I have the feeling that we're never going to know what happened. Then again . . ." He added, "Anyway, we only have to wait seven years, then at least we can get married."

"That's no worry. I couldn't possibly feel closer to you than I do now. The problem is: What is all this doing to you in the meantime; your work; your place in the world?"

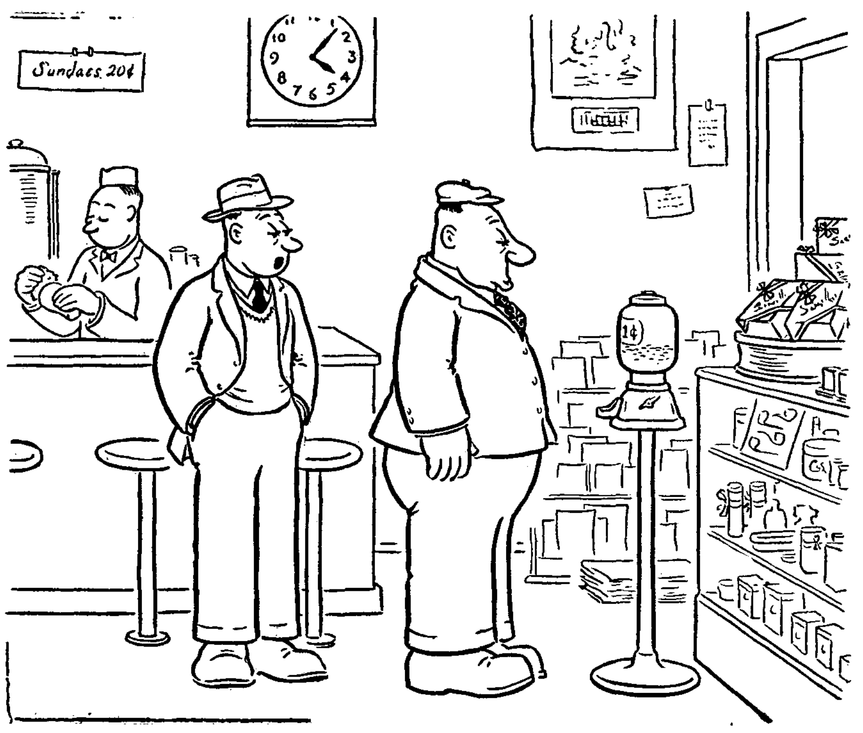
"I thought I just pointed out—I'm beginning to wonder if it is much of a place—"

"Ritch, don't interrupt me; just answer my questions. The other day kiddingly you said we were evaders of the law. Are we?"

"No."

"They have warrants out for our arrest?" she asked.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred, if you dropped the penny in at ten o'clock this morning and the peanuts haven't come out yet, you might as well give up"

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He nodded. "They want to pick us up. 'Suspicion of murder.' It doesn't mean anything; it's just a way of—"

"Now you're softening things."

"No, I'm not. They want us for questioning. They don't even have to think people are murderers to put out warrants like that."

"But *doesn't* that make us evaders? If they're looking for us, and we're—"

"Not at all. You're only guilty of evading the law if you've broken a law, and *are* guilty of something. We're not; we've done no murder; we're withholding no information; we know no more than they do—except if we pop up to say that Steele was a louse, it won't help much; not *us* anyway."

"We're driving a car with a stolen license plate."

There was an instant's silence. "That," Ritch said quietly, "they can get me on. But you don't think I'll do life for that, do you?"

"You'll do life for the other," she said earnestly, "whether you're guilty or not, whether they get you or not. It'll always hang over you in the minds of people."

She couldn't resist the one last word: "Ritch, exactly what risk *are* we running?"

"I'll tell you." His plain-talk tone, direct and straightforward, surprised her. "If they pick us up, they'll throw me in the can for driving an unregistered car with a stolen license plate. They'll keep me there, on that, or on one pretext or another, until your blessed husband, if and when, shows up. Then, if he shows up dead and it looks like I've murdered him, they'll do everything possible to get a conviction. The studio will be behind it; they'll push—and the district attorney's office will push. I've never had anything to do with criminal cases down there, so I have no enemies on that score—but plenty on another. D.A. people hate guys like me, who deal only in nice bloodless cases and collect big fees for it. Want to hear more?"

"No—I'm sorry, Ritch."

They drove for a moment in silence, then he leaned over and kissed her. "You shouldn't have asked, baby. But it'll be all right. We'll just be careful."

She smiled weakly. They'd try to forget it for now.

INTENT on their talk, Ritch had not paid attention to the signs along the parkway. The last one he had seen read: Golden Gate Bridge Straight Ahead, but now he began to look around nervously. He did not want to go over the bridge: too many policemen on it, and a tollhouse—a perfect place for checking licenses. Ritch knew that there was a parkway down to the right of the bridge, from which they could see the bridge just as well, even better. It was the spot from which most of the pictures on the post cards were taken.

Lizbeth sensed his nervousness. "What's the matter, darling? Don't forget we don't want to go over the bridge."

"I'm not forgetting it."

They began to go more slowly, watch more carefully. Impatient, homeward-bound cars tooted at them. The lanes of this parkway would soon merge at the bridge approach; they were getting quite close to it. There had been a sign and a road leading down; but that was way back. "We've missed the turnoff," Ritch said tensely.

His panic invaded her. Parkway, trees, sinking sun, blood-streaked sky, cars streaming by them at either side, and yet it was like being in a long dark tunnel with no way of escape. The bridge ahead of them like an onrushing train; gigantic, crushing. Ritch stopped the car suddenly. Brakes growled, and the driver behind him cursed, but Ritch made the outside lane; he pulled out of that, off toward the right onto an empty circle of pavement alongside the sidewalk and the bridge rail.

"You can't turn here. The traffic is all one way!" The cars leaving the bridge, San Francisco-bound, traveled via another parkway far to the left.

Ritch edged the car back a little, out of sight of the tollhouse tower, he hoped.

No such thing was possible. In the tower were two policemen. One was looking through binoculars; the other leaned into a microphone. His voice was like that of a heavenly gatekeeper, knowing all, seeing all. Above the traffic sound of road and bay it came clearly through the loud-speakers: *"You in the black Coburg sedan; keep moving. You in the black sedan—come on, get away from there."*

AT FIRST they didn't know where it was coming from. "You've got to move, Ritch; we've got to go over!"

In his nervousness Ritch stalled the car.

"Black 1937 Coburg sedan—want a ticket? No parking on the approach. Keep moving across the bridge. Do we have to come down there and get you?"

Carol, forgotten until now, had awakened. She got up on her knees: "Where are we? What are we doing?"

"Hey you, license number F14356."

Ritch got the car going finally. He swung it back into line. Now they saw the policemen in the tower. They also saw two others on the bridge level at the main tollhouse gate. One was taking money; the other obviously belonged to the patrol car which was drawn up in a parking space in line with the tollhouse. That was where they pulled you up, if they had anything to say to you.

Ritch was white. All they needed was a ticket; Mrs. Lindner need not have discovered about the license. It would be discovered now. Ritch had no driver's license which he could show; no form of identification. And they may have already found out about the license; it might be listed up there in the tower, on the kind of list they would naturally have there.

Ritch fought not to look frightened, but to look angry, confused, the baffled tourist. "Complain about the price," he ordered Lizbeth. They could already see the two policemen at the gate waiting for them. Ritch was in their lane; there was no way of avoiding them.

"Can't you read signs, buddy?" the toll-taking one asked as they drew up.

"Fifty cents to go over a bridge!" Ritch muttered. "We don't want to go over it; we just came to look at it."

"Well, you'll go over it now." He snapped his fingers for the toll. "Come on, come on!"

"And fifty back?" asked Lizbeth, while Ritch dug up a dollar bill.

"What d'ya think? You get a free ride back?"

Neither Ritch nor Lizbeth had dared yet to look at the other policeman. Ritch handed the first policeman his dollar bill; they were just about to move on when the second policeman spoke:

"Where you from?"

The license plate, Ritch knew, indicated Fresno County. There wasn't much he could do with that. Inspired, he said suddenly, "Well, we haven't been in California very long."

"Oh, I see. Oklahoma maybe?" The patrolman was smiling. It was a standard California joke; Okies rubbernecking.

Ritch managed to look hurt and insulted; they moved on.

They drove without speaking. They were not safe yet. Someone might have an afterthought, or take another look at the stolen-car list up there in the tower. There were policemen at the other end of the bridge; and there was another toll tower.

Carol said complainingly, "You told me we were going to see the bridge."

"This is the bridge," said Lizbeth.

To Carol it looked like just another highway, cars hemming them in at either side. "I can't even see the water."

Neither of them bothered to answer her. They were coming to the end of the bridge. In a moment they would be off it.

"1937 Coburg sedan, license number F14356—pull over. Pull up center platform. Stop at tollhouse, center platform."

The small muscles in Ritch's jaw moved. Otherwise his face seemed made of stone. He pulled out of the lane into the center section near the tollhouse. He pulled on the brakes, turned off the engine. He turned to Lizbeth, looked at her.

"Why are we stopping?" Carol asked.

They heard hurried footsteps coming toward them across the pavement. A uniform loomed up, filling the side front window. A fifty-cent piece came into their vision, and a printed receipt. Said a voice, "The guy at the other end says on account of you're from Oklahoma."

Ritch took the receipt and the money. "Thanks."

"Okay. Next time don't be in such a hurry."

They drove on. They took the first turn down off the bridge, hit an ordinary street, traveled along it two blocks until they came to a gas station. Ritch pulled up. "Is there a ferry back to San Francisco?"

"Sure." The fellow gave them directions.

"But I didn't see the bridge!" Carol reminded them.

"Another day, honey." Able to breathe and to smile again, Ritch leaned back and kissed her.

THE section they came to live in finally was the bay city's Chinatown. The reason that that came to an end, not for a long while though, was, as Lizbeth said afterward, because they did something which was exactly like the behavior of gangsters. It was just too silly. But she was to realize how the haunted and hunted ones felt sometimes.

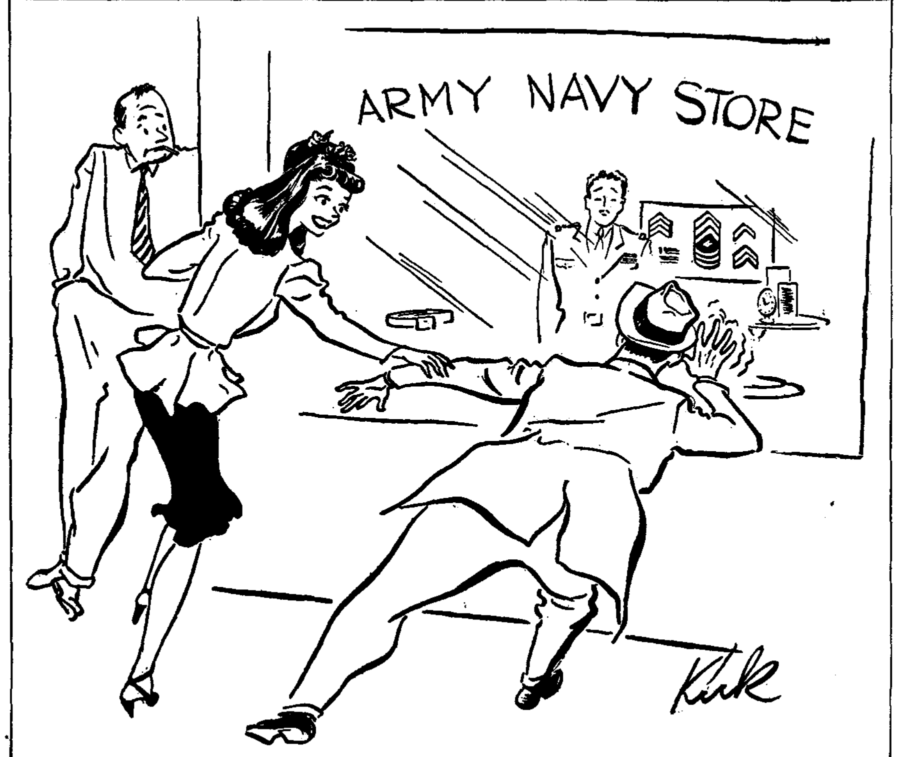
The apartment they lived in was filthy and it was dark. It ran from front to back of a deep narrow building. Below them on the street floor was an herb shop. The apartment had two windows in front, in the living room, and two in the kitchen at the back. There was a window in the bedroom, but its view was a brick wall. They never kept it open; the one time they tried, the air grew even more musty and rank. There was furniture of a kind, and a sagging divan in the living room for Ritch to sleep on. Lizbeth spent most of her first days cleaning; she then proceeded to make slip covers and draperies. Ritch thought she was crazy; he couldn't see how she had the courage even to think of this as a place to live. And yet, when he brought her a broken-down sewing machine, and fixed it, she was ecstatic.

Occasionally she worried about the things they bought: Did Ritch have enough money? That, he told her, was what they had the most of. She had never asked him how much he had taken from the bank; she didn't want to know. If it had been a very large amount, that would be another thing the police or a jury would hold against him. One thing, however, did persist in worrying her, and it worried Ritch. Not all of it was in small bills, he admitted; they'd have to get to the big ones pretty soon. So very probably it was a large amount. His wallet, she noticed, was never very far from him at nights; neither was the gun. Lizbeth hated the gun. She could never stop thinking how much it was like the one in the truck. Whenever she could do so, she tucked it under a pillow out of sight.

Evenings were their nicest times. Because it was too hot to stay in the apartment they strolled through the section. Carol, because of the darkness of some of its streets, and the shadows of some of its alleys, and the strangeness of its many odd characters, had taken to walking by Ritch's side. When she felt she needed protection, it was to his hand she reached. Lizbeth saw and was glad. She wasn't even—and she was rather surprised—the least jealous when Carol quite ignored her. She felt that when Carol held Ritch's hand, the child was also holding hers. *I love Ritch; Ritch is a part of me.*

Chinatown shops were usually open in the evenings; they wandered through them. They went to a Chinese temple, heard gongs and weird music. In another tourist spot, another time, they sipped tea and watched Chinese dancing girls. For Carol's benefit they never let on that all this wasn't wonderful. It was wonderful, in a way. It was something to take their minds off their predicament, and at least Carol was enjoying it. Ritch often bought them trophies, outlandish stuff—back-scratchers, incense, bamboo canes. As they walked homeward with their souvenirs they did not look odd or out of place. Once a policeman turned, looked after them and smiled. . . .

Mr. Wu became the most important personage and event in their lives, and led them eventually into their reckless foolishness. He was one of those ancient yet ageless Chinese who owned a curio shop on Temple Street. It hap-



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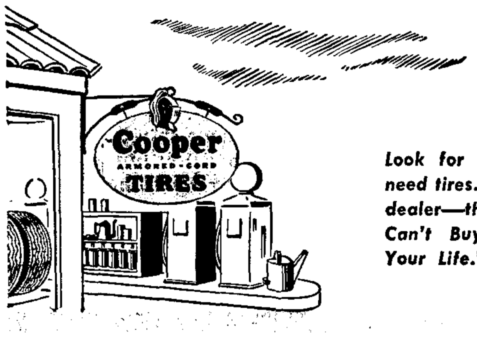

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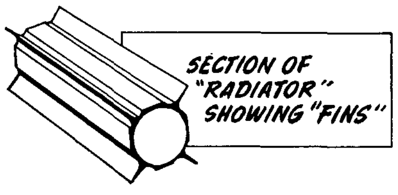

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pened to be a good shop with good things in it.

The Browns wandered in one evening, browsing. Ritch spotted a locket of carved jade which intrigued him. He had learned a little of Chinese lore during months in China. He began telling Carol about the jade, the meanings of the carved symbols. He had fun telling her; he made a story of it, simple, poetic. Mr. Wu stood by, nodding. He eventually asked Ritch if he wouldn't like to buy the jade. Ritch protested that he had no money for anything like that; they lived down the block and had just stopped in, killing time. They were invited to stop in again, anytime.

On their third visit, Mr. Wu begged Ritch to come to work for him—part time, evenings, afternoons, any way he wanted. Or he could come and go as he pleased. The important thing was that Ritch had the "gift of eloquence," as the old man put it, and he liked the things in the shop. What better combination for salesmanship? Mr. Wu had noticed that when Mr. Brown was explaining objects to Carol, customers stood around, listening, fascinated.

Ritch at first declined, but Lizbeth nudged him. It would be fun; it would be something to do. There was another more important reason she wanted him to do it. Ritch finally said that he might come around and "put in a few hours." He stated, quickly, that he wanted no salary—salary meant a Social Security number—but that he would work on commission; they could settle up at the end of a month.

IT WORKED perfectly—almost. Ritch at first went to Mr. Wu's only an hour or so a day; then he began going earlier, staying later. Usually Carol went along; there were wonderful things there to play with, and Mr. Wu often invited them to eat with him in his rooms behind the shop, where he cooked his own food. He taught Carol to eat with chopsticks. Sometimes she helped out by dusting the shop's wares; she was very careful. Most often she just sat around listening to Ritch, entranced and admiring.

Ritch brought business to the place. He was liking it. This was what Lizbeth had hoped for. She knew that Ritch had missed his use of words, his briefs, his addresses to the jury, his contact with people. It was not much to miss perhaps, in comparison with the other things he was missing. But Mr. Wu's shop, in a way, gave some of these things back to him.

The end of the month came sooner than Ritch realized. Mr. Wu's suggestion one late afternoon that they sit down and settle up caught him unprepared. Ritch did not want Mr. Wu's money, yet it would seem odd to the old man if he refused it. Ritch had led him to believe that he had another source of income, though a small one, so he said, "Mr. Wu, it's my wife's birthday. If it could possibly be arranged—if you could understand—I'd really rather have that jade locket than any money." Ritch looked toward it longingly.

So that was it: the old Chinaman was touched. He knew all about young people; their love and their desires for beauty, and for beautifying each other.

"I don't know, of course . . ." said Ritch. "I haven't kept track of what I've made for you . . ."

The ancient shook his head violently, not in opposition but in inner marveling at the endearing strengths and weaknesses of people. Mr. Wu knew what Mr. Brown had made for him, to the penny; it wasn't as much as the locket was worth, but that didn't matter. What mattered was that here was a young man who had put in a whole month of work, long hours, with his eyes on that locket, thinking of his pretty wife and of how much she would love it. Mr. Wu seldom found qualities in the Occidental to admire; it was worth a little sacrificing. He shuffled off across the room, picked up the locket and its case, wrapped it in some brown paper, returned, pressed it into Ritch's hand. His eyes moist, he said stiffly, "Many happy returns to Mrs. Brown, with my compliments.". . .

Lizbeth's eyes did light up, as Mr. Wu knew they would. Not so much because of the locket, but because it was a present from Ritch, the first real one. "And it isn't even my birthday!"

"It should be. Let's pretend it is. Wait —I forgot something!" Ritch said he was going out for only a minute; he'd be right back.

Lizbeth, the locket around her neck, went on about supper, put the hamburger on the table. Ritch came back in a few minutes; he had a bottle of wine for them, ice cream for Carol.

It was a celebration meal in spite of the hamburger, which was fatty and flat. The wine washed it down anyway; the wine was wonderful. But after dinner the wine had a strange effect; as happy as they had been a half-hour before, they were now deeply depressed. Ritch stretched out on the divan and Lizbeth turned on the radio. There was dance music; she turned it on loud. She hoped it would drown out her thoughts, but it only emphasized them. She looked at Ritch. Was he feeling the same thing, too—this awful shut-in feeling; this awful stoppage of their mood? Wine, and she could still feel it in her, was supposed to lead to laughter and dancing, and gaiety and gadding. She suddenly longed for her good clothes, and for her furs and her jewelry; she wanted to see Ritch in his evening clothes as he had been with Marta in that nightclub photo. She wanted, too, to sit with him in a night club. She wanted to drink with him, have him twirl her around a dance floor. She flew across the room, knelt beside him. "Ritch, can't we go some place? Please! Have fun, cut loose —just once. I'm so sick of this place I could die. Some place *nice*, Ritch! Expensive, elegant—good music, wonderful food!"

"You mean you could eat again?" he asked with genuine surprise.

"All over, right from scratch, soup to nuts. I'm starved; starved! Service, waiters bending over you. Oh, you know, Ritch—you know. The Top of the Mark I've always heard is wonderful."

"And even if we dared, what about Carol?"

"Not Carol this time, Ritch. Just you and me! I want you to make love to me in a taxi. I want you to hold me close when we dance. I want to come home all cockeyed and tired. Are you ashamed of me?"

"No . . ." Then, even more insistently, "But what about Carol?"

Lizbeth called Carol in to her from the bedroom where she'd been undressing. "Carol, I want you to do something. I want you to stay here alone tonight, while Mama and Ritch go out. You're a big girl; lots of girls your age aren't afraid to stay alone. You'll be safe; we'll lock the door, keep the lights on. Nothing can happen. Will you, darling? We'll even wait till you're asleep—"

Carol said it would be all right. She sensed that it was important to them.

THEY stayed at the Top of the Mark about five minutes, of course. There was no one there to recognize them; they had a perfect table; they had just given a lengthy and expensive order; they had even had a sip of Martini. They got up to dance. Lizbeth looked beautiful. She had done something smart with her hair; she was wearing her evening gown; the marten stole lolled over her chair. She wore her diamond bracelet and earrings; they looked stunning with the jade. Ritch was not in evening clothes, but he wore his one good suit, and a white shirt and a black tie. He stood tall; he danced beautifully; he was handsome.

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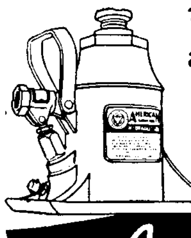

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They got once around the floor. "I can't do it," said Lizbeth.

The trip home, by taxi, was even more nerve-racking than the one uptown earlier. A siren sounded. Lizbeth did not think of police; she thought of fire engines. "Ritch, do you suppose—wouldn't it be awful—"

"Stop it now. We'll soon be there. That's an ambulance and it isn't even near here."

She leaned forward. "Driver, please—we're in a hurry."

It was about eleven o'clock. It had been nearly ten by the time Carol had gone to sleep; it had taken Lizbeth some little time to dress, getting out the suitcases and Mrs. Steele's clothes and jewelry which had been relegated to a dark corner of the closet for so long. So while it was not late now, it was not early. The driver thought it odd that such a top-flight-looking pair as the fares he was carrying now should be coming down to Chinatown at this hour. If they had given him the address of some club or night spot, he would have understood, but the number they had told him, on Temple Street, he didn't recall as meaning anything. Still, he had picked them up at the Mark Hopkins, the woman had some real ice on her; they must be going someplace important. It was not possible that they could live in Chinatown; that simply didn't occur to him.

He delivered them to the number. There was just an herb store, a narrow stairway and an apartment above. The lights were on up there, but the shades were pulled. The woman peered up at the windows anxiously, then hopped from the cab, disappeared into the stairway. The man got out, paid him.

"You sure this is the place?" the driver asked suspiciously.

"Yes—thanks. Good night." The man too disappeared.

An old Chinaman was leaning up against the herb-shop door, smoking. "Hey!" called the driver.

The Chinaman ambled over. The driver put a cigarette in his mouth, waited till the old man got closer.

"What's up there?" the driver asked. He thought maybe it was a place he should know about; a place he could bring people to.

The Chinaman spoke no English. He thought the taxi driver was asking him for matches. He gave him matches, turned and walked off again.

The driver muttered, lighted his cigarette.

A policeman strolled up. "Looking for someplace?"

"No, I was just wondering if there's a gambling joint up there. I just brought a man and a woman here; upper crust, decked out. . . ."

"If there was one up there, I'd know about it," the cop said formally. "Scoot along; peddle your papers."

The taxi screeched off into the night.

THE policeman strolled on, past a door or two, came back. He looked up. Lights, but the blinds drawn. If there was a new Chinese den in the neighborhood, he wanted to know about it. It was nice to know, with Christmas coming along.

He had nothing else to do anyway; he went up. After the long flight of stairs, he stood at the door, listening. He could hear people inside. He knocked.

A man's voice called, "What is it?"

"Policeman on the beat; open up."

It was an instant before the voice again spoke. "For what reason? We're going to bed."

"Looking for someone. Open up!"

"There's no one here. We're undressed; we're—"

"You heard me!"

The policeman waited; he wouldn't wait long, but he could wait a minute.

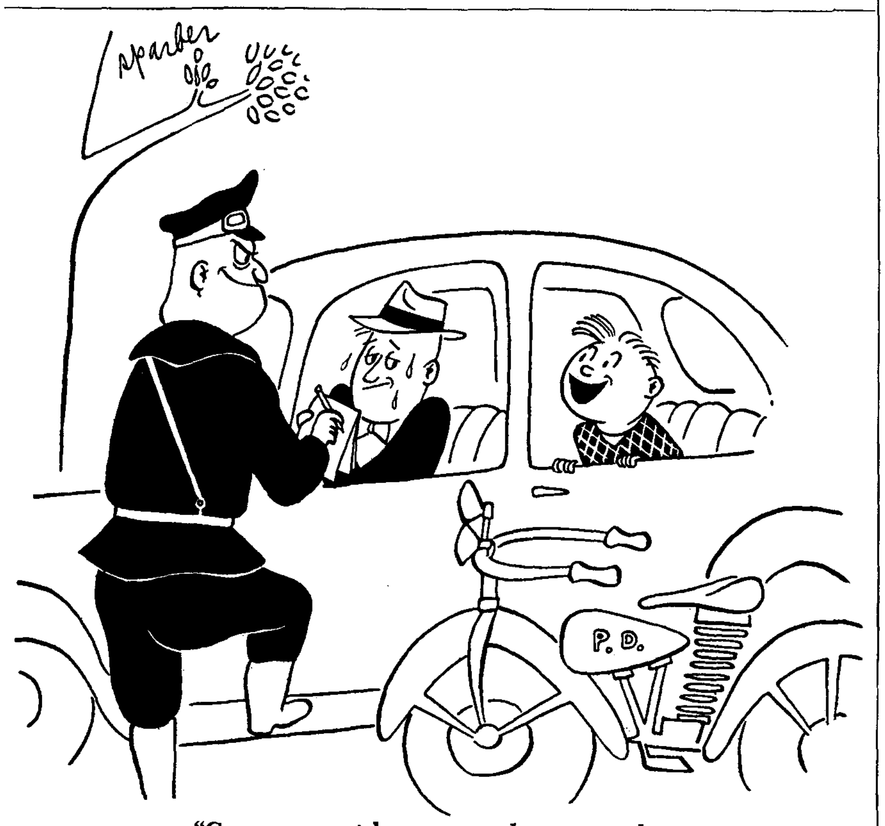
In the bedroom Ritch helped Lizbeth hastily stuff Mrs. Steele's clothes and jewelry back into the suitcase and into the closet, then, throwing on a jacket, he went back to open the door.

Lizbeth looked around the room. On the dressing table was a diamond butterfly pin which she had considered wearing earlier, and which they'd forgotten. She moved it to the springs of the bed, under the mattress. Carol was stirring, waking. She turned over; the springs moved; the pin fell out. Lizbeth brushed the pin under the edge of the rug.

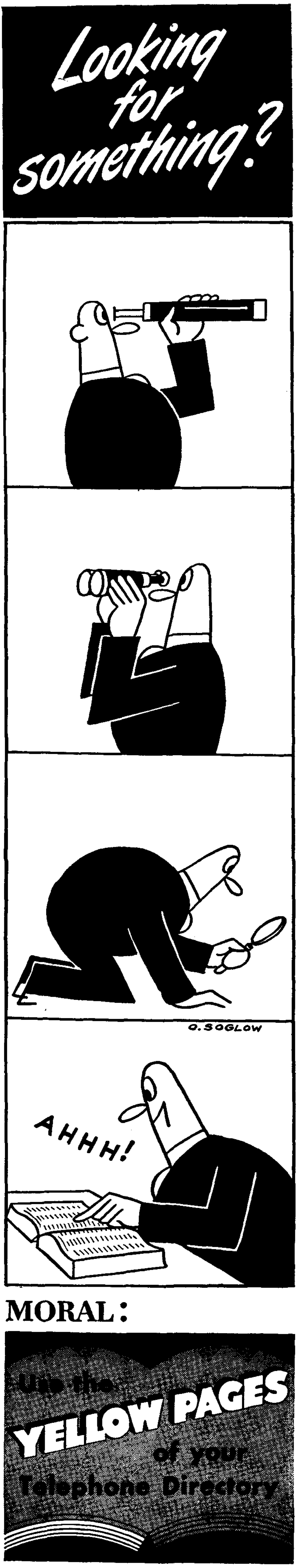
"What would anyone want in here?" Ritch asked.

The policeman came into the bedroom, glanced at Lizbeth, then at the child. This was no gambling den, but there was something funny. The man and the woman

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



"Gee, you must have a speedy motorcycle. The other policeman couldn't catch us"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were acting too calm, too guilty. He crossed to the bedroom window.

"It's locked; we never open it," Ritch told him.

The policeman remembered that the cab driver had said "decked out." Crooks always gave themselves away somehow. Specially a woman like this. She wouldn't be content just to pawn stuff—she had to wear it.

"You're waking my little girl," said Lizbeth.

The cop paid no attention to her. He moved across the room, stepped on something, stopped, reached under the rug, picked it up. One wing was bent. "Where do you catch butterflies like this?" he asked lightly.

Elizabeth reached for it. "I thought I'd lost it!"

"You ought to take better care of things."

"It's not real."

They always said that. The cop looked again at Ritch. Ritch was wearing a coat; he wondered what was under that coat; under the left armpit.

They went on out to the kitchen, looked around there. "My mistake; sorry to have bothered you."

Ritch escorted the policeman to the front door, said good night, hastened back to the bedroom. "He'll be back with another cop. Well, now we learn about fire escapes."

Lizbeth, tears in her eyes, was already packing.

THEY told themselves it was only a question of time. They'd taken everything from the apartment, but they couldn't take fingerprints. The police must be on their trail now. Sometimes futility would overcome them; Ritch would say, "Let's go back; let's get it over with."

"And be separated?"

That always stopped them. Not for a day, not for an hour, not for a minute. They were still very much in love; they were still very new to each other.

Most times they were quite content. Lizbeth said that this place definitely was the best place they had lived yet. "I was born in February; I'm a Pisces. An astrologist once told me I should always live near the sea."

Ritch marveled at the way she was always trying to make herself like places. But life in a trailer camp wasn't too bad. They had the beach to walk upon, surf to cast in. And in a way they were even safe here, if any place was safe. So late in the season Mr. Timperlake, the camp owner, had been very glad to rent one of his two privately owned trailers to Mr. and Mrs. White and child. The sedan, which had been for so long in a Chinatown garage, dead storage, was now equally dead and hidden, drawn up behind the trailer, covered with a tarpaulin. They did not have to use it; Santa Cruz, the nearest town, was near enough so that, if they wanted, they could walk to it. They did not go very often; mostly they found their own cove up the beach, fished and had fish-fry suppers. One day they made a mistake. They rented a small fishing boat and went out. Lizbeth said she was seasick, but Ritch knew that was not why she was suddenly so unhappy. She was remembering the roving rowboat Ritch had told her about. She kept looking into the green depths; they had some strange horror for her, as though she saw Fred's face looking up at her.

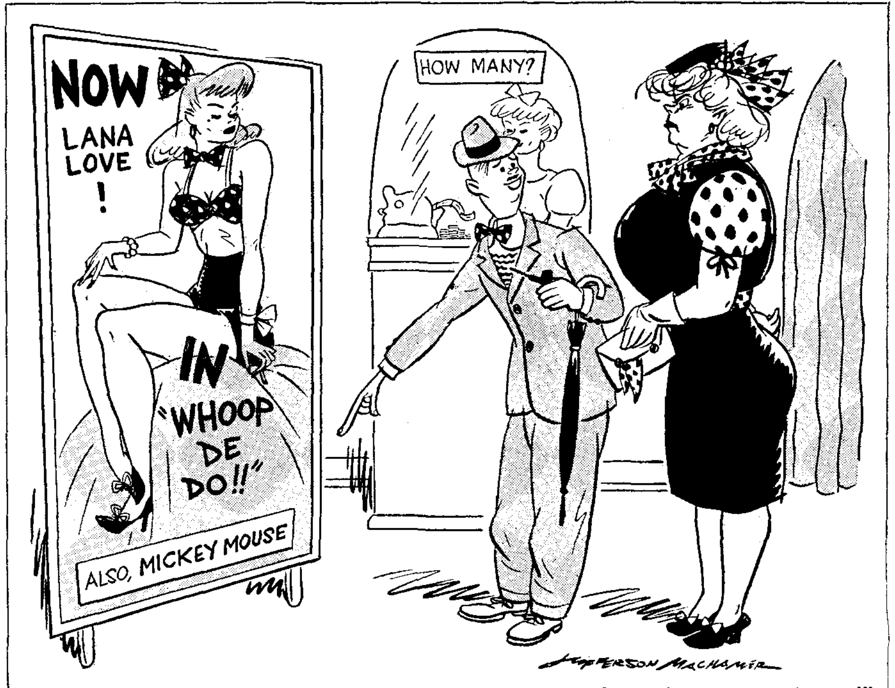
It had been the middle of October when they came to the camp. Already it was quite empty, only ten or twelve trailers. Now it was the first week in November. Six trailers including the two of Mr. Timperlake's remained. A bad storm one night cleared out two more. It began to worry them. They were becoming conspicuous now by staying on, especially because of Carol. She had grown a lot in the last month. The 27th of October she had had a birthday. She was six now, and she had very nearly caught up with her age.

They had heard Mr. Timperlake ask her once, "Don't you go to school? Aren't you old enough?"

He would begin to wonder why they were staying on here. In another connection, too, Carol's development was upsetting. Before, she had hung back shyly when people questioned her: "What's your name? What's your father do? Where do you come from, honey?" Ritch and Lizbeth had worked on her so much on these details that now unfortunately she had lost that shyness. She considered it quite a game that one month her father's name was Brown, and the next month White, and that her name changed, too, accordingly. As with all games and lessons learned by a child, she was proud of her aptness. Once she volunteered to a woman, "My name is Carol White now! We come from a ranch in Oklahoma. We also used to live in San Francisco, but I'm not s'posed to mention that."

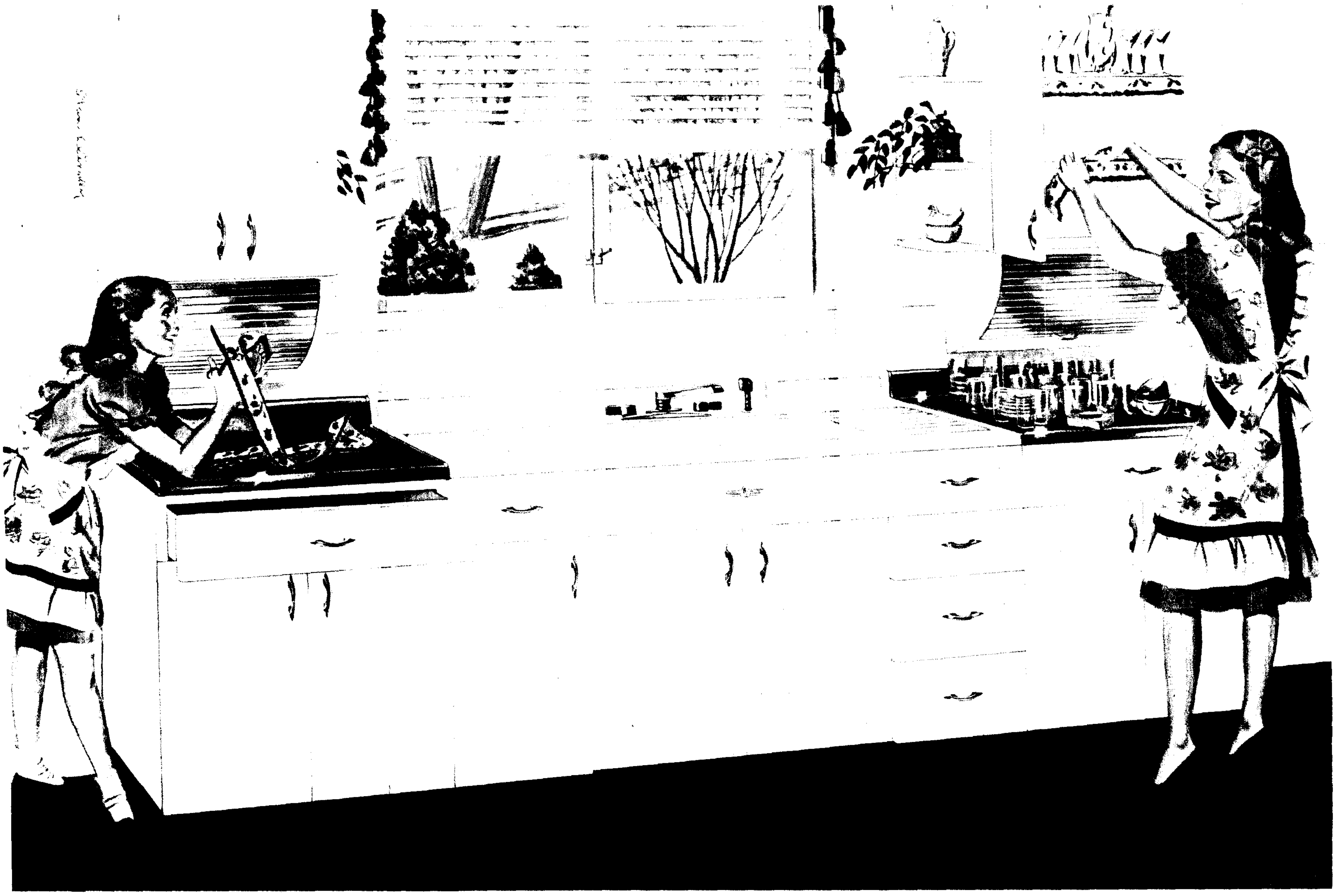
They had to keep constant tab on her, be ready always to haul her this way and that, away from people. Miserably, it made Lizbeth feel like Miss Dearborn.

One cold evening the Whites started off toward Santa Cruz and the movies. They came to the trailer-camp gate; Carol skipped on ahead of them. Mr. Timperlake, in his office to the left of the gate,



"Let's, dear—the men at the office have been raving about this mouse picture!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



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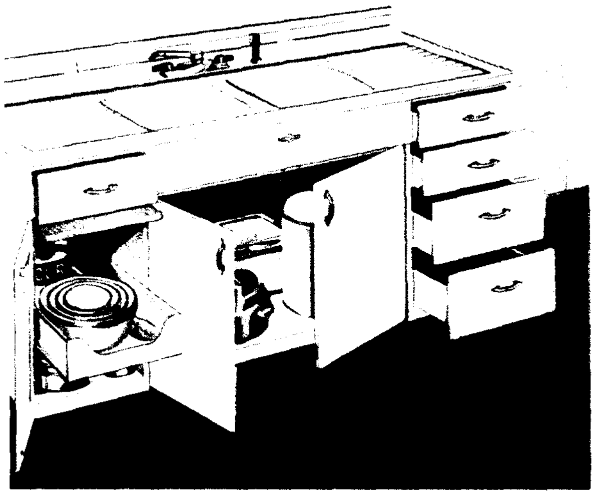

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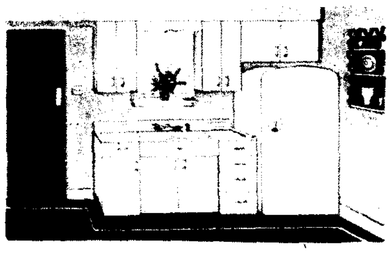

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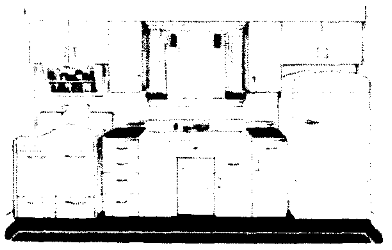
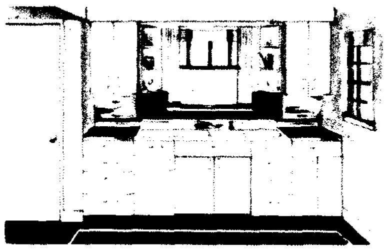


Any kitchen shown here can be installed in new house or old without fuss or costly alterations. Husky, snow-white steel units go beautifully with any range or refrigerator . . . are easily cleaned with damp cloth.



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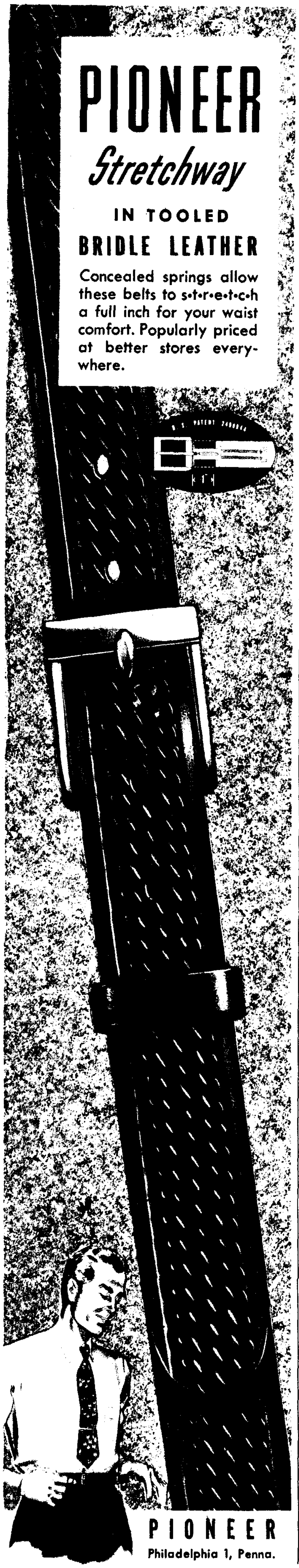
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called, "If you're going into town, would you mind bringing me back a paper?"

"Not at all."

"Want 'o read about the excitement today."

"What excitement was that?"

"The body they found down by Angel Cove. You didn't hear about it? The gas-meter man told me—washed in. Said it'd been in there for months, from the look of it. I guess it wasn't pretty—one leg gone. I thought there might be something about it in the paper."

They just stood there, scarcely breathing. "How old a man was it?" Ritch asked finally.

"No man; it was a woman. He said you couldn't tell whether she was young or old, pretty or ugly. I guess the ocean don't care; sharks neither."

They walked on into the darkness. "You see, our time hasn't come yet," Ritch said in an effort to cheer her.

"It will come, though, just like that."

"We don't even know if he *is* in the ocean."

"I feel it. Ritch, do you suppose it's the season of the year—the tides or something—that they start coming in?"

"They float in all the time. You just don't hear about them."

Lizbeth shuddered.

THE little girl swung on the gate. It sagged; paint peeled from it—but it was a gate, and this was her yard and her house, and it'd been a long time since she'd lived in a house. There were no other houses very near by, but the country was pretty—all yellow. The air was dry and the sun shone. Her father had said that the desert was always like this, except in the summer—and then it was murder.

A cloud of dust danced after an old car as it chugged toward her. It pulled up; a weathered old man leaned out. In a high-pitched, friendly voice, he asked, "What's your name, little Big Eyes?"

"Carol Martin."

"Just moved here a week ago, didn't ya? Been hoping to have some mail for you." He searched through a bunch of it in his hand. "Don't nobody love you?"

"Huh?"

"Here's one—not mail, but your mom might be interested." He handed the child a circular addressed Occupant, 243 Ridge Road, Lucian Valley, California. "Where is your mom?"

"She doesn't feel good."

"What's the matter?"

"Headaches."

"On account of her you moved up here to the desert?"

"I don't know. We're always moving."

"What's your father do?"

"Ritch?"

"I didn't say if he's got money or not; must have if he thinks he's going to do something with this place. This land here is only to cover up hell. Is that him now?"

Ritch was coming out of the ramshackle barn, heading toward them.

I wish he wouldn't frown so much, Carol thought. *He frowns all the time lately.* Just on account of that school business, she supposed. Aloud she said, "He's going to be a chicken farmer."

"Oh. Well, them things'll grow on anything. Hi!" He nodded to Ritch. "I'm Mr. Bradford; Barnum's the first name; they call me Mr. Bee Bee. I'll be bringing your mail when you start getting it."

"That's fine."

He might at least be nice to the old man, smile or something. Just because he didn't like this place. Carol had heard her mother say, "If only it had one green tree on it." And Ritch had said, "If—you said it."

"I was wonderin'—you know how to get her to school?" Mr. Bee Bee was nodding toward Carol.

"Yes, we've seen the bus go by. We thought we'd start her after Thanksgiving; no sense *before.*"

That was their excuse now. Carol had heard Ritch say, "We'll make some other excuse to her after Thanksgiving." But she didn't say anything.

"Well, I mentioned it because when she misses the bus, and they do plenty, I'm along here usually 'bout nine. I'd be glad to drop her."

"Thanks—we'll remember that."

"Well, wish you luck here! Met any of your neighbors down the road—the Catalinas?"

"Not yet."

"I'll tell 'em you're here. The kids are kinda wild, but they have fun; they have a donkey. I guess you'll be meetin' them at school anyway," he said to Carol.

Carol nodded solemnly.

After Mr. Bee Bee had gone, Ritch took her up to the barnyard with him, gave her a rake, and let her help. They worked for a little while. "What are you so silent for?" he asked.

Grownups are funny. He's not talking and he asks me why I'm not.

"Are we really going to have chickens?" she asked.

"Soon as the equipment comes," he told her. "Got to have a place to put them first."

"Ritch—that Mr. Bee Bee said this land here is only good to cover up hell. What'd he mean by that?"

"Well," said Ritch, and Carol thought she saw a dark look cross his face; "what he means is it's no good of itself, that it's only useful to hide something. Hell . . . you know, it's supposed to be down here under us."

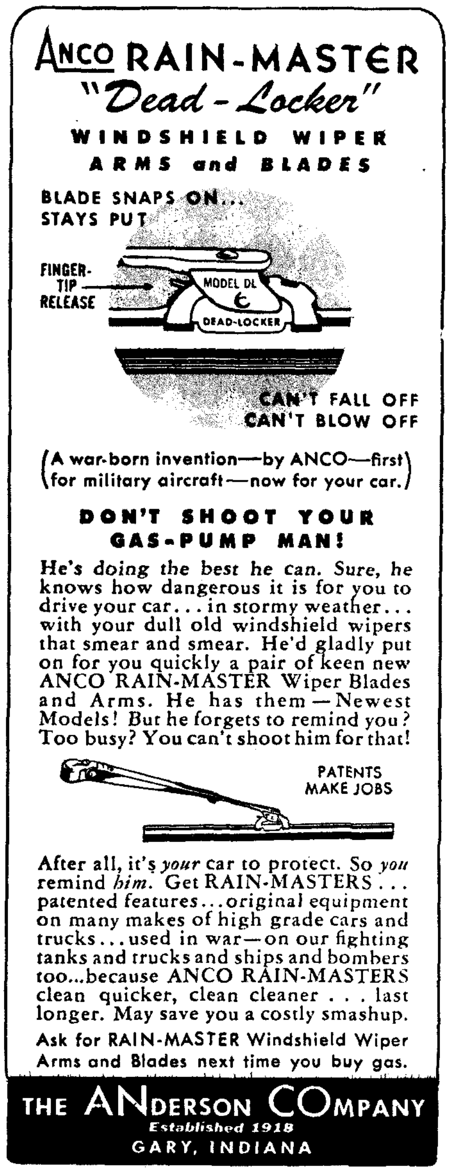
"I see," said Carol. He looked so sad, sort of, she thought she ought to kiss him.

Ritch wasn't sure when it had started. That day when they had gone out in the boat, and Lizbeth had acted so strangely? Or was it the body which had washed up at Angel Cove? Or had it begun before that, with the policeman's visit in Chinatown? They'd had fear living with them before, but this was a new kind. It was no longer a fear of what was past; this was the fear which looked ahead. It was a very baffling and disgusting one.

It caused Ritch to think a great deal, and to wonder. He had first been conscious of its presence when he had been discussing this so-called "ranch" with Mr. Holmby, its owner. It was getting cold. Mr. Holmby wanted to sell the property. Ritch had the money; he would have been glad to buy it. It was then he realized he could never buy anything now. Not even a new car, and certainly not property. Property deeds meant banks, and banks meant one bank checking former banks. It slowly dawned on Ritch that if you had no past, you had no future. He had solved the immediate situation with Mr. Holmby by renting for six months with an option to buy . . . but his discovery depressed him.

HE DID not mention it to Lizbeth, but a few days later she had a similar experience. She had decided to let Carol brave the school; most of the children in the section were Mexican or Italian. They could not be too interested in the world which Lizbeth and Ritch had left. Anyway, you had to take some chances, and Carol's eagerness for school was haunting them.

Ritch had driven them to the school, and Lizbeth and Carol had gone in. How sweet they had looked, both of them all fresh and clean for the event. Lizbeth these days had borrowed Carol's pigtails, her dark hair middle-parted, slightly sunbleached. She was still very bronzed from their weeks near the ocean. She wore a scarf, and the old striped peasant skirt which, laundered so often, was now quite faded. Gone were the wide belt and the extravagant handbag she used to wear with it. She carried a brown string bag, and wore darned silk stockings. No make-up. She looked anxious and neat, like any mother trying to make a good impression.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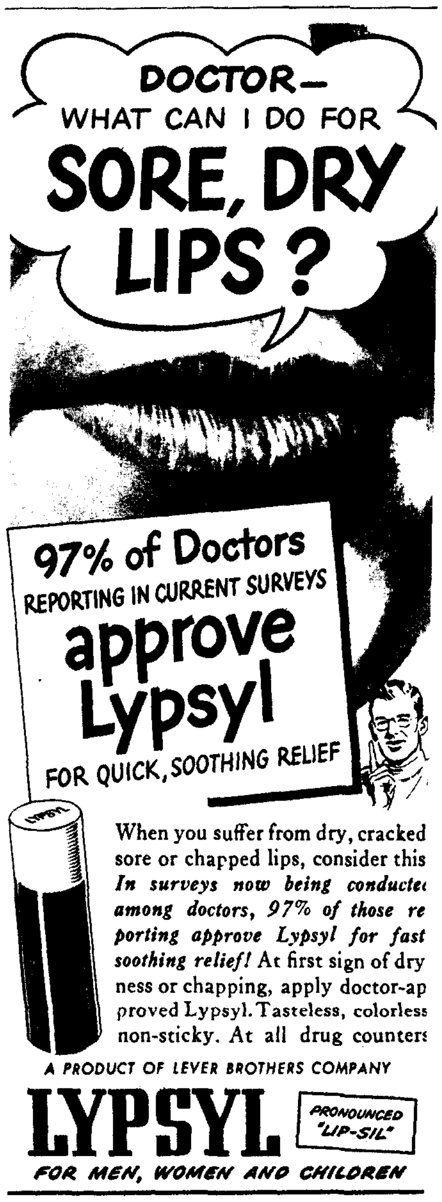

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They had come out ten minutes later. "Quick, let's drive on."

"Somebody recognize you?"

"No, but I'm going to cry; I don't want them to see me! I'll tell you later."

Ritch had searched Carol's face to try to find out what had happened. She looked only perplexed and disappointed.

"You'll go later, dear—later on," Lizbeth kept telling her.

What had happened was that Lizbeth had been asked to fill out an application. Most of the questions were simple, easily answered: name of child, parents' names, address, state of child's health, etc. But then on the application had been the two words: Birth Certificate. Opposite the words was a drawn square in which there was space for a check mark.

"We have to see the birth certificate," the mild little principal had explained. 'Do you have it with you?"

"No . . ."

"Well, you bring it in, the next day or so. I just look at it, verify that I've seen t by checking it on your application."

"But why?" *Why* all this fingerprintng, tagging, complication in the world. *The very hairs of your head are all numbered;* wasn't that enough? You couldn't move, breathe, without some barrier!

"Is your little girl six years old?" the woman had asked, suddenly suspicious. 'She has to be six before December first."

"I'm sorry; her birthday is March."

"Oh, dear, and we don't have kinderarten facilities here. I'm sorry, too, Mrs. Martin. But—we'll see you next year!"

It had made Lizbeth unhappy, but t had done more than that to Ritch. It was not the police who haunted one; it was living—the everyday details.

What had happened in the world, he wondered. The question possessed him ight and day; while he ate, while he orked, while he sat looking at Lizbeth. t was the frown in his forehead, the ump in his shoulders. Soon tattooed lood types would be a law; that occurred o him one day, started a new trend of he argument in himself. It was all for he people's safety, they said; their health, heir protection. A man had said that, oo, in Germany. You must belong to his; you must belong to that. You must e easily identified: this arm band, that niform. By investigation strong ones ere discovered, the weak weeded out. But the sins of the father shall not be visited on the son! What the devil did that mean any more?

Ritch paced the floor with it sometimes at night. He realized that he had known all these things before; in law you came in constant touch with them. This man couldn't inherit, because he had no existence—no proof except a lifetime; no birth record. This one couldn't marry; that one couldn't claim a child. This one could not erase from the record the fact that he was a Jew, and a medical college refused him. Another was a poor felon, and afraid to own up to it. It was just too bad if you made a mistake in this world, or even if someone before you made a mistake. If you had belonged to the wrong organization, and even if you later changed your mind, that was too bad, too. Records, records. Precedent of law. You had to dig down through a lot of paper, paper, paper, almost insurmountable masses of it, to find a soul.

RITCH supposed it had to be; he did not fool himself that he could stop the trend of an age, but he'd like to be in there when they were rubber-stamping faces, checking them off with a big check, "All right, you're okay!" He'd like to be in there with the un-okay people, see if he could help them a little.

These were the thoughts which kept Ritch grim and serious; these were the thoughts which Lizbeth misunderstood. She came into the bedroom one night, saw him sitting on the bed, looking at the gun. She stopped short. Something in his mood reopened all her earlier suspicion. The way he looked at it, hating it. Perspiration on his forehead. And, a few minutes before, from downstairs, she'd heard him pacing. She waited. "I wish I'd never had this," he said finally.

"Why?" She was white.

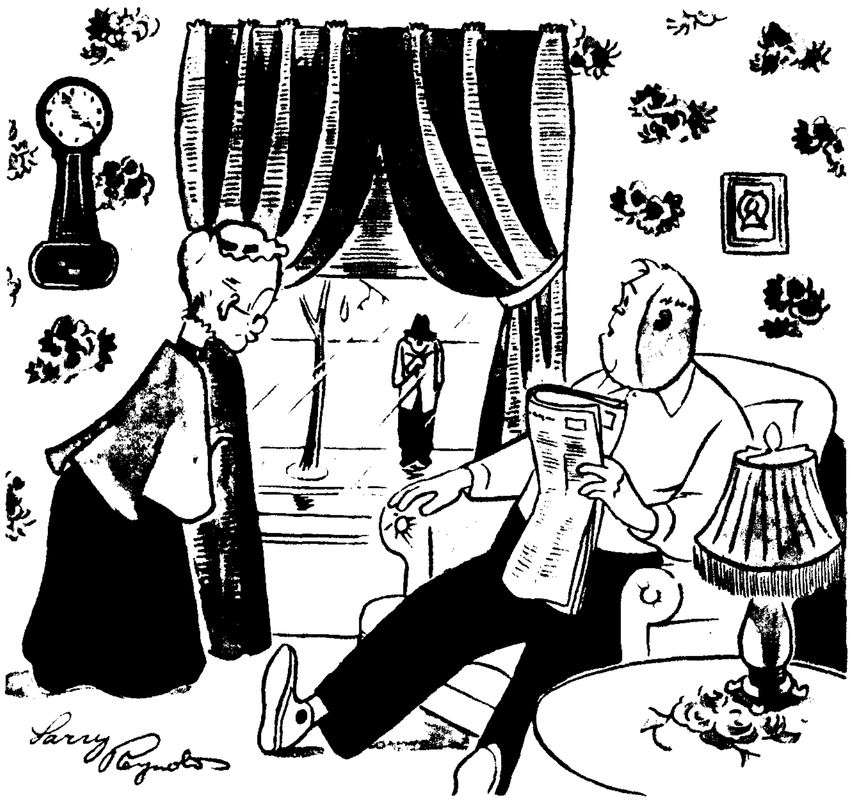
"Guns are for killing. Why the hell do they make them?"

He put the gun away then, and then they went to bed. That was one thing about this place; they had their own bedroom. That was one thing about them always; they had each other.

But she couldn't forget it. She was aware, a while later, that Ritch was still awake.

"Ritch, are you getting frightened again?" she asked in the darkness.

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"But that's a cop shadowin' me, Maw. He'd be very embarrassed if we invited him in outa th' rain"

COLLIER'S

WIFE INSURANCE?

"Wife insurance is exactly what I mean, Don. And it's certainly taken a load off my mind."

"I still don't get it."

"Well . . . I've been thinking about Julie lately, about the problems she'd have to face, if I weren't here to help her. It would be difficult for her to bring up the youngsters without a steady income of some kind, and I don't see how she could ever carry the mortgage."

"Mmm . . . I guess my wife would be in the same fix. What did you do about it?"

"I had a Mutual Life representative arrange my life insurance into a sound program . . . he called it Insured Income Service. Now I'm sure that Julie will always have an adequate income, no matter what happens."

"Say, this wife insurance makes sense. Maybe I should look into Insured Income myself."

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"I sure am," he admitted.

"Why?"

"Well, I've been thinking: If I had met up with Fred I'm quite sure I *would* have killed him. The leader type. The kind of clutcher they make guns for . . ."

This was what was called conditioning, Lizbeth decided. He was getting her ready for it.

"He would have deserved it." She must make him know that it didn't matter to her; *she* wouldn't blame him.

"Ritch, we're not going to escape him, are we?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "Sure. Evil can't run the world; don't you believe enough to know that?"

"But someone always gets hurt." She was thinking of Ritch, how he might have to pay for it.

"Are you starting on that again? I'm not hurt. It's the most important thing that's ever happened to me. When this is over, Liz—I don't want to sound gooey, but I'm going to do some work in this world. So we just *can't* get hurt: you, nor me, nor Carol. She'll weather it, don't you think?"

"I suppose so."

There was a long, long silence. Then: "Only, Lizbeth, I really don't like chickens."

"I know that."

"You know what they're doing now? I've got the worst ones segregated, but it's pretty awful. They eat each other; peck and peck until they've gouged out big holes and eaten each other's intestines—"

"Ritch, please!"

"Dog eats dog. I always wondered what that phrase meant, and doubted it. The animal kingdom I said is the best—"

"What causes it?"

"Too much hot blood. Got to do something with their energies. So they build fast cars, guns. If you've got a gun, it's got to go off!"

It was statements like that which ate like acid into her.

SOMEHOW, without dire event, the week before Christmas came. They had even become friendly with the Catalinas, and nothing had happened. Carol played with the Catalina children after their school hours, and on Saturdays and Sundays. Carol was "tutoring" with her mother; Ritch had bought first readers, writing pads, pencils. The excuse was that Mrs. Martin was not well; she was well enough to teach Carol, but not to be left alone. Carol had to wait on her. Ritch, busy with farm chores, couldn't be expected to.

This was partly true. Lizbeth's headaches had gone, but a lassitude had taken their place. It showed itself in no appetite, falling weight. For a while she had feared she was pregnant, but it wasn't that. A lot of fancy names could have been found for it, but what it really was was waiting. She kept it pretty well hidden from Ritch, though. But sometimes she would look at herself and wonder that he couldn't see it.

AFTER early dinner one evening, they were sitting in the kitchen. Ritch was glancing through a feed catalogue; Lizbeth was lengthening straps on one of Carol's pinafores. It had gotten cold; the oven was on. There was still the smell of dinner and coffee in the air. Outside, in the wind, Ritch could hear the bougainvillaea vine banging against the frail house. He slowly raised his head and looked at Lizbeth. It was one of those rare, revealing moments when a man looks at a woman and the woman is not aware of it.

He saw her on the bow of the Cybele. She was standing, her back to the mast. Wind and spray tore at her, blew her clothes flat against her body. She was sculptured there in the wind: Exhilaration, the pose could be called. Or Freedom. He saw her turn, smiling at him. He saw himself at the helm, waving back. He saw all the rest of it: clear blue skies, magic nights, stars, glowing waves. Beautiful journey.

He looked around him now, at this kitchen, and he also thought back. An ugly gray mist had haunted their course Breezes had been intermittent. You got a good run one day; you lay by, another drifting, waiting. Occasionally there was a squall, welcome relief. But what did you come to finally? The thing which all sailing men hated: a dead calm. You lay about deck; you waited, waited. You might be sailing with the one love of you life; you truly loved her; every square inch of her body, every tiny corner of he mind—yet you looked constantly away from her. You searched the horizon.

Ritch got up, went to the window. "I'll have to tie that vine," he said.

She looked up, saw only his back; but she knew what it was.

"I'll tell you what you can do tonight if you're restless," she said slowly. "You can write me a letter."

He was puzzled. "You want a letter?

SPREADING IT THIN

THE LOCALE	THE SPREAD
Oklahoma City	**When the county treasurer notified a man to appear for a tax refund, the taxpayer stood in line two hours and received one cent.**
Blue River Township, Indiana	**A candidate for township trustee filed a report of election expenses of 27 cents.**
Singapore	**A newspaper is publishing a translation of the Arabian Nights serialized to run 20 years.**
Legrand, Iowa	**The will of a deceased person ordered that one dollar be paid to each person attending his funeral.**
Rome	**A British soldier purchased a dining-room suite, dismantled it and shipped it home in 25 separate parcels.**
Ottawa	**A man bequeathed his estate of five dollars to eleven persons, share and share alike.**

—W. E. Farbstein

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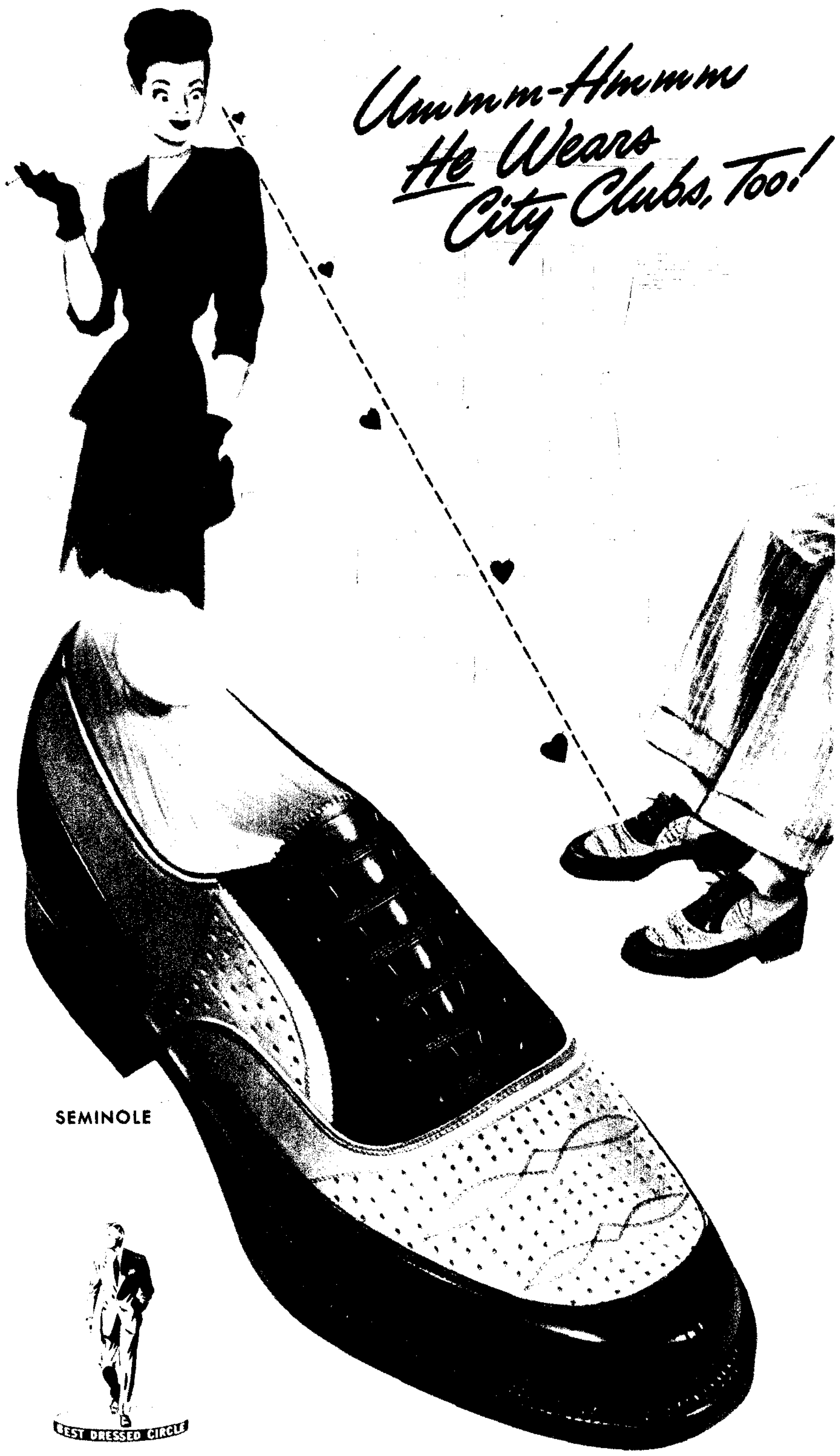

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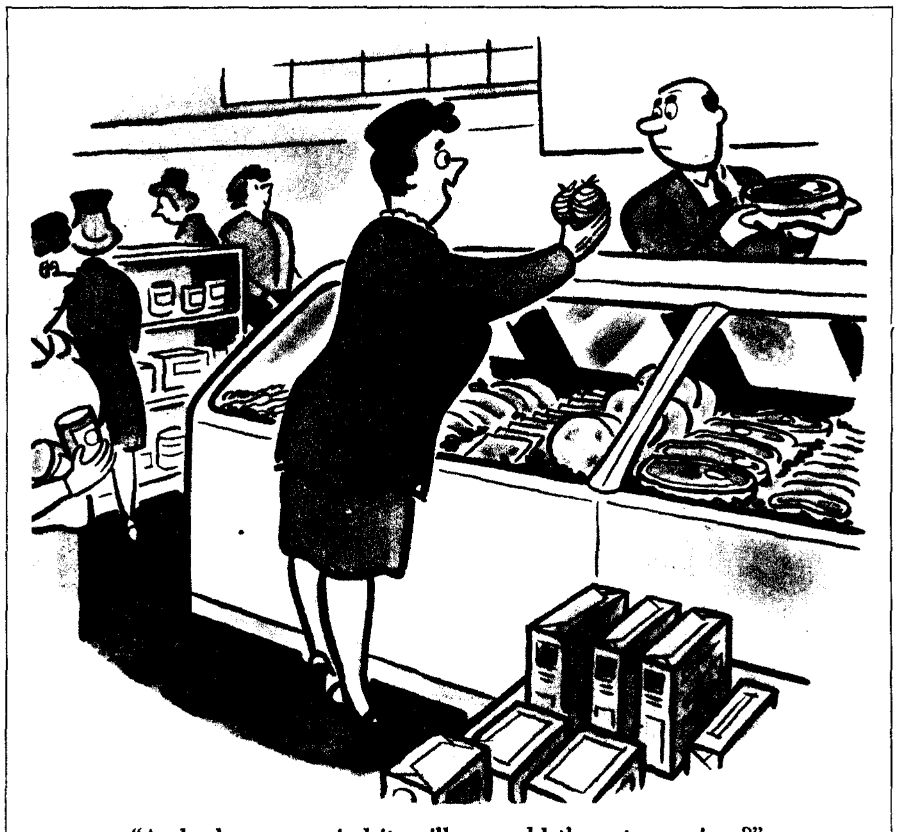


COLLIER'S **"And when you grind it, will you add these two onions?"** DON TOBIN

"You've never written me. And lately I've missed knowing what's going on with you."

Oh, why wouldn't he talk to her; tell her? Yet she knew why. She had been over it a thousand times. His uneasiness, the frowns, the long brooding hours. What did they mean, except regret and worry for what he had done? Ironically, she did not know that his worry was for what he had *not* done in life. She only saw that he was miserable, and part of his misery, she felt, was that he could not talk to her about it. He would never admit to her that he had killed Fred. She knew it now. Not to her, because it would incriminate her. Hadn't she challenged him with that once . . . that first night, that awful motor court? He had talked her out of it then; he would try the same thing again now. She also remembered all his explanations that night; why, though he looked so guilty, he was not. The explanations had held up then, but they no longer did, in view of the way he was acting. Also, a long time had passed since then. Fred must be dead; he had to be, and Ritch's sudden preoccupation with the gun; his outcry against it as though it were the one thing which had trapped him. And if he had killed Fred, why? For her.

But if it had been in self-defense, he would have stayed on the spot and claimed so. It was from this she suffered: wondering, not knowing, doubting, fearing, being sure.

Oh, dear Ritch, I love you so; they won't catch you. They can't; we mustn't let them.

She hadn't asked him for a letter because of any of this, though she did wish he could pour himself out to her—so that was partly in her tone, but she had asked for another reason. "The main reason I want a letter, Ritch, is Mr. Bee Bee. You know how he is, always worrying that we don't get any mail. Specially now—only three days till Christmas."

"So close?"

"Tomorrow's Saturday. Christmas is Tuesday. Everybody gets Christmas cards or something."

"All right," he said. But he didn't seem particularly eager about it. He came back to the table and sat down.

"You can use Carol's pad there."

"Where'll I mail it from?"

"Well, not from Lucian Valley. How about Carillo?"

"Okay." Carillo was twenty miles away. Ritch didn't like to take the sedan out any more than he could help, but he would tonight.

She gathered up her sewing, said she was tired and was going up. She came over to him, kissed him. "You don't really have to write me anything; address me an envelope. Or I could write myself one. I don't know why I bothered—to make Mr. Bee Bee happy, I guess."

"I'll write you something." Ritch reached for Carol's pad.

HE SAT a long while staring at the yellow paper with its blue lines. Write that he loved her? How could he write that? There weren't enough words in him to say so; not the right ones anyway. There was only one thing in him which he longed to say—and could say straight out, right to the point. But it would hurt her. She would think it was because he didn't love her, or loved her less now or something. She would think only of the separation it would mean and of the ugliness. He did not want to live here, his head in the sand. He wanted to go back, take his chance; have it done with. Fight it through. The police had only motives and behavior to go on; no circumstantial evidence of any importance. They did not, thank God have a body. He had wasted a good many years of his life; he wanted to waste no more of them.

He would be there when she opened the letter, and he could ease the hurt o it. Now that it was so clearly in his mind he wrote swiftly, briefly. He was vaguel conscious that he had heard the words or the thought at least, somewhere before Lizbeth had said that night on the danc floor at the Mark Hopkins, "I can' Ritch." She had had to go back; he child was her worry. Well, Ritch's wor was his.

"My dear Lizbeth: It's getting m down; I've got to admit it to you. Wi you be a brave girl and good girl, and g back and have it out with them? Crim nal law or no, I'm still a good lawye We've got a good chance. Let's believe i it, and take it." Then, after all, he di write: "I love you." He put an asteris after the phrase; below and to the left o his signature he put another one: "C have I elaborated on this already?"

He felt very good about it. She woul see that it had to be that way. He put o his windbreaker and went out.

(To be concluded next week)

BLIND MAN'S ISLAND

Continued from page 12

to him. I was aimin' to trick him. I wasn't goin' to give him the money!"

Sellars gathered the loose robe chest-high on the Kleagle. "You're lyin'!"

"You're talkin' to a Kleagle, Ghoul!"

"You're lyin', Kleagle!"

"All right," the Kleagle said. "Maybe I am. I'm an organizer of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. I'm directly responsible to the Imperial Wizard. In carryin' out my orders I take whatever course I see fit. I take no orders from a bunch of farmer Ghouls. Now turn me loose!"

Sellars dropped his hand. "Stay out of my sight!" he said. He turned and stared across the river. "Marvin! How long you fixin' to keep on with this crazy stunt?"

Marvin spoke quietly. "Why, I ain't quite decided."

"There'll be boats here tomorrow!"

Marvin patted the butt of his shotgun. "Maybe."

"You've lost your mind!"

"Now that could be."

The Ghouls trooped wearily back to their campfire. The Kleagle followed them at a careful fifteen yards.

JUST as the sun showed a red rind over the Okaloacoochee Slough and turned the waters of the Caloosahatchee from black to a dirty gray, a rumblin' was heard on the mainland. Southward, townward, the rumblin' was—close and gettin' closer.

Marvin, still at his post by the water oak, rose to his feet. He stretched and checked his watch. Welcome Baxter is a good colored boy, Marvin thought. You tell Welcome Baxter to be somewhere at five-thirty in the morning and Welcome will be there.

Sad and bedraggled Knights were makin' their appearance at the edge of the river. Hoods back, they were splashin' river water on weary and smoke-stained, dirty faces. The Kleagle was nowhere to be seen.

The rumblin' grew louder. Then the bright yellow chassis of Marvin Purdy's crane—the sole asset of the Marvin Purdy Construction Company, newly formed by the Grace of God and a G.I. loan—caught the sparklin' rays of a just-risen sun as it rounded a curve in the road. Marvin could see the proud and serious face of Welcome Baxter lookin' out the cab window. Welcome took that job real serious. Welcome was a boy who really loved that crane.

By the time the crane reached the river, the island bank was lined with Klansmen.

"Welcome, shut her down," Marvin said.

Welcome throttled her down to a stop. Marvin spoke to the Knights.

"Boys," he said, "here she sits. She's got a sixty-foot boom onto her, a clamshell bucket, and here she sits. Welcome Baxter, here, will swing you across. He says he don't mind doin' it. He says he'd be real happy to help the leadin' citizens of Chinaberry."

The Klansmen were uncomfortably silent.

Marvin drawled: "Take it easy, boys. I want you to take your time. There ain't any rush. It'll take a week to build a new bridge across the Caloosahatchee." Marvin hefted his shotgun. "There ain't goin' to be any boats to put in there at the Blind Man." He turned to Welcome. "You ain't in any hurry, are you, Welcome?"

"I ain't in any hurry, Mister Purdy."

"You see that cross last night, Welcome?"

"That sure was a pretty cross, Mister Purdy. That cross burned real nice. It was mighty pretty."

"Hear that, boys? Welcome here saw your cross. He says it was mighty pretty."

"You'll suffer for this, Purdy!" Jim shouted.

"I reckon I'll not worry," Marvin answered. He turned to his help. "You bring those groceries, Welcome?"

"I sure did, Mister Purdy."

"Come on down out of that cab, Welcome. Start fixin' those groceries while I build a fire. Then we'll have breakfast."

The sun came bustin' out full and strong. With full sunup came the first cars from town: the worried comin' to seek out their men; the curious comin' to the scene of the cross-burnin'. And all of them stayin' for what promised to be a good show. They gathered on the riverbank. They shouted encouragement to the miserable Klansmen.

"Old lady'll sure put it to you, O.D., you stayin' out all night like that!"

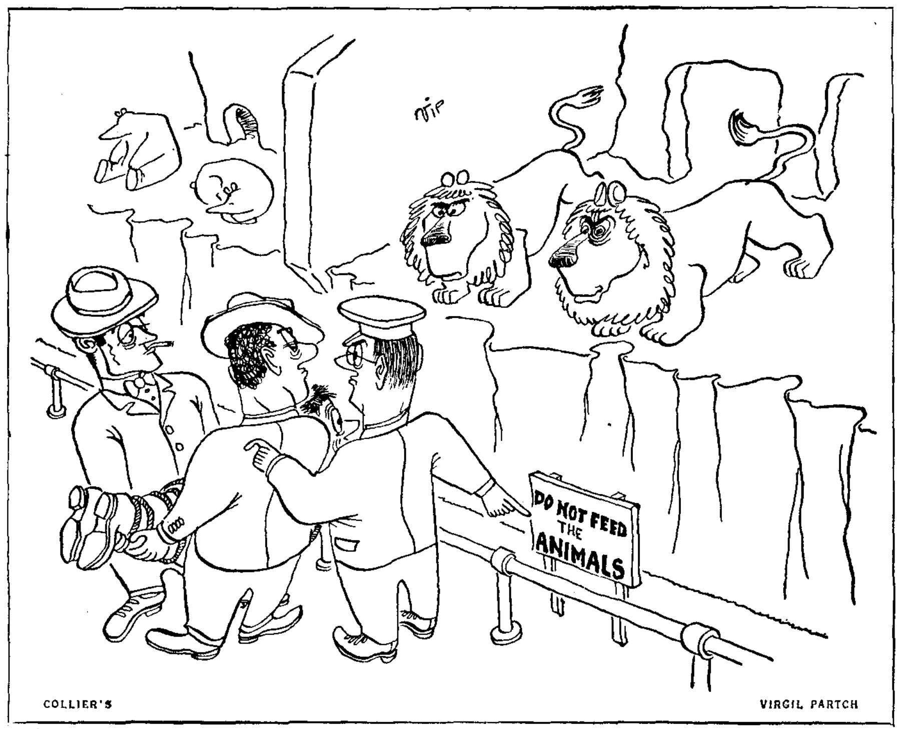
"I gonnies—look what come up out of the swamp!"

"You, Chauncey, this ain't Halloween!"

"Yaw, yaw, yaw!"

It was festival day in Chinaberry.

It wasn't until a wind puff lifted the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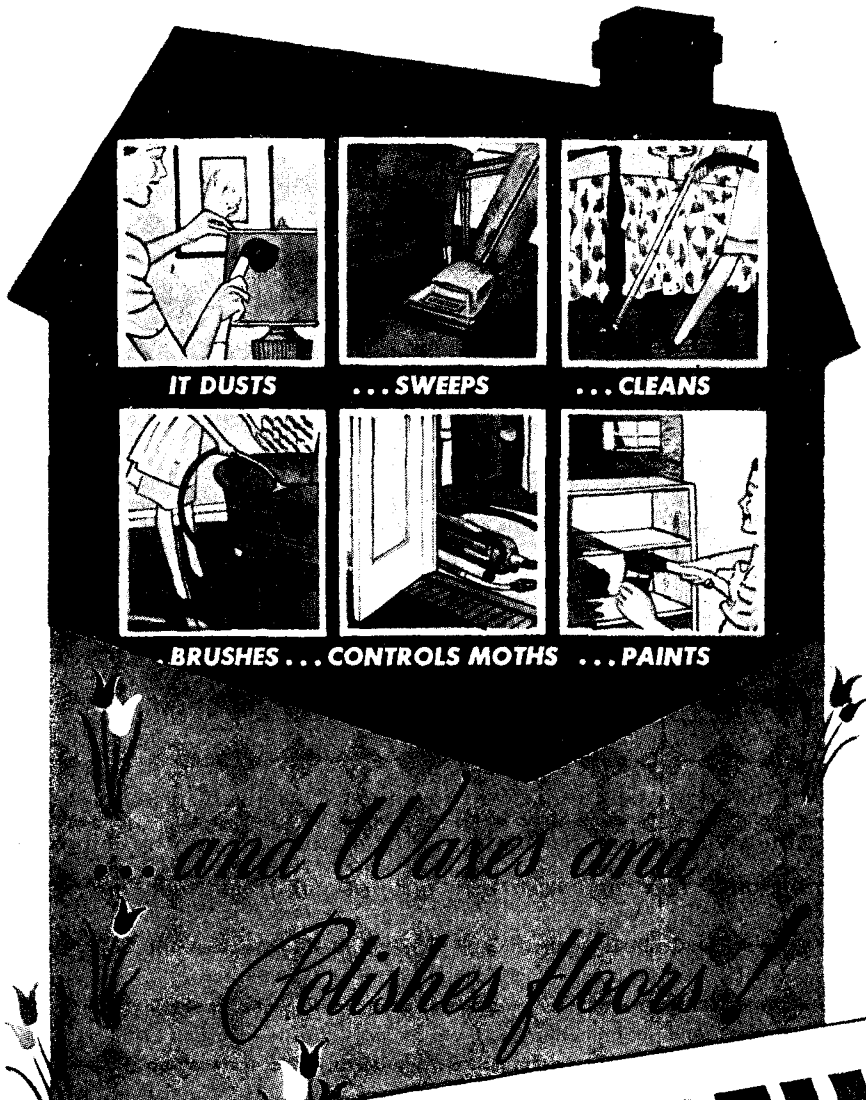

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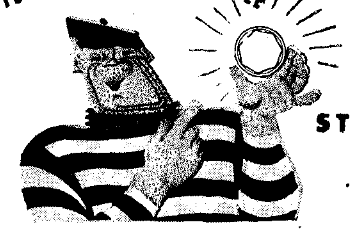

TOUGH BUT OH SO GENTLE

HASTINGS

STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS
TOUGH on oil-pumping
GENTLE on Cylinder Walls

smell of boilin' coffee across the river to the island that Marvin saw several of the Klansmen in earnest, whispered conversation with Jim Sellars.

"Shhhh—the ghosts are plottin'," someone said.

The crowd roared its approval.

Marvin poured a cup of coffee. He stood and spoke across the river: "What do you say, Jim? You folks ready to come on over? Welcome's ready to go to work."

Sellars spoke harshly: "You drive the crane, Purdy."

"I wouldn't hardly want to do that, Jim. Welcome, here, is a mighty fine crane operator. I hired him to operate that crane. I reckon he'll be the man to operate it."

"Damn your ornery soul to—"

Marvin smiled. "Now, there ain't no use, Jim, in you gettin' excited. Think it over for a while."

The Kleagle had been standin' unnoticed, apart from the Chinaberry Knights.

"Sellars," he shouted, "don't be a fool! Get me off of here!"

"You see who's drivin' that crane?" Jim asked him.

"I don't care who's drivin' that crane!"

"You'd turn to a colored boy?"

"There's a time and there's a place!"

"You mean you do your nigger-baitin' on a full belly?"

The Kleagle glanced at the men around him. He subsided.

O. D. Bafus stepped forward. O. D. Bafus is a family man. He is a deacon of the church. O.D. had seen enough. Old O.D. had a bellyful of the Invisible Body. He had had a gracious plenty.

"Jim," he said, "I'm fixin' to cross that river!"

Jim turned to him. "You'll—"

Two other Klansmen followed O.D.

"He's right, Jim," one of them said.

Jim turned to the rest of the Knights for support. The Chinaberry Knights were silent. Jim turned and walked away from the riverbank.

There was a crowd-sigh of disappointment.

Someone shouted, "Daggone! One thing I sure did want to see, and that was two ha'nts atusslin'!"

The Klansmen pretended not to hear the shouts of joy from the other side of the river.

Marvin said quietly, "Swing her over, Welcome."

Welcome lowered the bucket on the island bank.

O. D. Bafus climbed aboard.

Welcome said, "Mister Purdy . . ."

Marvin said, "Just a minute, O.D."

He listened to Welcome's low voice.

"Boys," Marvin said. "Welcome says he just wouldn't feel right takin' nobody across the river in them robes. He says he don't hardly want to fool with folks in their nightshirts."

O. D. Bafus pulled off his robe.

"That's easy," he said. "That is a mighty easy thing. I can't speak for the rest, but I got no more use for this robe."

O.D. threw his robe in the mud. The two men who stood beside him followed suit.

O.D., now in trousers and a dirty shirt, wrapped his skinny shanks around the swingin' bucket and pretended not to hear the shouts of the crowd below. Word had gotten around town. The group of people on the riverbank had grown. There hadn't been such a crowd in that section since the last county fair. Chinaberry had never seen such a spectacle.

The citizens of Chinaberry were havin' the time of their lives:

"You're ridin' her mighty pretty, Deacon!"

"Give her the spurs, boy!"

"Old Deacon Sportin' Life . . ."

MARVIN stood on the riverbank. He gave his orders to an unsmilin' Welcome Baxter. He took it slow and easy. He was enjoyin' the show. He was enjoyin' the hoots, the cheers, the whistles of the crowd. He brought O.D. and the two other disillusioned Klansmen across the river one by one. He gave each man equal time on the bucket. He swung them high, he dipped them, he hoisted them, and he set them down with a flourish.

And the crowd loved it. It was holiday in Chinaberry for everybody but the miserable Knights of the Invisible Body. The bucket was swung back to the island. Marvin and the folks along the riverbank waited. Picnic lunches began to make their appearance amongst the crowd. Bottles of bourbon and jugs of 'shine were passed amongst the men. Suggestions to the Klansmen came oftener. Shouts of encouragement became louder.

Dignity was takin' a vacation.

Finally, just as the sun dipped to the westward, the Kleagle could stand it no longer. The Kleagle gave in.

He walked to the clamshell bucket. He stripped off his robe. He folded his robe under his arm. The pockets of his shiny serge trousers were fat with leaflets of Klan instructions. He was hungry, miserable and mad.

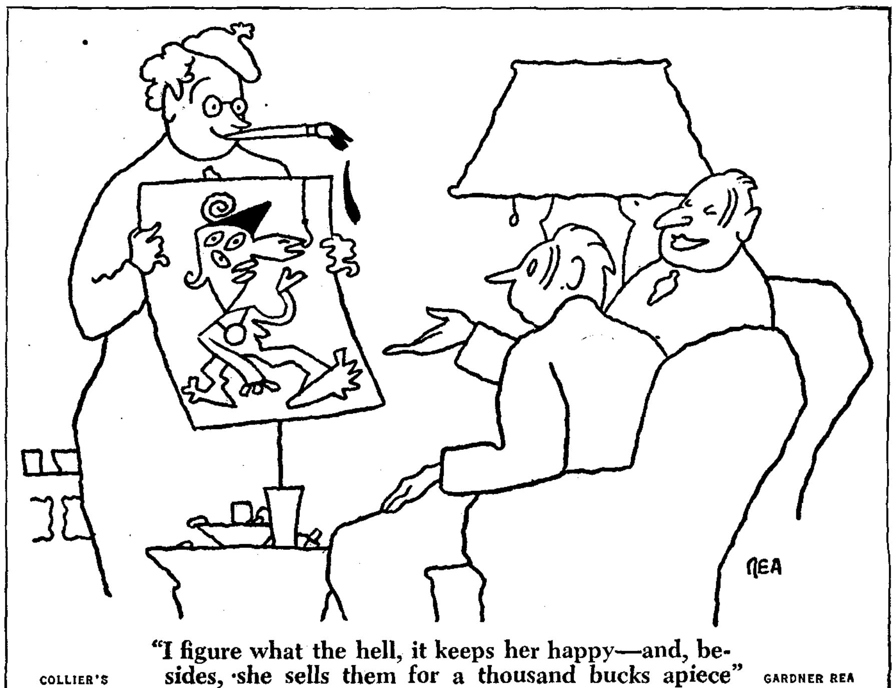
"All right, Purdy. Get me off here!"

Marvin signaled to Welcome. Welcome cranked her up.

The Kleagle climbed aboard.

Then Welcome shut her down.

"What time is it, please, Mister Purdy?" he asked.



COLLIER'S "I figure what the hell, it keeps her happy—and, besides, she sells them for a thousand bucks apiece" GARDNER REA

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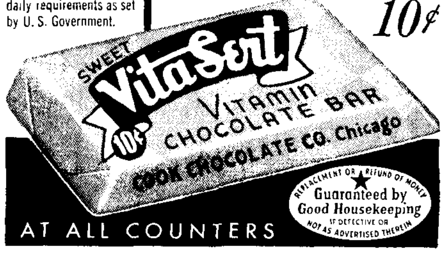

AT ALL COUNTERS

Marvin checked his watch. "One-thirty, Welcome."

"One-thirty, sir?"

"That's right, Welcome."

"I sure am sorry, Mister Purdy. You remember what you said when you asked me would I like to come to work for you? 'Eight hours is a workin' day, Welcome,' you said. 'A man shouldn't work more than eight hours a day.' I come to work at five-thirty this mornin', Mister Purdy. It's now one-thirty. Like you told me, I'll stop workin' now, sir."

Welcome climbed down from the cab.

"By grannies, you're sure right, Welcome!" Marvin turned to the Kleagle. "I'm sure sorry, Kleagle. I work my boy an eight-hour day."

The Kleagle howled like a bobcat.

"Be right there at five-thirty in the mornin', Kleagle."

The Kleagle's voice was shakin'. "I'm starvin', Purdy. The mosquitoes are drivin' me crazy! I can't last out another night. I'm pleadin' with you to have that boy of yours make one more swing with that boom!"

"Why, I sure couldn't do that."

"Why? Tell me why!"

"Knowin' how your organization feels about these things, I kind of hate to tell you, Kleagle. But since you asked me—I will. This boy, here, is union. There ain't any union chapters in Chinaberry so we made our own. Welcome is the president of the Chinaberry Crane Operators, Local No. 1. An eight-hour day is in our agreement. I won't break it. What I might do, though, Kleagle, is open negotiations with this boy. What do you say, Welcome?"

"I'm ready to negotiate, sir."

There was a whispered, thirty-second conference between the labor and the management of the Marvin Purdy Construction Company.

Then: "All right, Kleagle. My worker says he'll do it."

WELCOME climbed back to the cab. He started the engine. He hoisted the bucket upward. He swung it toward the mainland.

High over the river, Marvin signaled a stop. The Kleagle started moanin'.

"Now look at here, Kleagle," Marvin shouted. "You're an organizer for a right powerful organization. Down here below you got a fine audience of folks who would like to hear what you might have to say for that organization. Ever' man and boy here is a prospect for the Knights, you might say. Why don't you give the folks a little organization talk?"

"Get me down from here, Purdy, you damn'—"

"We'd sure like to hear it, Kleagle!"

The Kleagle groaned, "Purdy—I just can't do it."

"I'll tell you what, Kleagle. If you don't feel like talkin', then just read. Read one of them booklets you got stickin' out of your pockets, there. Read from the one you was readin' at the organization meetin' the other night. Read the one you said ever' red-blooded white man should know by heart."

The Kleagle pawed one of the leaflets loose from his pocket. He cleared his throat. He read, *"Since eighteen hundred and sixty-six—"* His voice broke.

The boom lurched suddenly upward.

The Kleagle shouted: *"Since eighteen hundred and sixty-six the Ku Klux Klan has been riding and will continue to do so as long as the White Man liveth!"*

"Welcome!" Marvin shouted. "You heard him, Welcome! *Now let her ride!"*

The swingin' boom went crazy. The men, women and children in the crowd shouted and cheered. Welcome Baxter did everything with that boom short of tearin' her loose from her moorin's. He turned that howlin' Kleagle every way but loose. Up and over and down and around—with the bucket spinnin' on slack cable and the Kleagle ridin' her. Finally Marvin dropped his hand, and

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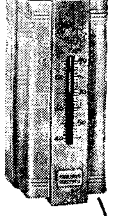

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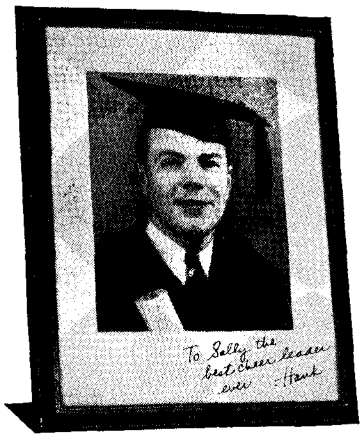
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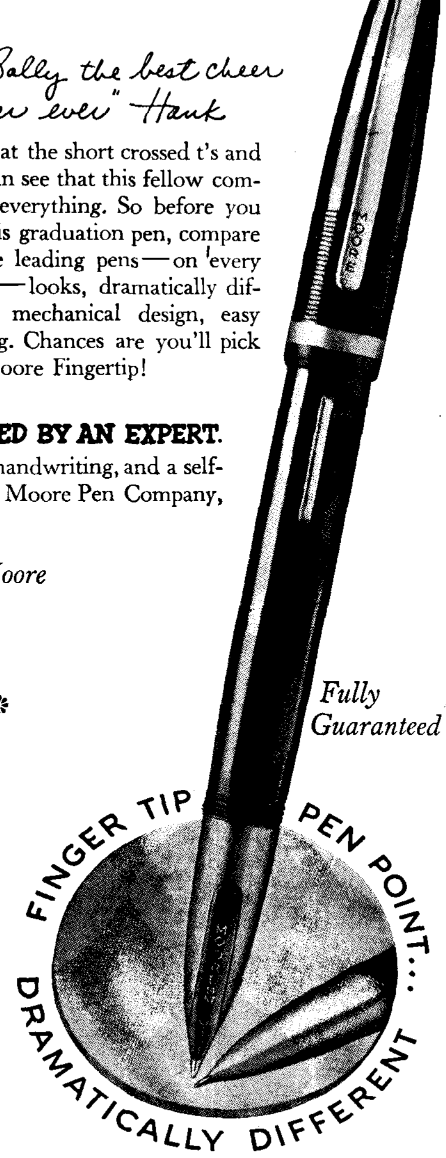

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Welcome lowered the bucket to the ground. The crowd parted as the Kleagle started lurchin' toward the highway.

"Just a minute, there!"

O. D. Bafus stepped in front of the Kleagle. O.D. was flanked by the two men who had followed him from the Blind Man. The Deacon wasn't foolin'.

"Some of the boys and I have been talkin'—"

Marvin was waitin'. He was wonderin'.

". . . Some of the boys and I have been figurin'."

The Kleagle heaved a broken sigh.

"Nine hundred and sixty-six dollars," the Deacon said. "That's what she comes to. Dues and robes. Nine hundred and sixty-six dollars."

"You paid me fair!" the Kleagle yowled.

"Get it up, Kleagle."

The Kleagle looked at the little Deacon. He looked at the two men who stood by the Deacon. He looked around at the waitin' crowd. He dug in his pocket.

O.D. took the damp wad of bills. "Now get goin', Kleagle!"

The Kleagle didn't hesitate.

THEN O.D. walked over to Marvin. "Purdy," he said, "it beats me why you ever gave up 'gator huntin' on the Okaloacoochie, a man like you."

Marvin waited. He caught his breath and he stood there beside his fine yellow crane and he waited.

"But since you did"— O.D. tossed Marvin the money— "well, I'll tell you . . . you go on and build us a new bridge, Marvin. Like you say, a man was liable to get hurt on that old bridge." The Deacon looked squarely at Marvin. "Build us a new bridge, Marvin. Build her pretty and build her wide."

The crowd was quiet as Marvin hefted the wad of bills. The crowd waited as Marvin searched for words.

"Pretty and wide," he said slowly. "She'll be a mighty pretty bridge. And she'll be wide enough, O.D., so folks can pass without jostlin' . . ."

And the folks on the riverbank understood.

When the cheerin' had quieted, Jim Sellars stepped to the edge of the water. He started to speak. His voice cracked. He cleared his throat. What he had to say came hard:

"Purdy . . . you are an ornery man—"

Marvin waited.

"You are a contrary, mule-headed—"

"Say it, Jim," a Klansman said.

Jim glared across the water. "All right. Swing that boom over here. We're comin' across!"

In sixty seconds the riverbank was littered with dirty robes.

And now the show went rapidly as Marvin brought them over in pairs. The crowd shouted in glee:

"Look at 'em ride!"

"The White Man liveth and rideth!"

"Hey, boy! You get them free rides with your dues?"

"Oh, they fly through the air with the greatest of ease!"

The Klansmen were not of a mind to buck that crowd and Marvin Purdy any longer. They lit out for the cars they had left in the stand of piney woods behind the riverbank the night before. Those boys had had a gracious plenty of Marvin Purdy and the shoutin', jeerin' crowd. They didn't waste any time.

Marvin and Welcome, in the cab of the crane, were halfway home before either of them spoke.

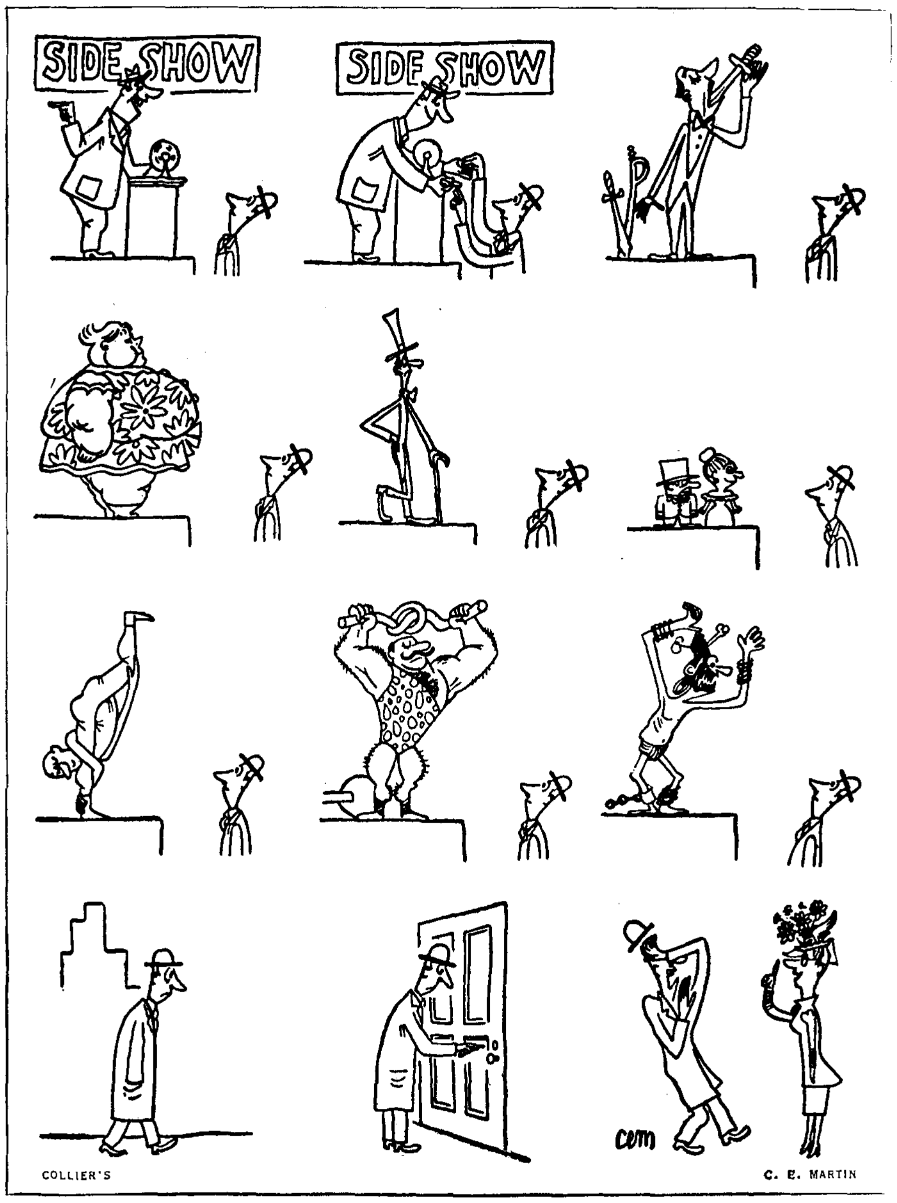
"Mister Purdy?"

"Yes, Welcome."

"Reckon we got to worry, Mister Purdy?" Welcome asked.

"I think, Welcome," Marvin said quietly, "that there ain't goin' to be any more jostlin' in Chinaberry."

THE END



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A LONG TIME, A LONG DISTANCE

Continued from page 48

Marston decided the sensible thing would be to slide easily off the wharf. But his irritation at the lake, and at the girl's apology, took him back a few steps and sent him trotting to the wharf's edge, where he dived sharply.

He felt regret instantly. It was like slicing into a glacier. He had expected a certain chill, but not this liquid agony. The marrow of his teeth cried out in anguish. Down he plunged, and down; and then he encountered a mass of claws.

He experienced panic. Overwork had inflamed his imagination, and he pictured himself trapped down there by some convoluted, sodden root. He threshed to the surface. Teeth clenched, he boosted himself to the wharf.

"Nice diving," the girl said. "But I'd be careful."

He had been a fool, he told himself. And it was idiotic to sit here shaking with goose pimples, simply to save face with a girl young enough to be his daughter. He clamped his teeth to keep them from chattering, and glared at the dark spruce on the opposite shore.

"I've had enough sun," she said presently. "See you at dinner."

He glanced after her. She was medium height, with a lithe but nicely rounded figure and light shoulder-length hair. When she was out of sight he scurried to his room for a shower and a rubdown. Then he lay on the bed, and to forget his practice in St. Paul he thought of his cold swim. That, of course, meant thinking of the girl.

A pole outside the lodge supported an old dinner bell, and when it rang Marston was hungrier than he had been for weeks. The dining room occupied a separate log building, and Mrs. Lotek, who owned the resort, introduced him to a half-dozen guests. Then the kitchen door swung and the girl breezed in, wearing a waitress' uniform.

"This is Quincy Flagler," Mrs. Lotek said. "She and Bill, my son, you know, are in the university at Madison. And with the help problem what it is he persuaded her to come up this summer."

"Hello again," the girl said. "I thought you'd have pneumonia by now."

Mrs. Lotek's laugh was that of one just grazed by the point of a joke. "Oh, yes. You've met. Bill will be along in a few days. He's at a wedding in Chicago."

Marston had a table alone, and fish browned in the sweetest of country butter. The girl, he thought, had an interesting and even complicated face. Not beautiful, really, and certainly not merely pretty, but disturbing. Her cheekbones were high, and her chin could probably be stubborn. Above hazel eyes her brows were smoothly golden, and the sun had sprinkled a few freckles on her nose.

"Is your name actually Quincy?" he asked.

"Nope, nickname. But call me Sarah and I won't answer. I was born in Quincy, Illinois, and when we moved to Peoria I talked so much about Quincy the name stuck."

He watched her at other tables, and when she vanished into the kitchen he watched the swinging door.

LATER, in the lodge, he begged off at bridge. His nerves, he said, made him restless. He acted restless, too, wandering under the hewn beams to a glassed-in porch, and back to the flaming fireplace. At midevening the girl came in, wearing slacks and a sweater.

"Hi," she said. "What gives?"

"Bridge. But my game is rusty."

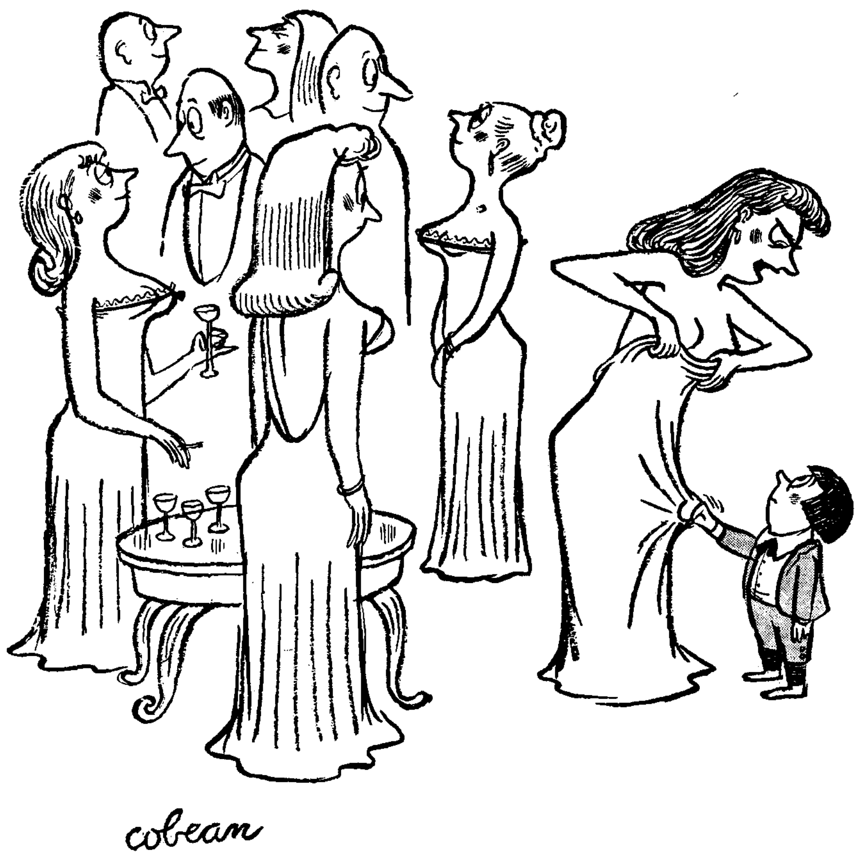
"There's pinball. And you can play for free." She led him to the machine on the sun porch. "I've practiced this," she warned, "so don't blow up if I beat you."

"The way I did about the cold water? I'm sorry about that."

"Forget it. That's why guys come up here, to calm down."

She won, but it didn't matter. He enjoyed listening to her voice. It was casual, rich, throaty, with a hint of brashness. The brashness gave it tang, he thought, the way salty crackers sharpen the flavor of a sweet apple.

One of the bridge players, an elderly



COLLIER'S "I thought Mother asked you not to do that!" SAM COBEAN

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man, came to the porch and turned on the radio. "I always listen to the ten-o'clock news," he said, "and then go to bed."

By his tone you knew he thought this a pretty original practice. After the news, an orchestra was playing somewhere.

"Dance?" Marston asked.

With her so near, his breath caught. Then she pulled away and executed one of those crazy dances that were unknown when he was in school. At the country club he had seen bobby-soxers dancing like that; bodies apart, no smoothness, the girl revolving as if playing London Bridge Is Falling Down. Marston didn't know what was expected of his feet.

"You're rusty at dancing, too," she said.

His irritation flashed back. He wanted to tell her he was voted one of the ten best dancers on the campus, in 1924.

"I get up at six," she said. "See you at breakfast."

He watched her leave. The bridge players had departed. He was tired, but not sleepy; and he prowled outside for a last cigarette. The air was sharp, and the forests marched dark and secret down to the lake. A whippoorwill sang endlessly. Marston felt troubled, but he didn't know why. . . .

Next morning he slept through the breakfast hour, but the cook fixed him up in the kitchen. Quincy wasn't there. She wasn't on the wharf, either. He unchained one of the boats and rowed past the island shielding the cove, across the lake. The sky was brilliant, and up here existence was not a flowing river but a still lake. Existence was a dream, up here. He felt about twenty-five.

In the boat he mooned along the far shore, where the bones of uprooted trees dangled over the water, where snags reached up like evil stalagmites. Probably fish abounded down in those watery tangles, but he wasn't a fisherman. He was a swimmer.

He rowed slowly back, and it seemed a week since he had left St. Paul. He felt remorseful now about flying off the handle with Sue. He wished she were here, and he regretted that they had not had the money to honeymoon at a place like this. They had married while he was in school, and she had worked. When he returned to St. Paul, he told himself, he would surprise her with flowers occasionally, and they would dine out more, and dance. She was a smooth dancer; not one of these silly jitterbuggers.

Before lunch he wrote Sue a letter, and when he went to the dining room he wasn't even thinking about Quincy Flagler. So he was taken unawares by her youth, her lovely face, her voice with that little rasp that stirred him so oddly. He found himself asking her questions so he could listen to her voice.

"We had word from Bill," she said. "He gets here tomorrow."

Bill? Oh, yes, the landlady's son. He wondered why he felt so prejudiced against Bill. . . .

He decided against swimming that afternoon. In the lodge he sent marbles around the obstacle course of pinball, but playing alone wasn't fun. He would hike.

He dressed in old whipcords and high boots—worn, shabby things that didn't look at all glamorous. But to Marston they seemed glamorous. He had bought them a dozen years ago, when he and Sue spent an exquisite summer on a dude ranch in Colorado. The ranch had engaged him as resident physician after he had completed his internship. Save for patching a few scratches, and swabbing a throat or two, he had been on vacation.

AS HE left the lodge and wandered along a sandy road, that summer came back to him, almost unbearably sweet. They had ridden through the dark smell of pines, drunk at mountain springs, danced. Their money worries were ending; they were gloriously young; and two people had never been in love like that. Thinking about it filled him with intense loneliness.

The road forked and he turned to follow heavy ruts, overtangled with weeds, back into the timber. An old logging road. But decades had gone since check-shirted men strode there; the second growth stood tall against empty sky; he walked in vast silences. Once he watched a porcupine ascending a poplar; once he stared at the ruins of the logging camp. A bunkhouse and cookhouse, decaying. His loneliness intensified.

Then somebody yelled, "Hi," and he saw Quincy Flagler striding along the trail. "What gives?" she said.

More than ever he was aware of her tantalizing voice, her tantalizing face. His heart was beating faster.

"I thought you sun-bathed in the afternoons," he said.

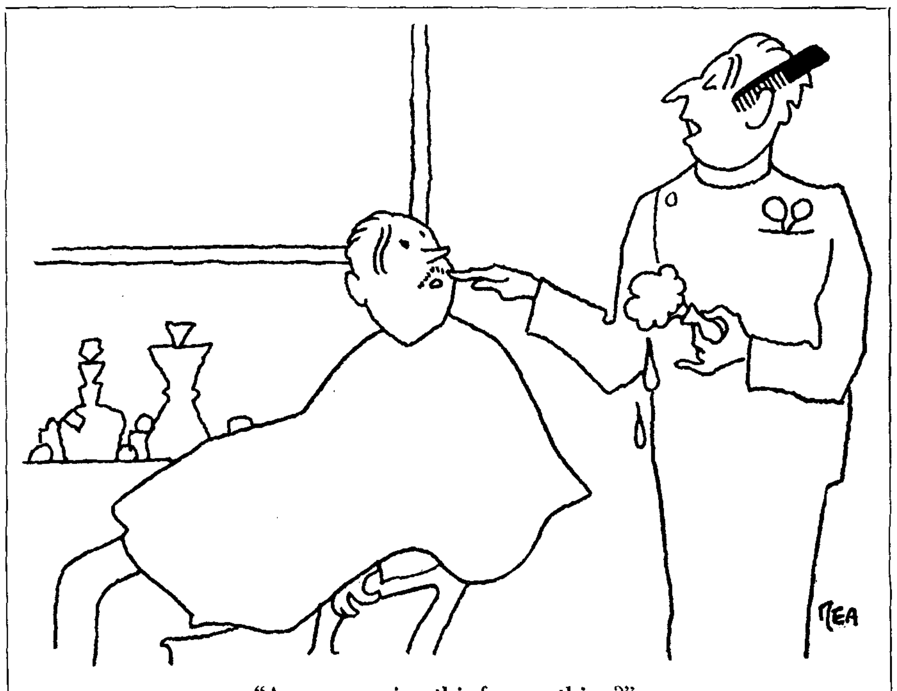
"And I thought you swam."

Her grin had a faint insolence; he was annoyed. Then a suspicion hit him—she had followed him from the lodge.

Or had she? He was alert now, and torn by indecision. He had never been vain, but now vanity whispered: She followed you. She thinks you're attractive. His good sense said: Don't make a fool of yourself.

"Why are we standing here?" she said. "Let's explore."

Gaminely, she leaped over logs toward



COLLIER'S "Are you saving this for anything?" GARDNER REA

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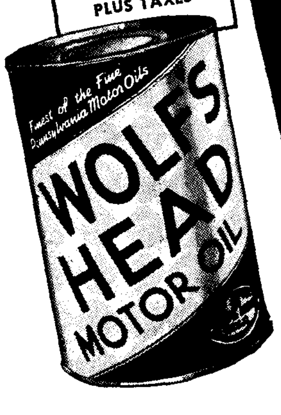

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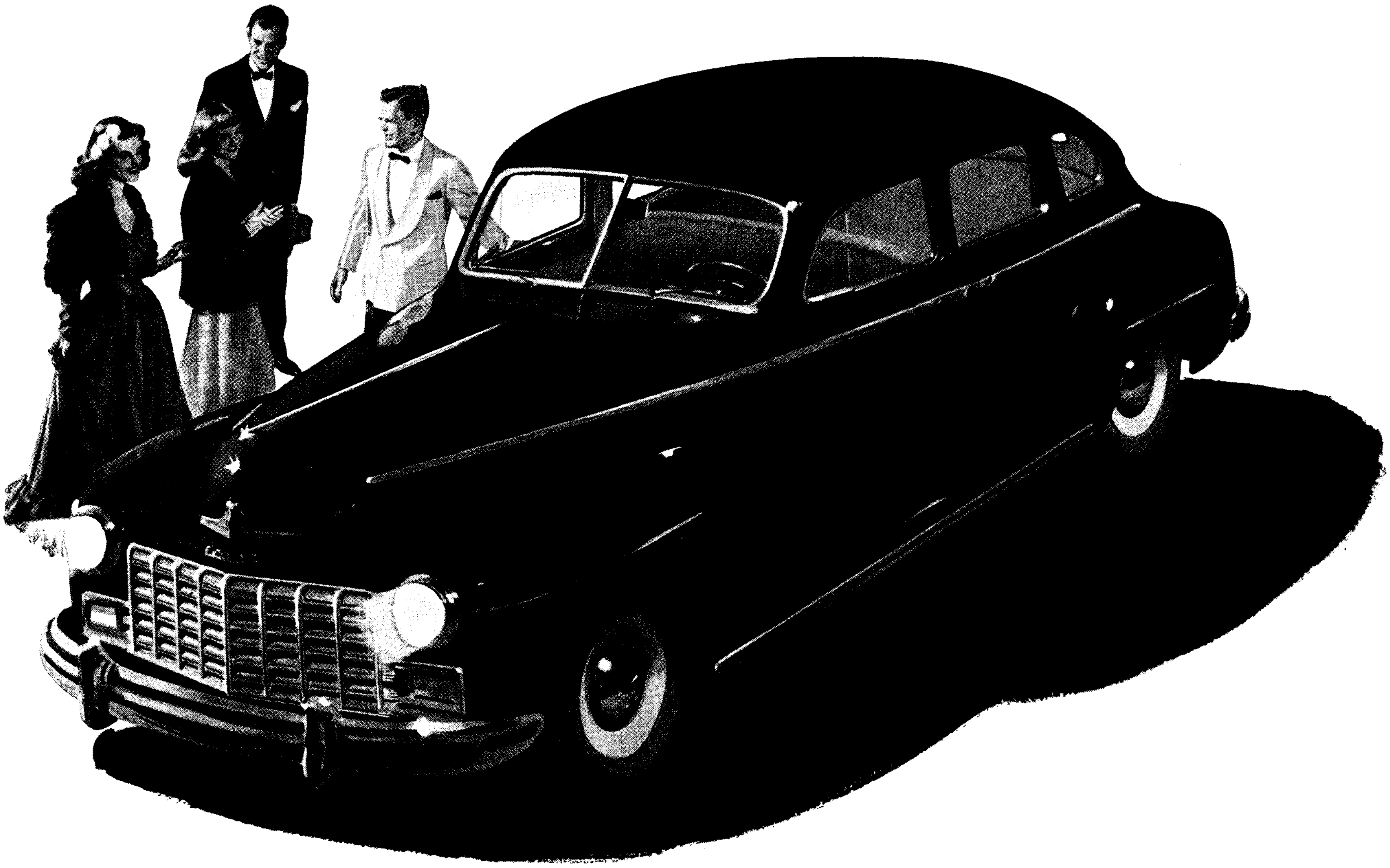

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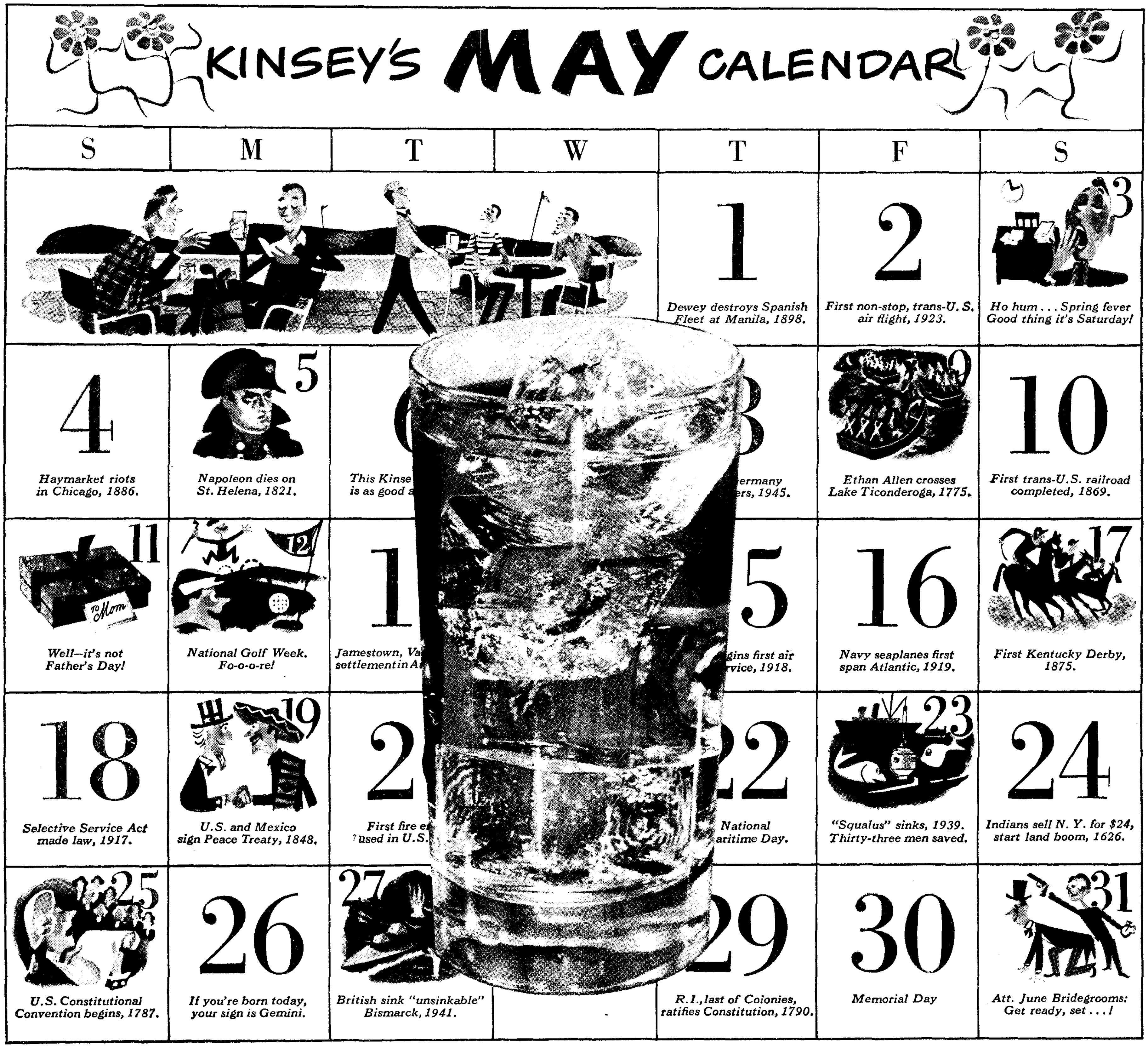
KINSEY'S MAY CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 Dewey destroys Spanish Fleet at Manila, 1898.	2 First non-stop, trans-U. S. air flight, 1923.	3 Ho hum . . . Spring fever Good thing it's Saturday!
4 Haymarket riots in Chicago, 1886.	5 Napoleon dies on St. Helena, 1821.	This Kinse is as good a		ermany rs, 1945.	9 Ethan Allen crosses Lake Ticonderoga, 1775.	10 First trans-U.S. railroad completed, 1869.
11 Well—it's not Father's Day!	12 National Golf Week. Fo-o-o-re!	1 Jamestown, Va settlement in A		5 gins first air rvice, 1918.	16 Navy seaplanes first span Atlantic, 1919.	17 First Kentucky Derby, 1875.
18 Selective Service Act made law, 1917.	19 U.S. and Mexico sign Peace Treaty, 1848.	2 First fire e used in U.S.		22 National aritime Day.	23 "Squalus" sinks, 1939. Thirty-three men saved.	24 Indians sell N. Y. for $24, start land boom, 1626.
25 U.S. Constitutional Convention begins, 1787.	26 If you're born today, your sign is Gemini.	27 British sink "unsinkable" Bismarck, 1941.		29 R.I., last of Colonies, ratifies Constitution, 1790.	30 Memorial Day	31 Att. June Bridegrooms: Get ready, set . . . !

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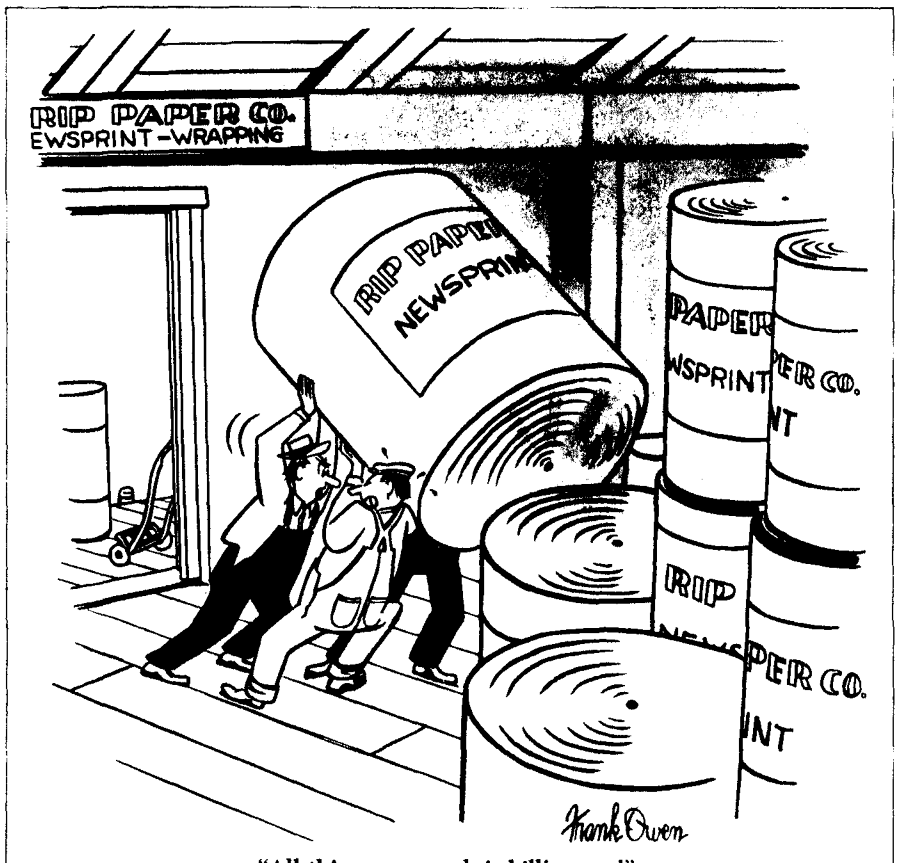
the abandoned camp, her skirt flaring about bare, graceful legs.

There wasn't much to explore, actually; just buildings full of green gloom and uncanny silence. There was a moment in the cookhouse when their shoulders were close, and Marston was tremendously aware of her presence, of their remoteness from the lodge. His heartbeats shook him the way a trip hammer shakes a building. He felt swayed, as if fighting a running current. His hand brushed hers. It was infinitely disturbing, as if he had touched some conduit of terrific energy.

"This place gives me the creeps," she said. "I'll race you to the path."

SHE whirled, capering through the tangles. On the logging road she waited, laughing. He laughed, too, but his irritation was intense. He felt like a stick-in-the-mud. He should have swept her into his arms. Then he thought of Sue, and he was glad he hadn't.

At the road fork she stopped. "Am I seeing things? Bill!"



COLLIER'S "All this paper work is killing me!" FRANK OWEN

She hurled herself forward, into the arms of a boy of twenty-two or -three. They kissed, and as Marston approached, decoding their slang, he gathered that Bill had arrived early to surprise her.

"Who's your friend?" Bill asked.

"Oh," she caroled, "sorry. Dr. Marston, this is Bill."

Bill had a hard handshake, and youth shone from him. His skin was healthy brown, his hair heavy black, his jaw hard.

"I'll be getting back to the lodge," Marston said, and neither urged him to remain.

Striding back, his cheeks were hot with anger. It was utterly senseless. He disliked Bill. And that was quite without warrant. Nerves! He decided to swim, after all. But swimming didn't help. He wished Quincy Flagler would return. Her presence annoyed him, but her absence annoyed him more. . .

Bill owned a jalopy, adorned with such aphorisms as "Beauty is only tin deep," and that evening, driving heedlessly, he raced away with Quincy to some dancing pavilion.

Insomnia afflicted Marston, and he lay listening for their return. Once he must have dozed, for an irresponsible dream flitted through his mind: the jalopy wrecked, Quincy injured, a call for him. He saw himself kneeling, crying out, "Quincy! You are youth and all the witchery of woman and I love you!"

It startled him awake; he switched on the light, smoked.

Maybe, he thought slowly, I do love the girl. And he thought: Why, that's frightful!

Sue. The children. I'm an idiot, he thought.

In one respect the dream was false; they returned safely; and in the morning light Marston grinned and thought, "A man who loves his wife isn't swept away by some grand passion."

Nevertheless, he was miserable that day. Quincy and Bill were much together; and that afternoon, when Marston went for a swim, he found them on the wharf in bathing suits. Bill was tinkering with an ancient outboard motor, grumbling about its loose fit on the boat and vowing they should drive to Moose Crossing for repairs.

When Quincy saw Marston she told Bill, "This odd man is a very odd man. He insists on diving off the wharf."

"So what?"

"So haven't you heard about snags?"

"Phooey," Bill said. He grinned at Marston. "I'll dive three seconds after you and beat you to the island."

Marston went cleanly off the wharf and struck out with a rapid crawl. He knew he was winning easily, till he reached the island and saw Bill standing there.

"Nice going, pal. You must have been good once. Want to race back?"

Marston declined; he rested and swam back leisurely. Bill wasn't even winded. Already he had forgotten the race, wrestling with the problem of clamping the loose outboard on the boat.

Marston shivered frankly today; he was sure Quincy did not notice. He saw her gaze wandering up the slope toward the lodge, where a tall young man, blond and handsomer than necessary, was surveying the lake.

"Strike me pink," she said. "Look what gives." . . .

Marston had just gone to bed the next evening when he heard a knock on his door. Ever since dinner he had been trying to read. But he was suffering a fever no thermometer would show.

He kept seeing her face, hearing her sweetly harsh voice. He would hear it forever, he supposed. Down the years ahead it would come back to him when he was tired. She would be living somewhere, not in St. Paul and not with him, laughing and saying, "What gives?"—and dancing. And he would remember he had danced with her once, and he would never know whether design or coincidence had sent her after him along a logging road in the North.

She would have forgotten. She had forgotten already. He had not existed for her, today. There had been Bill and this newcomer, Fred Driscoll, both following her around. After lunch they had danced in the lodge, and Marston had brooded off into the timber alone.

The knock sounded again, and Marston opened the door to find Bill standing there.

"Mind if I come in and talk, Doc?" he asked.

Bill plodded in, sank into the rocker, his movements heavy and slow.

"It's about Quincy," he said, and his face twisted. "You're an older man, Doc, and I need advice. This new guy Driscoll is giving her a play, and she's falling for it. He dated her up for tonight and they've gone to Spring Lake to dance."

It was almost like having a patient coming to him for help. I've got a pain, Doc. Pain in my heart.

He had never been able to think of his patients as merely interesting cases. Their aches were his, a little. Maybe that was why he had grown so tired, so jumpy, bearing a little of all their pains.

"Tell me about it."

"I met her this spring, and nothing mattered but her. You wouldn't understand, but that's how it was. I want to marry her, but she won't even say she loves me."

Bill looked stricken, and suddenly, to be very young seemed not quite so desirable to Marston. He asked, "Do you think she loves you?"

Bill slowly nodded. "But how can I tell if she won't say so? Sometimes she steps out on me, like tonight. It's her right, of course. We're not engaged."

"Do you think she likes Driscoll?" Marston said.

"Maybe. I wanted her to drive with me to Moose Crossing today, to get that outboard fixed. She wouldn't. So I didn't go, either. What would you do in my place, Doc?"

"Bill," Marston said, with a tiny smile, "I'm an old man. I've lived a long, full life, but I can't answer that question. Woman is the final mystery."

Bill stayed a long time, and at some moment during his troubled outpouring Marston began to like him immensely. As he dropped to sleep it was Bill's problem that bothered him.

NEXT morning, in trunks, he went to the wharf. Bill was there, listlessly tinkering with the outboard.

"Well?" Marston asked.

Bill looked dejected. "She says the orchestra was swell last night. But she's promised to go for a boat ride this morning, if I can patch up this outboard."

Moodily, Bill lugged the motor to a boat and worked at clamping it on. Then Quincy Flagler appeared, vivid in her swimming suit.

"Hi," she waved, skipping down to the wharf, and her running in the morning sun was lovelier than music. Fred Driscoll followed her, in trunks that looked as if they had never been near the water.

"I invited Fred to come along with us," Quincy said.

From the boat Bill squinted up at her, and Marston saw the heat pouring into his ears. Fred Driscoll, that handsome fellow, looked well pleased with Fred Driscoll.

Marston glanced at Quincy. She was smiling serenely, but her eyes were teas-

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ing. When had he seen that look in a girl's eyes before?

Memory flooded back. A college dance, some handsome no-good who kept cutting in, giving Sue a rush, and Sue pleased. They had quarreled terribly; he had accused her of possessing a light-o'-love's heart. Sue! Fiercely faithful Sue!

"I'm going alone," Bill said. His voice was not steady.

He flipped the outboard into roaring combustion. He was all jaw, and Quincy's chin looked obdurate. The boat left the wharf, and in the cove Bill took out his anger on the craft, gunning it through reckless figure eights.

"Honestly!" Quincy exclaimed. "He has the foulest disposition!"

TAILED by white foam, the boat came tearing along the cove, toward the opening between the island and the point. Bill swerved it sharply, and at that instant the motor's roar halted. A splash, a gurgle, silence.

"Now you've done it!" Quincy called.

She was right. The outboard had escaped its insecure clamping and had dropped into deep water.

Mouth tight, Bill rowed back. When he reached the wharf Quincy asked, "What do you think you're going to do now?"

"Fish it out."

"What kind of bait?" Fred Driscoll laughed; and Marston saw Bill's fists twitching. But he marched on, to the tool shed, returning with a long coil of rope and a steel hook.

"Want to help me, Doc?"

So Marston accompanied him in the boat. When they pulled opposite the tip of the island, Bill stopped, studying the water.

"It was about here it dropped off," he said.

The coil of rope lay in the bottom of the boat, and he tied one end to the hook and dropped it overboard. Driscoll and Quincy were rowing out to kibitz.

"Afraid it's a goner, old man," Driscoll called cheerfully.

For a long time Bill jiggled the rope, fishing blind for the motor. Once the rope went taut; he pulled. The hook came up, dragging a sodden tangle of weeds and branches. Driscoll laughed. Bill dropped the hook overboard again. After a few minutes, with an exclamation of impatience, he prepared to dive.

Quincy called, "Bill! You're not going down there!"

"Why not?"

"You know it's full of snags."

"Phooey. I'll locate the motor and hook it."

He filled his lungs and dived.

"He's a fool!" Quincy said.

After a few seconds Bill broke surface, shivering. Marston helped him aboard.

"It's got to be down there," Bill said. "I'll try again."

Once more he dived, and this time when he came up he reported, "Located it. It's caught in a mess of stuff." He pondered, then wound the rope a few times under his left armpit and seized the hook. He indicated the free end of the rope.

"I'll attach the hook," he told Marston, "and grab the motor. Then you pull."

"I don't think I'd do it that way," Marston said.

"It's the only way. That motor's caught in a tangle, and I want it."

Quincy called, "Bill! Let the old motor go."

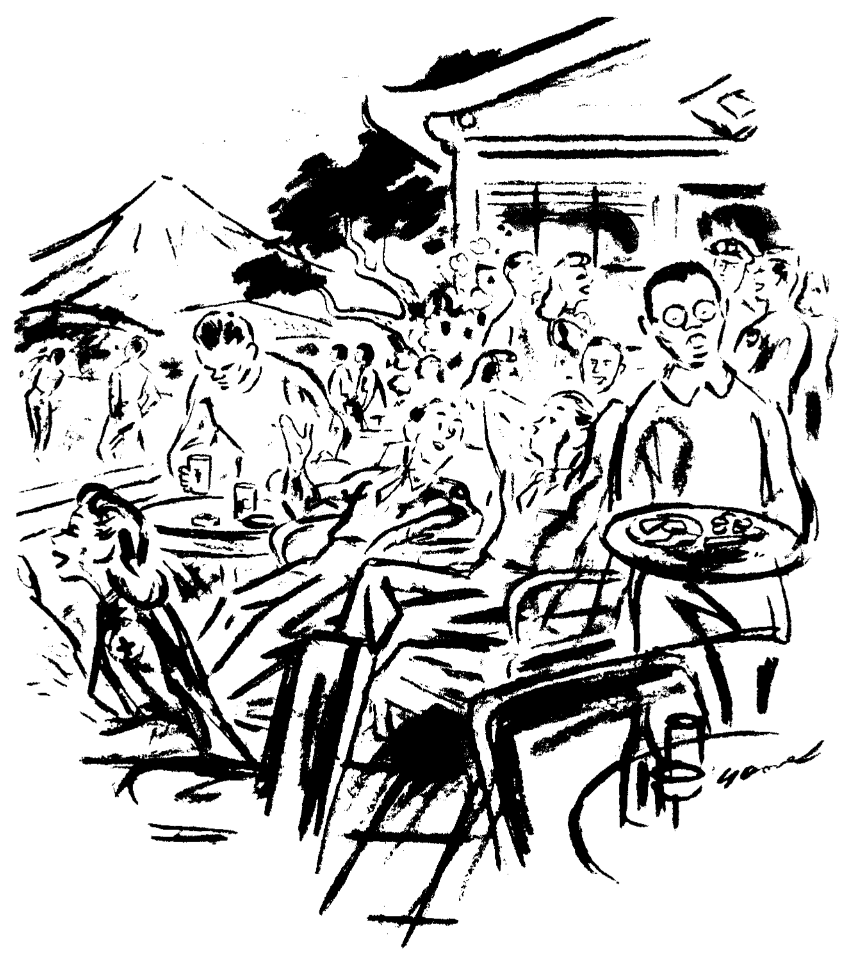
Bill went overboard in a sharp dive. Marston began counting. One and two and three— When he reached ten he pulled on the rope. It wouldn't budge. He yanked. It still refused to yield.

"Bill!" Quincy screamed. "Come up!"

"I think," Marston said quietly, "he must be caught."

He dived.

It was sunless and freezing and deep, and the bottom bristled with the jagged remnants of a forest, icicle-sharp roots,



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scythelike branches, clawing vindictively at his intrusion. Underwater foliage waved there too, ghostly, luxuriant, slimy. He pawed, and things fanged his hands, but he did not encounter Bill.

He broke surface. He was thinking: This is serious.

He heaved himself over the gunwale, and as he stood there in the brilliant day, pulling sweet air into his chest, he didn't want to go down again. He thought of how it would be, trapped by roots clamping a wrist or an ankle. He thought of Bill down there. He dived.

The cold hit him worse, this time. His flanks were numb. His teeth were ice but his lungs were on fire, as if bursting with flaming gas. And there was no Bill.

When he gasped into blessed air, he beheld a bleared vision of Quincy rowing her boat toward him. Hands pulled him aboard. Quincy's eyes were enormous, Driscoll's face chalky. Marston gulped out an order to him, "Come down with me!"

Driscoll said, "It sounds silly—but I can't swim."

Marston made himself stand erect, made himself breathe deep and deeper till the farthest cell of his lungs was crammed with air. Then he dived.

Slicing downward, he tried to think of warm things, steaming oyster stew, hot radiators, beating sun. And then, when he had given up hope, his hands encountered something. Bill.

His lungs were agony. Go up for air. No. Might never find him again.

His groping hands reached the steel hook, embedded in a nest of snags. He followed the rope to an armpit. That rope had a free end, somewhere. He yanked and pulled and prayed.

The cold was receding now, and there was blackness and a dream. In the dream a young medical student named Marston lived, hired as a lifeguard during the summers, and he was grappling the body of a drowning man.

After that even the dream vanished, and there were blank places, like the blank places in a night of dreamless sleep. He was aware of air sluicing down his windpipe, but maybe that was the dream come back. There was a man named Marston astride a prone body in a boat, but that was probably the dream, too.

It began clearing up. And he realized he was tired, tired. He heard a girl sobbing. Her name was Quincy Flagler, and she seemed terribly young, foolishly young, much, much too young for a man of forty.

He heard himself saying, "He's breathing nicely. He'll be fine."

"Oh, Bill, Bill," Quincy sobbed. "Darling, I love you—"

And Marston saw the look in her eyes. It wasn't like that other look, teasing. There was no mistaking this look. You saw it only in the eyes of women in love.

It was the hook that started it, Bill told them later, in the lodge.

"That next to the last time I dived, I'd located the motor, and I thought I'd easily find it when I went down with the hook. Well, I didn't. I was pawing around, swimming in black ink, and I jabbed the hook into a nest of snags. It got caught.

"I tried to yank it loose, but the more I jerked the harder it stuck. It must have been hooked around a root. My lungs wanted air so I thought I'd go up. But I'd wound the rope around my armpit, and when I started to untangle it something hit me. Here." Bill indicated his midriff.

"You had a cramp," Marston said. "That icy water."

"I had a scare, too," Bill grinned. "My lungs were burning up, and when the pain hit me I went berserk. Just heaved and jerked on that rope like a musky, instead of unwinding it. Then I passed out. If it hadn't been for you, Doc—"

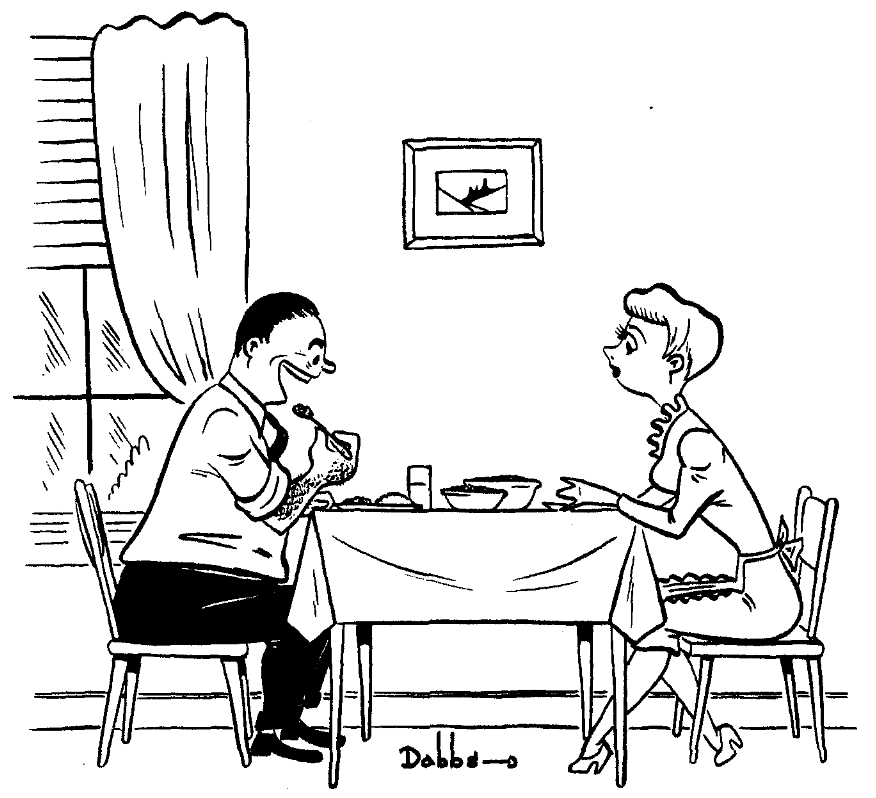
NEXT afternoon, on the train to St. Paul, Buck Lake seemed remote. A long time and a long distance away. He had wired Sue to meet him, and he hoped she would be there.

Marston was a brisk, healthy, professional-looking man, striding along the platform. He was smiling, the way people smile when they are meeting somebody they want to meet.

He hurried up the steps, emerged into the Union Station. He saw her. She looked beautiful, with her dark hair, her flair for wearing clothes. He had never loved anybody, even her, as much as he loved her at that moment.

As he went toward her, and she came toward him, he noticed her eyes. They were brown, not hazel like Quincy Flagler's, but they reminded him of Quincy's. It was the look in them. There was no mistaking it. You saw it only in the eyes of a woman in love.

THE END



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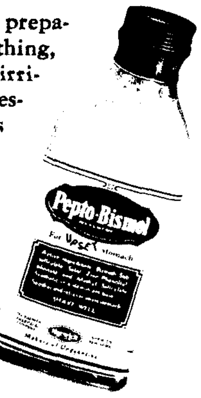

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Listen to THE FAT MAN, Friday Nights, ABC Network

Del Ennis and the former Lenore Claar, his high-school sweetheart, following their recent wedding in Philadelphia

KING OF SWING

BY RUSS DAVIS

Del Ennis has played only one year of big-league baseball, but his mighty bat has worried opposing pitchers no end. Still, Del maintains modestly, he is just learning the game

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

DELMER ENNIS, all six feet, 192 pounds of him, is one of the main reasons the Philadelphia Phillies rose last year from their customary eighth place to fifth in the National League standings. Twelve months ago few Phillies fans had heard much about him or ever suspected his hitting would help send the team's home attendance soaring past the million mark for the first time in history.

Today that obscurity has been transformed into sports-page headlines. Consider three reasons:

He had played but eleven weeks as a major leaguer when he was named to the National League All-Star team that lost to the American League at Boston. He was chosen eighth most valuable player in the National League, joining a select group headed by established stars Stan Musial, of the Cards, Dixie Walker, of Brooklyn, and others. And after playing in 141 games he had risen from an unknown Class-B ballplayer to the rookie of the year, with time out in between to serve in the Navy.

It's all in the record books for 1946—that young Del Ennis entered the batter's box officially 540 times. That he made 169 hits, 30 of them doubles, six triples and 17 home runs. That he scored 70 runs and drove in another 73. And that he finished fifth in the National League batting averages with a businesslike .313. All of which is more than a standing start for a lad who is only 21.

Del has been boosted as a player who can develop into one of the top hitters in the history of the National League. Among those who believe that are Billy Southworth, Mel Ott and Charlie Grimm, managers in Boston, New York and Chicago, respectively, whose testimony you might expect would be prejudiced against him in favor of their own rookies.

Herb Pennock, general manager of the Phillies, is confident Del will become one of the greatest right-handed batsmen in baseball. "I wouldn't take $100,000 for him right now," Pennock often declares.

The strange thing about it is that Del Ennis cost the Phils only seven and a half cents, the price of a Philadelphia streetcar token, for the initial look-see. That car token was the investment of one John Patrick "Jocko" Collins, a Phillies' scout. Collins had heard of an Olney High School pitcher, "Lefty" Gilbert, who had been leaving a trail of strike-out victims in his wake during the spring of 1942. He hadn't yet heard of Ennis. Jocko settled himself in the stands after the trolley ride uptown and was prepared to be shown. Gilbert disposed of his rivals easily in the first inning, and Collins was impressed.

Then it was Olney's turn and one of the batters was a hulking kid who took his stance and waited for the pitch. It came in fast, the kid took what appeared to be a lazy swing, and the ball streaked in a long line drive, coming to rest finally at the base of a tennis court adjoining the ball field. Collins sized up the hit with a practiced eye and turned to the man sitting next to him.

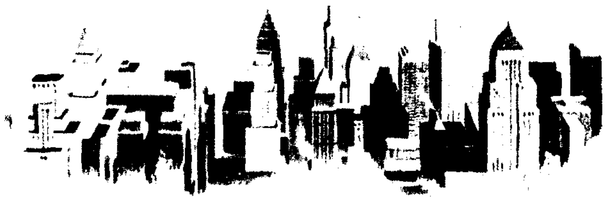
"That's about a 400-foot home-run drive," he said.

"Easy."

Lefty Gilbert kept the situation under control until the fourth inning when the big Olney outfielder came up again. This time his homer went over the tennis courts. Excitement showed on Collins' face.

"Who is that kid?" he asked.

Pictured on the magic flying carpet is
ALEXIS SMITH
who gives a magic performance in
"Stallion Road", a Warner Bros. Production.



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AN KNITTING MILLS, Inc., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

"Name's Ennis," the other man said. "Sure can hit, can't he?"

Del Ennis wound up his chores with a long double, and when the game was over, Collins, forgetting Lefty Gilbert for the moment, went down to the Olney bench and introduced himself.

"How would you like to play with the Phillies?"

"Me? Play with the Phillies?" Del Ennis grinned. "Why, I'm not near good enough. Thanks just the same."

All that summer of 1942, Jocko Collins tried to sign Ennis to a Phillies' contract. It wasn't a question of money. The hitch was that Del Ennis didn't think he was ready to play in more advanced company. He didn't want to make his debut a bust. And he wasn't sure he wanted to make baseball a full-time career.

Collins managed the semipro Port Richmond team and sought Del for his outfield while the boy mulled over the professional offer. Ennis played one game with Port Richmond and did all right.

"He didn't come back again, though," Collins says. "He didn't think he was good enough and preferred to play with the neighborhood kid team in the Connie Mack Conference."

And that's how matters stood in stalemate until August. And then Ennis signed.

"I don't know just exactly what made up his mind," Collins recalls with a laugh. "I was getting kind of footsore so I thought I'd mail him a contract to play with the team up in Rome, New York, a Phil farm. Next thing I knew, it came back signed by his father, because Del was still a minor."

There was still another obstacle for Jocko to hurdle, however, before Jocko Collins could resume his once gay and carefree manner. Because of the war, the Canadian-American League, of which Rome was a member, decided to suspend for the duration. "And now we go through the whole routine again," Collins sighed.

It wasn't to prove that difficult, though, because in mid-March, Ennis' father signed another contract, this one with the Trenton, New Jersey, team, a Phil Inter-State League farm. Del approved the surroundings and the Trenton fans approved him when he hit .348 and pounded out 19 home runs and 16 triples.

In September the Phillies called up nine members of the Trenton team to finish the season. Ennis' name was on the list and Collins rushed to Trenton to tell him.

"They wanted him to make the last western swing and I was all steamed up about the news. I told Del, but he wasn't excited."

"I don't think I'll make the trip," he said. "I'm going into the Navy on the first of October and I want to spend these last weeks at home with my folks."

Big-Leaguers in the Pacific

During the war Del was out in the Pacific, and Jocko Collins heard from him: from aboard ship, from Guam, from Iwo Jima. He'd seen action and then, when things were in hand, he was selected to tour with an All-Star baseball team. He played with Billy Herman, Johnny Vander Meer, Virgil Trucks, Schoolboy Rowe, and others who had been in the big leagues.

He was tabbed as a prospect even then, because the ballplayers wrote back and mentioned him. The grapevine in the major leagues had it that "There's a young kid out in the Pacific named Ennis who is a comer."

The Phillies were bolstering their club, and Pennock was busy negotiating player deals. One or two clubs casually asked that "young Ennis, the kid in the Navy, be thrown in" on proposed trades. But Herb Pennock grinned politely each time and shook his head.

When the team went South for training last spring, Del Ennis was still in the Navy. Finally, on April 5th, his discharge came through and he reported to the club in Philadelphia about a week later. Ben Chapman was friendly to the ex-sailor and told him to go on out there in practice and get in some workouts.

Canny Ben had discovered something in the rugged six-footer. He had watched him in batting practice and noticed that very often Del exploded tremendous drives to the distant reaches of Shibe Park.

"It's his wrists," Chapman told others. "Watch how he cocks them on the backswing and then snaps them through the ball."

Del Ennis, still on the shy side, didn't want to get in the way of anybody important, so very often when Chapman looked for him he found the rookie in the outfield shagging fly balls. On one occasion he called Ennis to the dugout.

"I want you to bat," he said. "The rest have all had spring training and you're behind them. You take two swings up there for every one the others take."

Inauspicious Major-League Debut

Del Ennis got into his first major-league game at Boston.

"Ben Chapman sent me in to pinch-hit." For once his customary calm deserted him. "I felt like I was walking on air," he said. Then, ruefully: "All I did was ground out to the shortstop."

The Phillies opened their first swing around the western half of the circuit with a series in Pittsburgh. Left field had been a weak spot in the line-up and Chapman determined to gamble. He named Ennis to start against the Pirates.

In the second game of the series he tagged one and doubled it out yonder with the bases loaded to win for his side. He hit several long ones in both Cincinnati and St. Louis although only three dropped safely his first seventeen times at bat. But during batting practice before the first game against the Cardinals, Gabby Street, former major-league manager who was doing interpretative between-innings broadcasts, came all the way down from the radio booth to talk with Babe Alexander.

"Who," he inquired, "is that big kid?"

"That's Ennis, one of our rookies," Babe told him.

"He's got the best-looking wrist actior of any player I ever saw," Street declared.

Then the Phillies went into Wrigley Field for a set with the Cubs. The Eastern team dropped the first game of Sunday double-header but went out t win the second. Two men were on bas in the first inning when Ennis came t bat. Cagey Claude Passeau had the coun at three and two and then attempted t breeze the third strike through there Del Ennis had different plans and th ball sailed far to left field for a hom run. Later in the game Hiram Bithor worked for Chicago, and the Phil freshman walloped one of his serves for long drive to left that became his secon homer.

ENNIS HITS PAIR AS PHILS SPLI . . . the sport headlines in Philadelphi blared the next day. And many Phil fan still asked the question: "Who is this Ennis?"

He played in eight games on the tri and made nine hits, including his tw home runs and three doubles. Thos home runs sparked him and he raised hi average well above .300, flirting with th first five hitters until July when he wer into a slump and the wiseacres were ce tain the pitchers had found his weaknes

"Just a springtime wonder. He'll win up in Trenton again," some of the mor positive declared.

How did Del Ennis feel?

"Ben Chapman said I'd been working pretty hard and he thought I should rest up for a few days. He was right." He accepted the layoff with good grace and on his return to the line-up soon converted even the most caustic of the critics to his cause.

Conservative Del Ennis, spraying base hits all around the circuit, and the talk of the major leagues, still played it close to his vest.

"I had a lot to learn and it wasn't until along in June that I began to think I had a chance to stay with the team all season. Ben Chapman worked hard with me. He would give me one thing each week to practice on. I was catching fly balls wrong. I held my hands out, and Chapman showed me how to catch them this way." He made a cup of his hands, palms up, near his waistline. "By catching the ball that way I was in position to throw to the infield."

Chapman taught him how to control his throws from beyond. He had been rifling them in too high. He practiced bunting and base running. He proved an apt pupil, and Ben Chapman was satisfied with his progress.

"He doesn't make the same mistake twice," he said. "And when he does make one he takes full blame without trying to hang any of it on somebody else."

Ennis' power at the plate gets the headlines, but he is fast in the outfield and several times last year made brilliant catches of long fly balls that required a bit of cross-country running. In the outfield and on the bases he runs hard and fast. Opposing players are wary of blocking the base paths when Del's coming around because he is devastating, due largely to his football experience at Olney High School, where he was mentioned for the All-State team at fullback.

But fans like to watch him in batting practice when he sets his sights on the left-field barrier at Shibe Park. It's 334 feet from home plate down the left-field foul line to the base of the double-decked stands, and it's Del's custom to knock the ball over the two-story roof. In regular games he has pumped several drives into the stands at the 406-foot mark.

Homers Just Come Naturally

He doesn't aim for homers during games, they just come naturally, and his hits are of the vicious line-drive type. He hit one like that against Bill Voiselle, of the Giants, last year. The New York pitcher threw his hands up to his chest in self-defense, the ball caromed over his head and continued on to center field. Voiselle, his cap knocked to one side, stumbled back off the mound. Rattled, he blew up and was in the showers ten minutes later.

"He has a keen eye," Herb Pennock says. "When some batters have two strikes against them you give up. Not with Del. He's just as dangerous then as when he stepped up to the plate. And he hits to all fields. They can't throw up a special defense for him as Cleveland and the Cards did against Ted Williams."

Jocko Collins, a man who admires power, gives probably the best description of an Ennis-authored home run.

"Those line drives are like lightning," he says. "Del hits the ball and it's in the stands. Like this." He claps his hands together swiftly . . . *spat* . . . *spat*. "Wait until he learns to loft them just a little bit more." And the scout sits back and peacefully visions the many suits for damages because of broken windows far beyond the park limits.

That may not be for two or three years, however, because many baseball men believe Del is still that far away from attaining his peak power. For most of the National League pitchers he already has plenty of power. Last September he hit one home run at the Polo Grounds and then hit a ball to the right-field bull pen about 440 feet away. He was thrown out at the plate and was credited with a triple.

"The outfielders always play way back for him, and he has to get around fast for those extra bases," Babe Alexander points out.

One afternoon the Phils had lost to St. Louis at Sportsman's Park in eleven innings, 7-6. Del Ennis, however, had done his share. One of his drives hit the center-field fence on the fly, 422 feet from the plate. He received a double for that effort because the ball bounced back toward the infield so fast. He had hit a home run, 365 feet on its way into the right-center-field stands, and his two singles made it four hits in five trips to the batter's box!

Reds' Pitcher Hardest to Hit

Ewell Blackwell, lanky twirler with the Cincinnati Reds, gave him his greatest miseries last year.

"He threw me a lot of sidearm stuff," Del says. "But I caught onto him near the end of the season."

He considers his single with two away in the eighth inning on June 8th the high light of his first year in the majors. It was his 21st birthday and he gave himself a present. The hit was the only one made against Red Barrett, of the Cardinals, who was then only four outs from a perfect no-hit ball game.

A big-league star, Dell still didn't forget his friends, the boys in the neighborhood he had chummed around with during grade and high schools. Often after playing a major-league game he returned home for dinner and then went out with his old gang to play "tarball" or touch football, in season.

"The guys would think I was high hat if I didn't," he says seriously.

In June of last year residents of the Olney section held an "Ennis Night" at Shibe Park. The delegation was headed by Principal Andrew Haines, of Olney High School, faculty members, and students. The crowd of 36,356, with an estimated 20,000 turned away, was the largest night gathering the Phils had entertained to that time.

There was an official presentation at home plate before the game and Del stood there, cap in hand, shuffled his feet in embarrassment, said thank you at the proper time, and then beat it back to the dugout, happy in his quiet way, but self-conscious at all the applause. Then with the visiting St. Louis Cards disposed of, the Phils came to bat. Johnny Wyrostek, Skeeter Newsome, and Charlie Gilbert all bunted safely and Ennis stood up there, bat in hand. His clothesline single scored two runs and insured the success of the night. Big Del hit another single later and drove in three runs to help the Phils to a 5-3 victory.

And what of Del Ennis following his first year in the majors? He went about quietly making plans to marry his Olney High School sweetheart, Lenore Claar, in February. And occasionally he hunted a bit for rabbit and pheasant. Characteristically, he took his nomination as outstanding rookie in stride. Until it was official he was about the only one in baseball who didn't think he had a chance for the award.

"Gosh, that's great," he said when they broke the news to him. But he immediately shifted the conversation away from himself.

"Wait until my brother George gets out of high school," he said. "He's only 15 but he's five foot eleven and weighs 180 pounds. He'll be bigger than me. He's an outfielder, too."

Del recalls how the Waner brothers played side by side to the greater glory of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He hopes the Ennis boys can do the same someday for the Phils. So do the Phils.

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SO YOU CAN'T GET A DOCTOR!

Continued from page 17

executive council of the Association of American Medical Colleges. "The problem associated with the supply of doctors for the country," Dr. Rappleye has stated, "is one not so much of initial supply as it is of distribution."

A quick glance at the statistics might seem to bear out this contention. It is true that there are more doctors, per thousand people, in cities than in the countryside. It is true that doctors have been migrating away from the wide-open spaces like South Dakota and clustering around the great population centers.

But is it true that city people generally have too many doctors? Or is it true—as the word "maldistribution" implies—that doctors can be redistributed by borrowing from the big cities to fill out the needs of the doctorless rural counties?

These questions were answered by the replies received to a wire addressed to the secretaries of the Medical Societies and to the health commissioners of the 15 largest cities in the country. Each was asked:

"DOES YOUR CITY HAVE SURPLUS PHYSICIANS AVAILABLE FOR TRANSFER ELSEWHERE WITHOUT SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTION OF HEALTH STANDARDS?"

Not one affirmative answer was received. Dr. Herman Bundesen, president of Chicago's Board of Health, wired, "Do not believe Chicago has surplus physicians. Any appreciable reduction of physicians in Chicago would necessarily tend to reduce health standards."

Dr. Bruce H. Douglas, Health Commissioner of Detroit, wired, "No evidence of surplus physicians here." From Los Angeles, S. K. Cochems, executive secretary of the County Medical Society, elegraphed, "Our Association knows of no surplus of doctors in this area." Frederic Fagler, of the Pittsburgh Medical Society, answered, "No evidence of maldistribution or surplus at present." ames E. Bryan, of the Medical Society of New York County—where there is he greatest concentration of physicians n the country—explained that, "These doctors serve large surrounding area. Many also are engaged in research, eaching and similar activities."

This is a far cry from the picture of cities crammed full of surplus, half-idle doctors. One has only to examine he statistics to discover how imaginary his city-surplus actually is.

Analysis of an Alleged Surplus

In Detroit there are 1,992 "active phy-cians" including those in military service. But 613 of these are full-time pecialists; 762 more are part-time pecialists; only 637 are general practi-oners—the kind of doctors most people must rely on most of the time.

Swollen to nearly 2,000,000 popula-on, Detroit is actually little better off than many a hard-pressed rural area. Each of its general practitioners and art-time specialists faces an average nd overwhelming load of from 1,800 to .000 potential patients.

One effect of this growing shortage of physicians is to deny medical attention to those who need it most. We are developing great reservoirs of disease and infection that periodically overflow to spread contagion even to those of us ho can afford and obtain all the doctoring we need. This is true over vast rural areas. With only a few, bright-spot exceptions, it applies to our Southern states as a whole. It can be seen at its very worst among our 13,000,000 Negroes.

The death rate among Negro babies is one and one-half times as high as that of white infants. In 1943, 51 Negro mothers out of every thousand died in childbirth—nearly two and one-half times the white rate. The general death rate among Negroes is 30 to 40 per cent higher than among the whites.

Admittedly this state of all-pervading ill health has many causes. But no amount of talk about "hereditary factors," lack of education or low economic status can offset the fact that in all the United States there are fewer than 4,000 Negro doctors. As against the wartime emergency ratio of one doctor for every 1,500 people, there is only one Negro physician for every 3,377 Negro individuals. In the South there is one Negro physician for every 4,913 colored people. In Mississippi there is one Negro physician for every 18,517 of the Negro population.

The North Carolina Story

How tremendous can be the effect of even a small amount of medical attention—particularly of preventive medicine—has been demonstrated by the strange story of the North Carolina orphanages. This case came to light when Dr. Clarence Poe, chairman of the Governor's Commission on Hospital and Medical Care and editor of the Progressive Farmer, sent his youngest son off to Fort Bragg with a group of 53 other selectees. Thirty-five of these young men—about 66 per cent—were turned down. Dr. Poe knew the background of this astoundingly high rejection rate for he and his commission had been confronted for months with the bitter facts of North Carolina's poverty of physicians and medical treatment facilities.

Then one day, Dr. I. G. Greer, director of a Baptist orphanage and member of the same Governor's Commission, remarked to Dr. Poe, "We sent the Army 318 boys from our orphanage and we had only three rejections." Both men realized they had hit upon something. But they wanted to be certain. So they checked with all six of the orphanages in North Carolina and found:

A total of 1,138 young men who had spent their youth in these institutions had been accepted for service. Only 16 had been rejected—a mere 1.4 per cent. And with 1,873 children in the six orphanages, there had been only seven deaths in five years.

"These orphanages," Dr. Poe relates, "are supported by poor people. The boys in them are not coddled, they are not given luxury. But they are given reasonably adequate medical and hospital care. And what do we find? Whereas the state's percentage of Army rejections is 56.8 per cent, a nonexpensive program for hospital and medical care provided for North Carolina's orphaned boys brings an Army acceptance of 98.6 per cent. This proves what moderately good medical care could do to increase the health and efficiency of our people all over America."

North Carolina's aroused citizens, led by men like Dr. Poe and Kay Kyser, have not merely bewailed these conditions. Their legislature, responding to public pressure, has unanimously voted $48,000.000 for new hospitals and health facilities. But such new buildings will remain just brick and mortar unless the key men—physicians—are available to operate them. And today, the doctor shortage is actually far greater than is apparent when one merely considers the number of practicing physicians.

The average age of all the doctors has been rising. These older physicians are naturally less active than more recent graduates. A study conducted by E. H.

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Pennell of the U.S. Public Health Service disclosed that physicians of 55 are capable of treating only 60 per cent as many cases as men 20 years their junior. Men of 65—though they may be exceptionally experienced—can serve, on the average, little more than one third as many patients as men in the 35-to-45 period of high productivity.

Yet these older men form an ever-increasing proportion of the remaining physicians in rural areas. Thus the Alabama State Planning Board discovered that, in one typical county, the number of physicians by 1940 had been reduced to only 58 per cent of those in practice in 1920. When allowance was made for the increased age of the remaining physicians, the Planning Board found that their capacity to render service was only 37 per cent of what the county had received 20 years before.

Rising Tide of Specialization

Another cause of the increasing shortage of physicians is found in the mounting tendency for doctors to specialize. In 1940 there were 15,853 specialists in the United States certified by the approved Specialist Examining Boards. By 1946, Certified Specialists had risen in number to 26,108.

Of course, most of these specialists serve an extremely useful purpose. One good surgeon can free a dozen general practitioners for nonsurgical work, and do a far better job of surgery besides. But many of the specialists are in the luxury fields of medicine. The psychoanalyst who treats a single patient for 18 months or more may do an extremely worth-while job upon that one individual. But he can hardly be viewed as carrying his full weight in the task of preventing, or curing, the ill health of the vast number of sick people.

The growth of specialization has also served to aggravate the shortage of physicians in the medically depleted areas. Eye troubles, for example, are just as common in Kansas as in New York. But fully half of the nation's certified ophthalmologists are located in five states: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and California. If these states have an adequate number of specialists in ophthalmology, it is obvious that most of the other states are far below par in this field. The same is the case with certified obstetricians. More than half of these have located in New York, Illinois, California and Pennsylvania, while five other states have not a single certified obstetrical specialist.

The deans and the faculties of our great medical schools and the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Education are all well aware of the conditions we have cited. They proved this when they repeatedly testified to the alarming shortage of physicians in the days during the war, when they feared that the drafting of premedical students might deplete their entering classes and even bankrupt some of their schools.

But now, when wartime pressures have been relieved and when the schools could expand, these same men—with a few exceptions—are cutting down the enrollment of their schools. Their explanations for this policy are many and various.

Dean Isaac Starr of the Undergraduate Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, for example, despite the testimony of such men as Dr. Victor Johnson, believes that "the alleged shortage exists only in country districts." Yet his fellow dean, Dr. William H. Perkins, of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, states that "even Philadelphia, with all its great medical resources, is none too well-manned and has no surplus of physicians."

Unlike Dean Starr, most medical educators admit the existence of a shortage of physicians but bring forth many reasons why they feel they cannot increase enrollments. One of the most common is an alleged "lack of qualified students."

"We can admit more students," they explain, "only by lowering our standards and taking in men who will not make first-rate doctors."

That raises the question whether our medical schools have always fully drained the pool of qualified applicants. Obviously, certain large groups of students, with high scholarship and ability, have been more or less excluded from consideration for reasons that have nothing to do with their potential quality as physicians.

One such group is the Negroes. Despite the tremendous need of our Negro citizens for medical care, our schools have been producing fewer and fewer Negro physicians. The reason for the shrinkage is easily found. There are two colleges—Howard University and Meharry Medical College—which are primarily for Negroes. Together they graduate between 80 and 110 doctors a year. Most of the 67 other medical schools bar Negroes entirely. This is true not only in the South. Many a Northern and Western college has not admitted a Negro student in more than a decade. Only eight to twelve Negro students a year are admitted to all the medical colleges other than Howard and Meharry.

To a lesser degree, the same policy of discrimination has been applied by many of our best medical schools to other racial and religious groups. None of the colleges will admit that they so discriminate. Yet the record can hardly be misread. Some schools, which formerly admitted as high as 40 per cent of Jewish students have—in recent years—reduced their proportion to as low as 5 or 7 per cent of each entering class.

Most of our medical colleges have exercised a similar policy in regard to women. Over the years they have held down the enrollment of women students to approximately 5 per cent of their total, graduating on the average only 250 women doctors a year.

To justify this policy the medical schools have a number of arguments. Dean Starr, for example, says, "We do not favor women in medicine because a large proportion do not practice very long and hence do not justify the investment involved in giving them a medical education." In this connection, however, Professor Helen R. Downes, of Barnard College, last year published a study of the careers of women physicians who graduated in the 20 years before 1940. There were 100 from the University of Pennsylvania. In 1944, 93 of these women were still engaged in full-time medical work; 29 had qualified as specialists; five had become professors in medical schools.

The Case of the Woman Student

American medical colleges also assert that very few women qualify for admission on a par with male graduates. That is best judged by examining a paragraph from the testimony of Colonel Francis V. Keesling, Jr., chief liaison officer of the Selective Service system, before the Senate Committee on Military affairs. Dr. Keesling testified:

"So far as the women are concerned, Dr. Willard C. Rappleye (of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons) stated that his school, with 115 places for the freshman class, had 366 applications from women, out of which they have already signed up 30. He told an officer in our Headquarters personally over the phone that all these women had good credentials, and that 100 had such similarly good credentials that they could not distinguish among them, and consequently had to put their names in a hat and draw out the 30."

Within the last two years there seems

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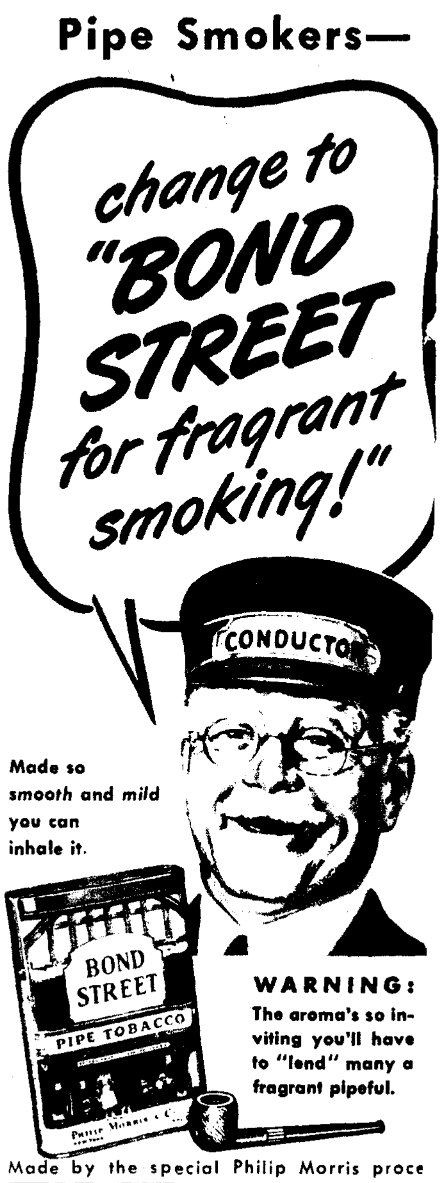

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to have been some lowering of the bars against women. In 1946 women medical students constituted 8 per cent of the total admitted. For the current year the figure is believed to have risen toward 12 per cent. All this has discounted the protestations of the colleges about a scarcity of qualified women students, but it also makes one wonder whether 12 per cent of women is a "natural" limit or merely the measure of the present degree of discrimination.

Among other arguments to support he present reduction in medical school enrollments is the alleged "lack of teaching beds." By this they mean they have only limited facilities in hospitals affiliated with their schools and hence could not provide first-class bedside training for an enlarged number of students. No doubt in the case of many a Southern and Western college this plea is a weighty one.

In large cities, however, where most of the larger medical schools are located, some schools have managed to find more than enough "teaching beds." Dr. William H. Perkins, dean of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, for example, has solved the problem by granting medical school affiliation to 14 outlying Philadelphia hospitals in addition to the one attached directly to his school. This not only increases the umber of "teaching beds" available to efferson's students but also greatly improves the quality of treatment afforded y these outlying hospitals which now ave the services of many of the toplight physicians on the staff of Jefferson ollege.

Significantly, Jefferson is one of the olleges that has *not* cut down its enrollnent since the war. Like many another ean, Dr. Perkins has felt that the hurryp features of the wartime accelerated rogram produced superficial instruction. ence he has returned his school to the ld four-year pattern. But in doing so, e has managed to keep his enrollments p to the high wartime level, admitting 60 freshmen in 1946 and planning for n equal number for the coming fall term —15 per cent above prewar figures.

More Use Could Be Made of Labs

"Lack of laboratory facilities" is often iven as another reason for cutting back nrollments to the prewar level. But an xamination of the teaching schedules of any of these schools shows that laboraories are in use for teaching purposes or as few as six hours a day. In seeking avoid the defects of the wartime acelerated program, most of the schools ave abandoned its advantages as well. oing back to a 33-week teaching year, ey are leaving their laboratories and ther facilities virtually idle for at least ne fourth of the time.

Most interesting, however is the fact at a few medical schools have not ined the "cutback" parade. Dr. Wilurt C. Davison, dean of Duke Uniersity Medical School—one of the finest the country—has refused to abandon e accelerated schedule used universally a wartime expedient. Even before the ar, Duke permitted its students to give summer vacations if they desired and us shorten their medical training by a ll year. By pursuing this policy now uke is keeping its facilities—laboraries and "teaching beds"—at work the ar round.

The University of Minnesota is, for e next few years at least, also conuing its accelerated program. A few her schools, while abandoning the aclerated program and returning to the ur-year course, have kept their enrollents high as a recognition of their iblic duty. The deans of these schools aim that they are able to maintain the ality of teaching at a high level despite 10 or 15 per cent increase in the size each year's class.

A "shortage of competent instructors" is sometimes given as a reason for cutbacks in enrollment. It is true that some older schools have lost instructors to the four new and four recently enlarged colleges. Yet such shifts could hardly account for the nationwide reduction in the total number of new students admitted. And many a school that has reduced its enrollment has actually regained numerous instructors and professors who were on military leave during the war.

There is a final important angle to be considered. Many of our medical schools say they are financially unable to expand their student bodies. They point out that tuition fees cover only a fraction of the cost of a medical education—that the rest must be met, in the private institutions from endowments and in state universities from public appropriations. The other side of the coin is that most of the cost of running a medical school is overhead, and additional students can be accommodated with hardly any increase in expense.

When all of these arguments are reviewed and analyzed, is it an inevitable conclusion that our medical schools are failing to face up to the critical facts of the physician shortage?

Larger Enrollments Advocated

Men like Dean Perkins of Jefferson, Dean Davison of Duke and Dean Harold S. Diehl of Minnesota have shown that enrollments can be maintained at the wartime level without a reduction in the quality of training. Thus the first step toward relieving the doctor shortage must be an immediate expansion of medical school enrollments.

Simultaneously with this temporary expansion, plans must be made for the long pull. Here there is little hope of counting—as we did in the past—upon large private endowments. Ever since 1929 private giving by foundations and wealthy philanthropists has been diminishing.

According to Dr. Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation the income from medical school endowments has fallen by one third in the last 15 years.

Thus the major source of funds for the enlargement of medical training facilities seems to lie in the government. At present, more than one third of our medical colleges—those of the great state universities—are maintained primarily by government funds. Even privately endowed colleges receive large government subventions in the form of scholarships and exemptions from taxation.

In the last session of Congress, Senators Murray, Pepper and Morse joined in sponsoring an Education Development bill. In the current session, they have introduced a revised version of this measure, designed to provide substantial federal aid to the states for the maintenance of educational institutions and for construction of new institutions and for scholarships and fellowships.

The American Medical Association has given the bill almost no support. Though desperate for new funds, the schools are afraid to buck the AMA, which controls their very right to existence, through its ability to withdraw "recognition." And the AMA is afraid that federal scholarships and federal support may prove an entering wedge for federal health insurance.

Yet if they allow the doctor shortage to grow ever more acute, they may actually bring upon the medical schools and the AMA the very federal control of medicine they fear the most. For the schools and the AMA are only the trustees of the public health. They must act as trustees in the interest of the public rather than as a medical chamber of commerce arbitrarily limiting medical education to a selected few.

THE END

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UNDERCOVER MAN-III THE KINGFISH GETS HOOKED

BY FRANK J. WILSON

CHIEF, U.S. SECRET SERVICE, RETIRED

AS TOLD TO HOWARD WHITMAN

Huey Long boasted openly that the government agents would never get him. He was almost right. But the tangled skein of evidence was finally unraveled and only death saved the Kingfish from federal prosecution. The former chief of the U.S. Secret Service tells the story

INTERNATIONAL

The Huey Long glad hand, as the senator posed in Washington a short time before he was killed

INTERNATIONAL

Mike Moss, onetime associate of the Kingfish, in the New Orleans Federal Court, as he told what he knew of Long's tax affairs

BUILDING a government case against Huey Pierce Long was like pulling an eel out of a barrel. There was plenty there, but it had a nasty habit of slipping through your fingers. When I was sent to Louisiana to bag him, in the autumn of 1933, the Kingfish was contentedly bellowing, "Those damn' government agents can't even touch me."

He was almost right. Everybody knew Louisiana was a hogwash of corruption but nobody wanted to talk about it. Through the bayous and the canebrake, from the sweltering delta to the oil fields, Huey Long had spread the fear that seals lips. One word against the regime, and an honest citizen might find the tax on his house doubled, his son flunked out of college, or his scalp massaged with a baseball bat.

"We've heard all about you, Wilson," said a businessman I was questioning. "We know you're investigating our senator. Now I'm a good American, but please don't expect me to tell you about these things. I won't talk until hell freezes over. The Kingfish would call a special session of the legislature and pass a bill wrecking my business. Those boys in Baton Rouge won't let anyone hurt Huey or his gang."

My object was to build an income-tax case against the Kingfish by exposing the lush thousands that went into his well-greased palm.

In upstate New York I found a truck manufacturer who had sold the Louisiana State Roads Commission hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of vehicles. The account was handled by a salesman in Little Rock, Arkansas, who had been earning tremendous commissions—at least on the books. I noted a figure of $75,000. That's a lot of money for a truck salesman.

The salesman shrugged when I said, "I've had your income-tax returns pulled out of the files. You seem to have overlooked those commissions."

He replied laughingly, "For crying out loud, man, I never got those commissions."

"The books of the company say you did," I countered. "The only way for you to prove that you didn't is to tell me who *did* get those commissions—and tell me quick!"

Pink ripples of fear came across his face. "I can't tell you," he said. "I've got a wife and a couple of kids. I don't want them to get hurt. I don't want my wife to be a widow. . . ."

I told him we'd protect him from Huey's gorillas, but only the truth would save him from jail as a tax dodger. He finally admitted paying $75,000 in unadulterated palm grease to one of Huey Long's lieutenants at the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans with the Kingfish himself overseeing the deal. This was one link in the chain to hang a millstone around Huey's neck. There would have to be more.

I discovered that all of the bonding business on state contracts went to a single outfit, the Martwig-Moss Insurance Agency, of which Mike Moss, a buddy of the Kingfish, was vice-president. The books indicated that one of their bond salesmen had received some $70,000 in commissions.

"What did you do with all the money from those fat commissions?" I asked him. "Did you buy a house?"

"Naw," he said.

"Maybe you bought some stocks, eh?"

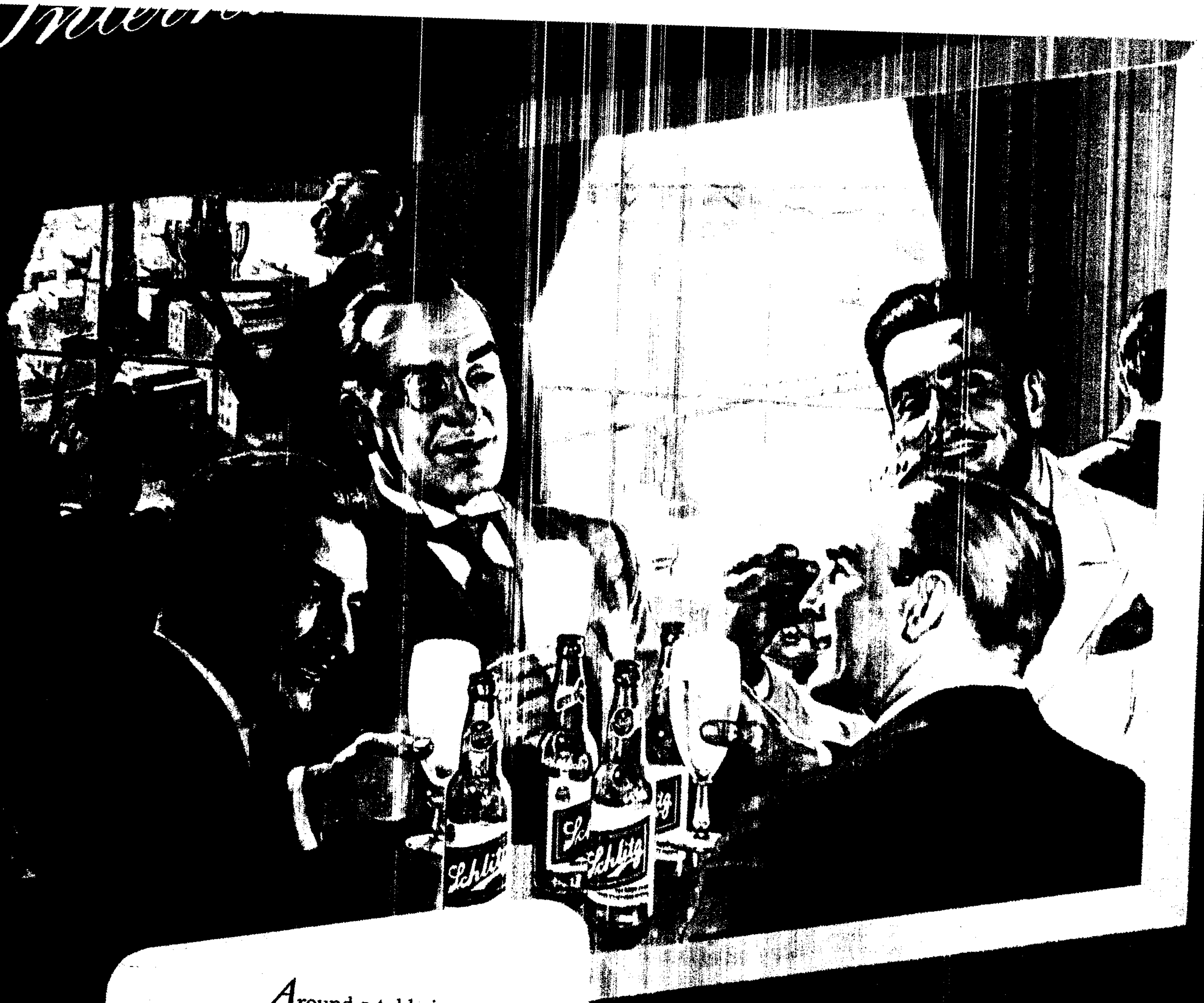
"Never go in for that."

"Just what did you do with that money?"

"You see," he drawled as if he were telling an Uncle Remus story, "I just stashed most of that money in a big trunk. My gamblin' trunk I call it. My luck was bad and darned if I didn't lose all that dough—every bit of it!"

The loophole in this situation was that the commission payments had been drawn in checks payable to cash, and a trace showed that Mike Moss had endorsed them. Could those commissions have gone to Long and his gang via Mike Moss? Mike by now was in Arizona but I decided to bring him back for a tête-à-tête.

Fleshy, potbellied Mike came into New Orleans in cowboy boots, a sombrero, a bandanna around his neck. He waddled



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on his high heels with the uncertain ankles of a beginner on ice skates. Mike Moss enjoyed the zip of his attire and posed for the newspapers. I had intended to keep his presence in New Orleans a secret, but Mike's exhibitionism not only made this impossible but suggested an entirely new strategy.

I took him to Kolb's Restaurant. We sat at a prominent table and when Huey's boys swarmed around to give Mike a handshake I seized every possible chance to say, "Oh, yes, Mike Moss is all right. He's giving us *lots of co-operation.*"

Mike was too busy cramming himself with *Sauerbraten* to realize that I was baiting a trap. He gorged himself for a good hour, pausing only to remove his glass eye and fondly polish it. By the time dinner was over, half a dozen Long henchmen were already speeding to the Kingfish to tip him off that Mike Moss was playing ball with the government. This was beautiful, because so far Mike hadn't spilled a word.

I knew I had to keep Mike from the mob. If he got into the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel and started gabbing with the boys he would queer my strategy. So I packed him off to a family hotel in Gulfport, Mississippi, and every day for a week I drove there while waiting for my time bomb to explode.

Hard Names for an Old Buddy

It finally did. Huey Long, who often took to the radio to spellbind the Cajuns and the possum trappers, came on the air with a scathing attack on Mike Moss. Mike listened with an incredulous expression. His old buddy, the Kingfish, was referring to him with icy derision as "Potbelly Moss" and "Moss the double-crosser."

Mike fumed. He gave his glass eye a hard polishing and barked at me, "The nerve of that skunk! If it hadn't been for me he'd've never been governor! That's the gratitude I get!"

I said with as much commiseration as I could, "Yes, Huey did sound ungrateful. Well, some fellows are quick to forget a loyal friend. That's life, Mike."

I let him brood for half an hour and then when he was feeling good and sore, I gently changed the subject to the bonding business. "Sure," Mike said, "the only reason Huey ever promised me all the bonding business was because I made him governor in 1928. Without my help that skunk woulda never won."

"Well, anyway he promised you th business. That's something," I said, wit baited hook.

"Promise, hell!" Mike bit. "Soon as th election was over he told me, 'You'll ge all the business, Mike, but you got to giv us twenty per cent commission.' I said 'You never mentioned that before, Huey. He said, 'Maybe you just weren't listening.' "

"Still, I guess he never made you pon up that dough," I said with another cas of the line.

Again the float fluttered. "Oh, no? said Mike, with the hook in his gulle "You can bet your bottom dollar th Kingfish got that dough. He went afte it like a bear goin' for honey. He'd ge me on the phone and say, 'We got som big expenses to meet, Mike. Get som of them commissions down here fast Many's the time I took that dough dow to the Roosevelt Hotel myself."

Mike filled in more details and the suddenly jerked his head up and bellowed, "What in the hell am I telling a this to you for?"

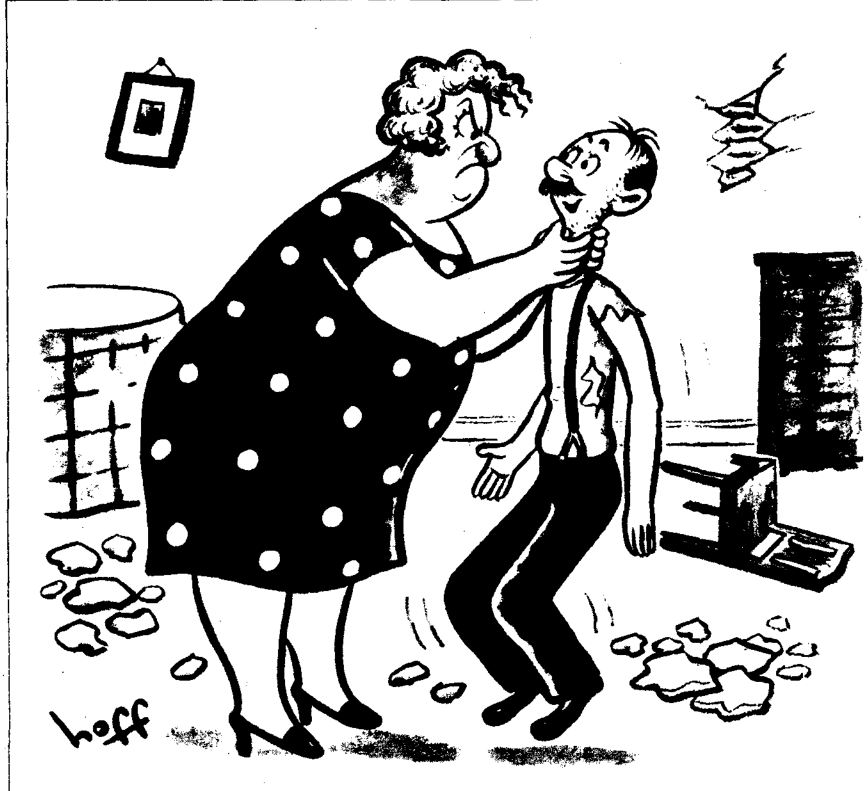
The question was academic by th time. I got a full statement from Mik and then put him on ice in Arizona unt we were ready to seek an indictment an place the Kingfish on trial.

Huey, meanwhile, stormed around th Roosevelt Hotel threatening, "If Potbell Moss ever comes in here I'll smash h glass eye to smithereens."

One of our agents, using the name Mike McEvoy, skipped into New Orlea and posed as a promoter seeking financi backing for a radio station.

One night Mike slipped me a hot ti Over the gin fizzes at the Roosevelt had picked up enough gossip to convin him that the Long organization got hu graft from dealings with the Standa Dredging Company of New York. Th firm had worked on the mammoth la fills for the Shushan Airport (now call the New Orleans Airport) on the shor of Lake Pontchartrain.

I promptly lit out for New York. the petrified jungle of lower Broadw I found the Standard Dredging Compa and went to work on its mountains ledgers. Two revenue agents worked wi me, our operations disguised as a routi tax checkup. Nothing jarred me until noticed recurrent large disbursements u der the name of the company's preside Robert Perry, who had died just a fe weeks before. The disbursements we headed: "Perry—personal expense a



COLLIER'S "I think you're awfully cute when you're mad" SYDNEY HOFF

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count," and ranged from $10,000 to $25,000. I counted enough of them to total half a million dollars.

In my business a blind like that is as obvious as a neon sign. I snooped into the affairs of the late Mr. Perry, certain that he must have left some scraps of records, or memos, or notes on the backs of envelopes.

"Let's open this safe," I said, pointing to an old vault. The auditor assured me it contained only moldy old records, but I replied, "Let's take a look. It probably needs a dusting anyway."

He reluctantly opened it, disclosing shelves of yellowed papers. At the bottom was a drawer. It was locked. The auditor, mighty impatient with me, finally turned up with the key after searching two hours. The drawer was crammed with innocent personal correspondence of Robert F. Perry, bills from his tailor, bills for flowers for his wife. Why lock that stuff away?

I soon spied the answer, a Manila envelope scratched with the legend: "R. F. P.—Personal."

Five Little Black Books

From that Manila envelope I drew five small, black leather books—Perry's diaries for five years. As I riffled the pages I glimpsed an entry: "At New Orleans. Got airport contract." I had the feeling that this was just the celery at the beginning of a full-course dinner.

Perry was a bit of a cryptographer. Most of the entries were harmless enough, and easily understood. But occasionally, over the years, I found items I didn't fully understand. I decided to list on a sheet of paper every entry that wasn't fully clear to me.

The result was a collection of puzzling notations such as: "H. in town," "3,600,000 yards—18,000." "Saw H. again," "4,900,000 yards—24,500," and later in the diaries: "S. arrived in town," "4,150,000 yards—20,750," "Talked to S.," "2,900,000 yards—14,500." Such items were repeated over and over again, always following the same pattern always with the cryptic figures and initials.

The thing that struck me was the constant ratio of 200 to 1 between the figures labeled "yards" and the unlabeled figures that followed. The yardage figure seemed obviously to be a measure of work done, as dredging companies customarily figure a job in cubic yards of sand and muck.

Could the other figure be money? The constant ratio of 200 to 1 gave me the hunch that the smaller figures might represent dollars at the rate of one-half cent per cubic yard. With Revenue Agent Harvey Bauer, an expert on corporation books, I again combed the company ledgers. Sure enough, we found disbursements to Perry's "personal expense account" on the exact days and in exact amounts corresponding to the cryptic items in Perry's diaries.

But who were "H" and "S"?

Elementary. If one-half cent per cubic yard were paid to someone, who would be most likely to get it? Well, Joe Haspel was chairman of the Orleans Levee Board in charge of the airport project prior to 1929, when the diary items read "H." And Abe Shushan was chairman of the board after 1929, when the diary items read "S."

We patiently filled in the rest of the story. Perry had arranged the pay-offs by buying Liberty Bonds through a broker and turning these over to Haspel and Shushan when they came to New York. This might have been a tough operation to trace, except for a slight mistake the boys made. One consignment of Liberty Bonds—$10,000 worth—was shipped direct to Haspel in New Orleans through the broker's branch office in Chicago. It was shipped by registered mail, leaving the beautiful scrawl of Haspel's own signature to prove he had received it.

Back in New Orleans I called on Joe Haspel at his seersucker suit factory. I found him in an office decked with silver-framed pictures, floored with an expensive Chinese rug. At first he tried to be "co-operative," almost gagged on his own unction. But when I touched on the matter of airport graft, Joe Haspel was a reluctant clam.

Not until I played my ace, the consignment of bonds sent by registered mail, did he show any signs of cracking. Then he cracked all at once. He jerked open a bottom drawer, pulled out a bottle and poured himself four fingers of whisky. As he shrugged it down he gasped, "I'm a sick man. My heart is bad. I can't stand any more today."

A couple of days later Haspel came in with his lawyer and talked his heart out. He admitted that he and a friend got some $70,000 in graft payments from Perry and pleaded with us not to put him in jail. We had other plans for Haspel. We could already see him on the witness stand the day the Kingfish stood trial.

By July, 1935, the case against Huey Long was browned to a turn. In addition to my own dossier, other agents had developed angles that showed up the Long regime as a thieving dictatorship, rotten from A to Z.

But we had not yet confronted Huey Long in person. In all tax-evasion cases it is customary to see what the taxpayer has to say, and the Kingfish was no exception. I saw by the papers that Huey was in town, home from the Senate, so I suggested to our local agent in charge, Arch Burford, that we pay him a visit.

Fully expecting a run-around, I telephoned the Roosevelt Hotel and said to Huey's secretary, "I'd like to make an appointment with the senator. We've been going over his tax return and there are a few minor items we'd like to discuss."

"Minor items?" asked the secretary.

"Just some details," I replied.

This was obvious shadowboxing, but it sometimes makes matters easier. The secretary knew that we had been working tooth and nail on the Kingfish and the "details" were just minor enough to put him in a concrete jug for maybe ten years. The secretary said he'd see what he could do.

To our surprise the telephone rang back within five minutes.

"This is Senator Long," said a high-pitched voice. "My secretary says you have some items to discuss with me."

"That's correct, Senator," I replied "We'd like to see you at your convenience."

"Come on right over this afternoon!" he bawled.

Face to Face With the Senator

As I walked into Room 908 at th Roosevelt I got my first look at Huey P Long, the man I had been stalking fo nearly two years. He stood there in hi bare feet, his face darkened with growth of stubbly beard, his hair like th wake of a tornado, his limbs gangling his head askew, his eyes peering out lik gun muzzles from an ambush. He wa swathed in silk monogrammed pajama of robin's-egg blue.

"I've heard aboutcha, Wilson. Bee down here a helluva long time, haven't cha?" said the Kingfish. "Makin' an headway?"

"Oh, yes, we're making a lot of headway," I replied.

"Say, I hear you're the guy who ser Al Capone to jail. Is that why the sentcha down here to get me and m boys?"

"Oh, I don't know, Senator. It's pleasant assignment."

"Pleasant, I'll say it's pleasant! Wh you're in N'awlins, man, the best tow on the map!"

"Yes, New Orleans is mighty fine. runs a close second to Buffalo," said plugging my home town.

As we got down to business Hue

lopped himself full length on the bed, omach down, and remained that way ke a hippopotamus in a bog all after- oon. His mouthy, high-pitched voice lled the room, punctuated now and then y the thunderclaps of his laughter. 'hen he laughed the oscillating rolls of esh on his body seemed to inflate his ue pajamas like a blimp.

Burford and I went over some of his d tax returns, asking routine questions out perfectly legitimate items. The ingfish had a remarkably clear mem- y. He could fill in dates, places and ounts down to the last penny on items e and six years old. It was part of our ategy to lay down a barrage of ques- ns on completely nonsuspicious items, st to establish what a fine detailed emory the Kingfish had.

Whenever we mentioned a town in uisiana he told us all about his old ls up there, about election campaigns ing back ten years, about the local dges and legislators and how he'd ellbound them all with his speeches. e dragged in countless yarns, parables, ty jokes. Maybe he didn't know that e first principle of a Treasury agent is et 'em talk."

At the mention of one little town he d, "Man, they raise the best strawber- s in the You-nited States up there. u want to make some real money you t come down here and get a straw- rry farm. People are gettin' richer. Jiminy, everybody's going to eat awberries someday! Why, we'll be pping frozen strawberries to every rt of the country!"

I didn't bite on the strawberries, but ey's implication was clear. The way se fellows do business this was an in- ation to say to hell with the Treasury d let Huey set me up a lush strawberry ich in Louisiana. He seemed to be appointed when I let it pass.

As we talked, a phone call came ough and Huey bellowed into the in- ment, "There's two of those smart ows from Washington here right now. ecking my income tax! But they're d fellows—I'm not worried about m one bit."

After two hours Burford and I aban- ned the blank cartridges and began oting with live ammunition.

'What about the mortgage on that se of yours, Senator?" I asked, re- ling that some $25,000 of it had been d off by Seymour Weiss, the Long g's treasurer.

The Kingfish was still on his belly. He pped his forehead into his hands and l, "I don't remember anything about t. That's my wife's house. I'll have to her about it."

I recalled the expensive suits the Kingfish had been getting, $1,320 worth in two months—all of them paid for by Treasurer Weiss.

"I've been getting suits there for years," he said. "Any time you want a good suit of clothes, go to Wagner and Wagner. They're better'n anything in New York or Washington."

"Thanks, Senator," I said, "but the ready-mades are good enough for me."

"What you ought to get is some seersuckers," he went on. "Get 'em from Joe Haspel. He makes the best in the world."

Apparently the Kingfish was too busy playing fox to notice that I had a seersucker on, and as far as Joe Haspel was concerned he wasn't a stranger to me either. I mentioned a few other items, including $73 which Treasurer Weiss had paid to A. Sulka and Company in New York for two pairs of baby-blue silk pajamas monogrammed "H.P.L."

"Oh, I don't remember anything about that," the Kingfish said. "Maybe some present or something. Most of the time I don't even wear pajamas."

At six o'clock Huey apologized that he had an engagement, but added, "Come back again sometime. I want to help you boys all I can." He had already helped us immeasurably, and mainly through his own attempt to outsmart us. By going into his long-winded yarns about the back country he established his prodigious memory for details. Why then should his memory have been so fuzzy and faded on much more recent matters pertaining to his tax return? Huey had put the brand on his own back.

Announcing a Lady Visitor

We made another date for the next afternoon. This time I decided to take a stenographer, and the only one available was a pretty young girl, Eleanor Mauderer. I cringed at the thought of taking her into the presence of the blubbery, pajama-clad Kingfish. So I telephoned him.

"Senator," I said, "I'm going to have a stenographer with me today."

"By Jiminy," he roared, "if you have a stenographer I'll have a stenographer. We'll both have stenographers!"

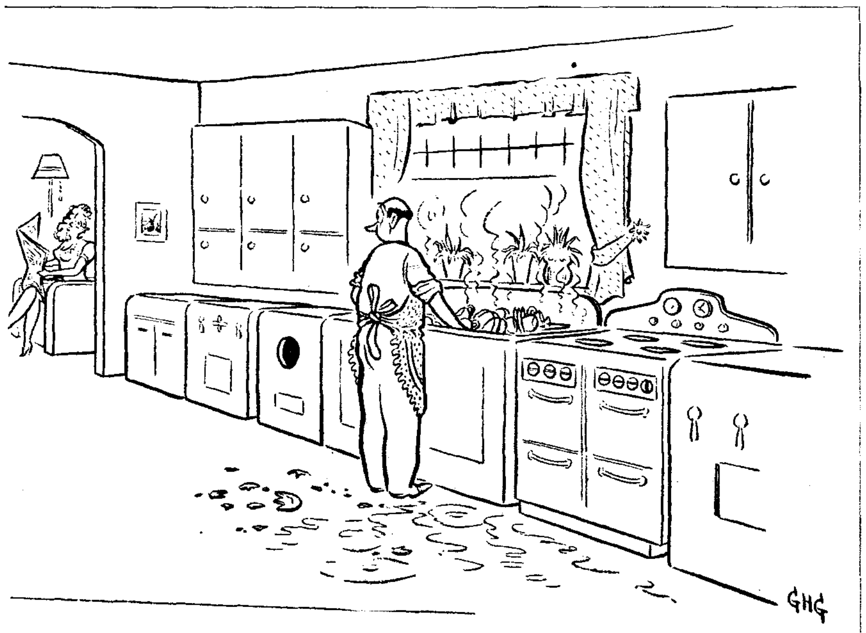
"That's okay, Senator. Then we'll just bring our *young lady* along with us."

"Say, are you telling me your stenographer is a *lady* just so I'll have to get dressed?"

"That's the idea, Senator."

"Man, I won't only be dressed! I'll get that gal of yours a swell box of candy!"

He did too. It was on the dresser when



"Homer, turn the heat out under the roast. It's the fourth knob on the upper right-hand part of the fifth section, starting from this end"

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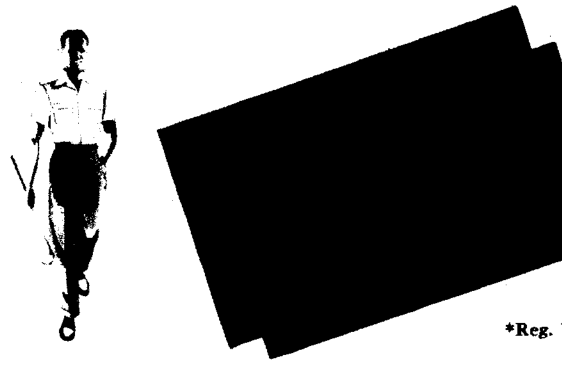

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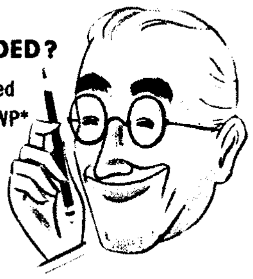

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*WP = *writing pressure*

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we arrived. Huey was turned out in a white serge suit, a silk shirt, a violet tie, violet pocket hankie, black and white sports shoes. He was clean-shaven, combed, shining. It was a long session. Huey again took us on detours all over the state of Louisiana. But on pertinent matters he'd make remarks like: "You'd have to ask Beasley about that." Sam Beasley, purchasing agent for the Louisiana Highway Commission, had been dead for two years.

At the very end I mentioned the name of Mike Moss. Huey had been a gentleman up to now, carefully guarding his language with bows and nods to Miss Mauderer.

"Why, that potbellied ———!" he exploded. "I saved that ——— from bankruptcy in 1929 and that's the thanks I get! Everything he told you is just a damned cock-and-bull story, just ———. That one-eyed double-crosser, trying to make the public believe he's a cowboy! Why, that ——— couldn't even ride a pony across the street!"

The Kingfish yanked his violet hankie savagely out of his pocket and said aside to Miss Mauderer, "Excuse me, miss."

Within a few weeks I reported to Washington that the case against Huey Long was ready for the grand jury. All the ends were sewed up; we had a clear case of tax evasion on some $100,000 in unreported income.

Washington summoned me for a conference. At the Bureau of Internal Revenue I laid out my choice material before Commissioner Guy T. Helvering and Intelligence Chief Elmer Irey. Helvering beamed. He said we ought to have a lawyer from the penal division sit in with us. In came young Bob Jackson, general counsel to the Bureau, destined to be heard from later as Supreme Court Justice and U.S. prosecutor at Nuremberg.

We worked along in our shirt sleeves and after a while Jackson said, "It's a swell case. We've got plenty of evidence to move against Huey Long right now!"

Dan Moody, former governor of Texas, was to be the special prosecutor. Elated at having my millstone around the Kingfish's neck at last, I arranged to get together with Moody as soon as possible. He said he'd be ready in two weeks. We'd go straight to the grand jury. We'd have the Duce of Louisiana on trial and in the hoosegow before the spring crocuses poked up their noses.

Half murdered by the heat of Louisiana and then Washington, I wangled a breather in Baltimore before going back for the mop-up. My wife, Judith, and I had an idyllic ten days in that little yellow house, still our honeymoon cottage—the one we had been trying to settle down in ever since 1927.

On Monday, September 9, 1935, I stepped out on the front veranda and picked up the morning paper. The top headline smashed into my consciousness with unbelievable impact: HUEY LONG SHOT. Then the line below: Not Expected To Live.

I ran to the kitchen where Judith was preparing breakfast. For a few moments I just held the newspaper in front of her eyes. All I could say was, "Look at this!"

Breakfast got cold while we sat down and tried to make sense out of what had happened. All I could see was two years of grueling work down the drain. Finally Judith perked up and said, "Maybe we won't have to leave Baltimore now, Frank. Maybe we can stay put, at last."

I passed that over and remarked, "Even if he lives he'll be a martyr. It's going to make our case twice as tough."

Huey died the next day.

The Secretary Sums Up the Case

There wasn't much more to do or say. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau called me to Washington and said in a consoling way, "You've done a great job down there, Frank. We could have shown the people that the Kingfish wasn't bigger than the United States government. Well, the job was taken out of our hands."

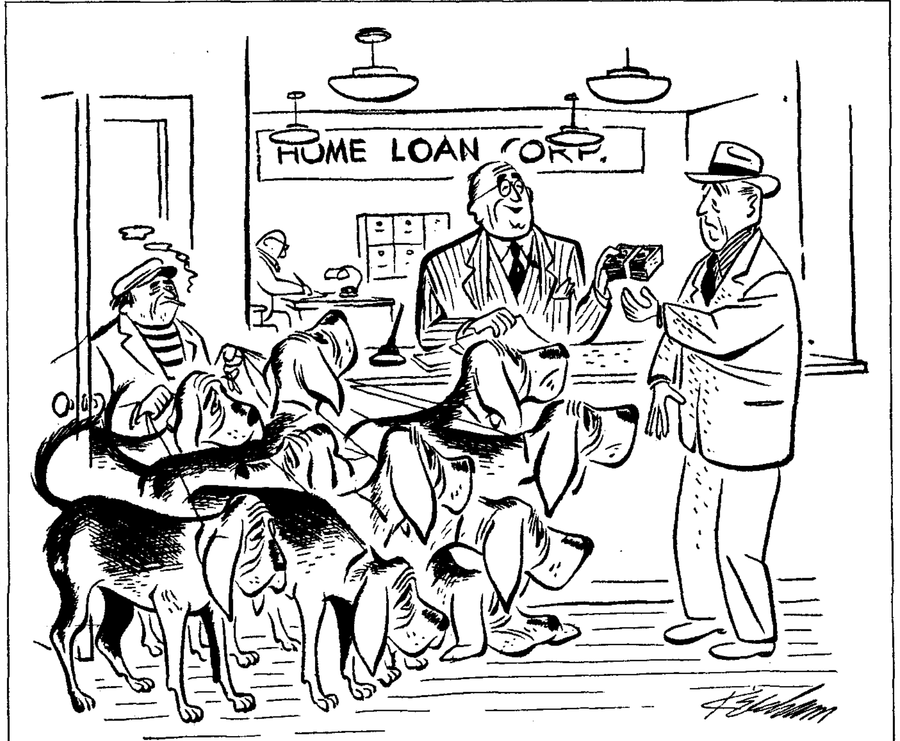
I said to Morgenthau, "In my business the one thing you learn to expect is the unexpected. That's how it is."

There was some consolation in later years. The Treasury collected $2,000,000 in back taxes and penalties from the Long mob, including a good slice from the Kingfish's own estate. Henchmen Weiss, Shushan and others finally were packed off to jail.

As I was about to leave Morgenthau's office, he said, "Sit down a minute, Frank. There's something else bothering me, something serious bothering the whole country. People don't trust their money any more. The counterfeiters are running wild." He was deadly serious. I smelled a new assignment coming on, even before he said:

"Frank, I want you to go get 'em!"

Editor's Note: In the next installment, Mr. Wilson stalks and traps the nation's slickest exponents of the phony $20 bill.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"—and as you make each payment we call off another one of the dogs"

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

far outstripped them in everything that they formerly led the world in, they are thoroughly green with envy, and instead of accepting the new *status quo* with good grace, they have the gall to criticize us for the very sins of which they were so lately guilty.

WILLIAM KOSSEFF, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PET PROBLEM

DEAR EDITOR: I have just read Bill Davidson's article Beware of the Dog Racketeer (Apr. 5th) and my blood is to the boiling point. I, along with my fellow dog lovers, would like to thank him and Collier's for revealing the truth to us. I would like to know what we can do to protect not only ourselves but the animals.

Y. M., Detroit, Mich.

Take a vet around to examine the animal you care to purchase.... Write your health department.

BICYCLE GIRL

DEAR SIRS: I admire your choice of cover girl on the Mar. 29th issue and would be very grateful for the following information about her:

Height........................?
Weight........................?
Address........................?
Telephone No..................?

I am a regular subscriber.

JOHN W. HOWELL, JR., Springfield, Ohio

So are we, bub! The line forms to the right—right behind me. However, here's another picture of June Kirby.

RAT RACE

DEAR SIR: About the serial, The Rat Race: The theme is silly—the soul of the hero apparently inhabiting other personalities and a dog! The hero's hard drinking, profanity and sex adventures are surely not pleasing to any Collier's reader.

(MRS.) BESSIE BURKE,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

... After reading three chapters of J. Franklin's story, The Rat Race (Mar. 8th—Apr. 5th), my impression is that I have partaken of one of the most clever satires on "The Battle of Washington" that I have read. His subtlety in handling his characters marks him a genius.

WEBB D. MARTIN, Yuma, Colo.

4Fs

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorials: 5,000,000 4Fs and What Ailed Them (Mar. 29th) and Just Treat 'Em Like People (Apr. 5th) lead me to state:

If we would give our youngsters the same care that we give our race horses and pets, we could reverse the downward trend to a nation of diseased misfits.

E. L. MORRIS, Rock Island, Ill.

HOT-ROD JOCKEYS

DEAR SIRS: Many thanks for your April 5th story Souped-Up Speed.

My home is in Santa Ana, and if you don't think the police keep close tab on hot-rod jockeys, then you should be with me when I tool my crate along any road in the southern half of this state.

I differ with Author Smitter when he speaks of "a phenomenon now terrorizing California." Terrorizing implies that hot-rods are greatly to be feared—and perhaps scourged. Terror is a word I would connect with murder, arson and war.

EMORY N. YOUNT, Berkeley, Cal.

CULTURED CORNISH

DEAR EDITOR: Re Democracy in Our Town (Mar. 8th), the delicate fun-poking set us back a full century. Why make a point of stressing the less cultural? We are a rural community, but the per cent of "hillbillies" is small indeed and even so they contribute to our functioning.

Do you recall the famous sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, his able brother Louis, and the latter's sculptress wife? They belong to Cornish.

President Wilson chose to summer in our Cornish-Plainfield area. Maybe you've seen that *our* Winston Churchill, the novelist, has just died. His son chooses to be known as a farmer and live among us.

ESTHER K. BUGBEE, Cornish Flat, N. H.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: I read Mr. Ehrenberg's article (Isle of Exiles, Feb. 22d) with great interest and regret. Why the author has been to Gardos, this Devil's Island, so far from Athens and with a "24-foot caique" to find the verity, and no visited the towns and villages of Greece to see the cause of "socialists" and "democrats" exile?

There, he should see the destroyed villages, the burned bridges, the Bulgarian and Yugoslavian bands with these "socialists" to slay the gendarmes and soldiers of Greek army, to burn the old men and women in the name of Republic.

I believe the criminals are executed in your land. But in Greece are exiled and eat "10½ ounces of food" per day—and for it the government is "monarchist" and the gendarmes "criminals."

SOCRATES MILIOS, Athens, Greece

THE BIGGEST TABOO

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Reuling's objection (The Week's Mail, Mar. 29th) to Howard Whitman's article on homosexualism reminded me of the physician in India, holding in his hand a test tube filled with water from the River Ganges and saying to a native, "This tube is filled with deadly bacteria." Annoyed, the native snatched the test tube from the physician and smashing it on the ground, exclaimed, "Now the deadly bacteria do not exist."

Let us have more sunlight on matters of sex.

MARK S. REARDON, 3d, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STATE RECOVERS A FUMBLE

DEAR SIR: In your remark to John Jackson Shuttleworth's comment on Alfred, in The Week's Mail, Mar. 22d issue, I believe you have a double negative in the last sentence. Shame on you. However, you could have wanted it this way. Did you?

ELMER L. JACOB, Columbus, Ohio State

We didn't wittingly not want to not use an unnegative single positive, so we must have not done it unintentionally, one doesn't never not know, doesn't none—Elmer?

HUZZAS FOR A FREE PRESS

DEAR EDITOR: Thank you for having decided to let the readers see Mr. Asbury's facts concerning Costello (America's Number One Mystery Man, April 12th and 19th). Such articles as this are a continuing example of what freedom of the press is and can do.

GORDON H. CAMPBELL, Baltimore, Md.

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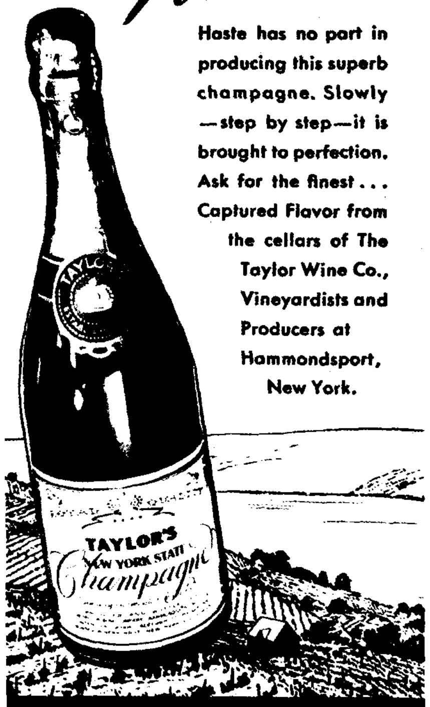

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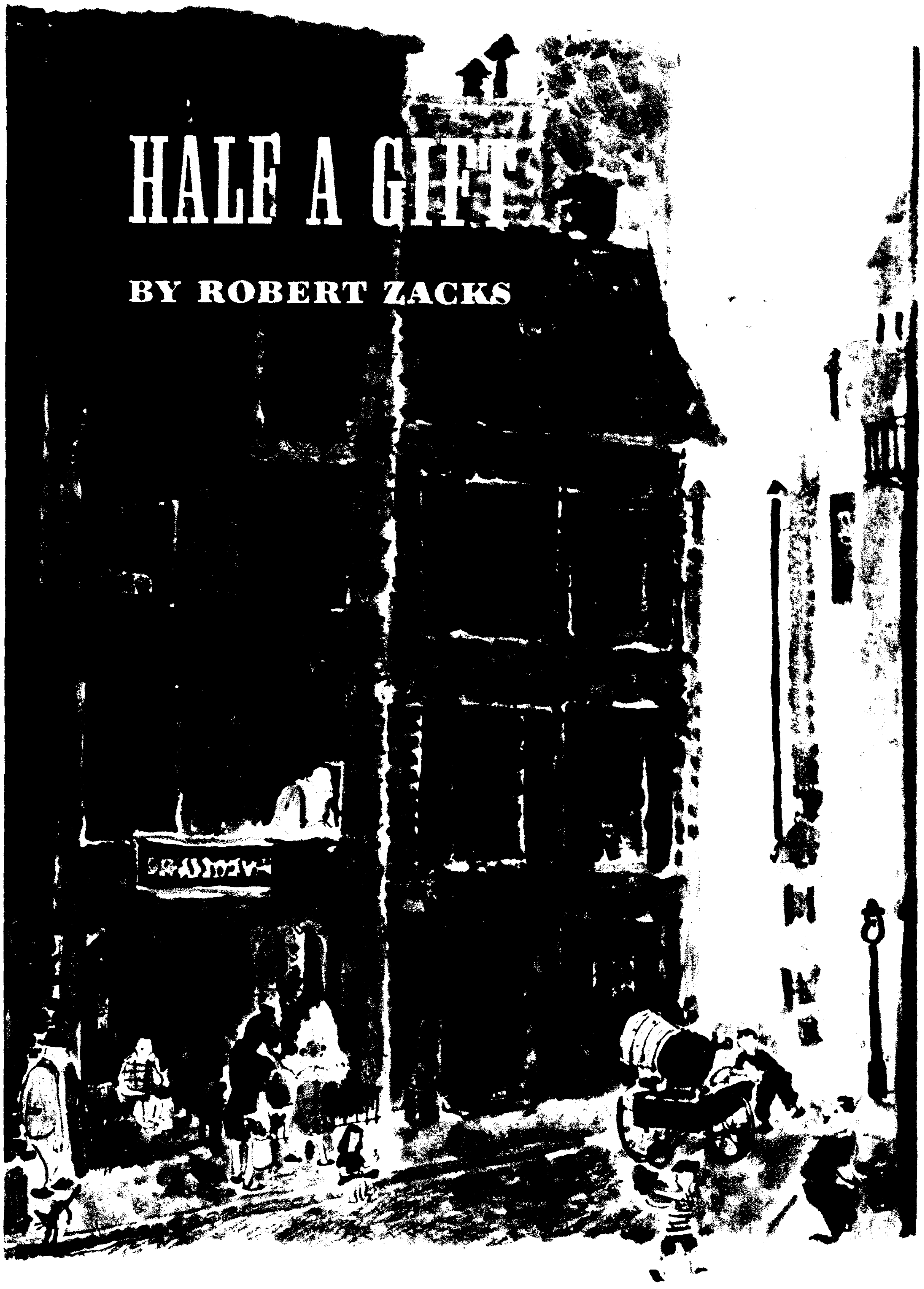
HALF A GIFT

BY ROBERT ZACKS



Nick and I made a nickel each as we carefully pushed through traffic to help with the deliveries

I WAS ten years old then, and my brother, Nick, was fourteen. For both of us this purchase of a gift for our mother on Mother's Day was an occasion of excitement and great importance.

It was our first gift to her. We were very poor. It was just after the first World War and we lived in a time of trouble. Our father worked now and then as a waiter. Birthday and Christmas gifts were taken care of by him as well as he could, but such a thing as a Mother's Day gift was an out-of-the-ordinary luxury. But we had been fortunate, Nick and myself. A secondhand furniture store had opened on the block and deliveries were made by means of loading the furniture on a wobbly pushcart which we carefully pushed through traffic, to the customer's home. We got a nickel each and, perhaps, a tip.

I remember how Nick's thin, dark face blazed with the joy of the present. He had been given the thought in school; and the anticipation of surprise and giving grew in him, and myself, until we were almost frantic.

When we secretly told our father, he was very pleased. He stroked our heads proudly.

"It's a fine idea," he said. "It will make your mother very happy."

From his wistful tone, we knew what he was thinking. He had given our mother little enough in their life together. She worked all day, cooking and buying and tending to us in illness and stoking the stove in the kitchen with wood and coal to keep us warm in the winter. She did her own washing of family clothes in the bathtub. And she did all these things silently. She did not laugh much, but when she smiled at us it was a beautiful thing and worth waiting for.

"What are you going to give her?" asked Father, thoughtfully. "How much money have you?"

"Enough," said Nick mysteriously. Father smiled.

"We're going to give separate presents," I announced importantly.

"Pick carefully," my father counseled.

"You tell Mother," said Nick, looking at me for approval, "so she can enjoy thinking about it."

I nodded. My father said, "That is a big thought to come from so small a head. And wise."

Nick flushed with joy. Then he put a hand on my shoulder and said quickly, "Joe thought of it, too."

"No," I said, "I didn't." I wanted no credit for what was not mine. "But my present will make up for it."

"The thought belongs to everybody," said Father smiling. "Everybody. Nick, too, got the thought elsewhere."

For the next few days we enjoyed the game of secrecy with my mother. A shining look came into her face as she worked near us, pretending not to know, and she smiled often. The air was full of love.

Nick and I discussed what to buy. We became involved in a competition of taste.

"Let's not tell each other what we're getting," said Nick, exasperated with me, for my mind was not as settled as his and scooted around like a fly in summertime.

"We might get the same thing," I wailed.

"No, we won't," said Nick. "I have more money than you."

I did not like this remark, though it was fair enough, since I had spent some of my earnings for candy, while Nick had determined to spend everything on the gift.

After careful deliberation I bought for my mother a comb decorated with little shiny stones that could even be mistaken for diamonds. Nick came back from the store with a pleased look. He liked my gift very much and wouldn't tell about his.

"We will give the gifts at a certain moment I have picked," he said.

"What moment?" I asked mystified.

"I can't tell, because it has something to do with my gift. And don't ask me again what it is."

THE next morning Nick kept me close and when my mother got ready to wash the floor he nodded to me and we ran to get our gifts. When I came back, Mother was, as usual, on her knees, wearily scrubbing the floor with scouring powder, scrubbing brush, and mopping up the dirty water with old rags made of discarded underwear. It was the job she hated most in the world.

Then Nick returned with his present, and Mother sat back on her heels, staring unbelievingly at the gift. Her face went pale with disappointment as she looked at the new scrubbing pail with the wringer and the fresh mop in it.

"A scrubbing pail," she said, vexed. "A Mother's Day gift of a scrubbing pail." Her voice almost broke.

Tears sprang to Nick's eyes. Without a word he picked up the scrubbing pail and mop and blindly trudged down the stairs. I put the comb in my pocket and ran after him. He was crying and I felt so bad I began to cry, too. On the way down we met Father. Nick could not talk, so I explained.

"I will take it back," sobbed Nick.

"No," said Father firmly, taking the pail. "It is a fine gift. A wonderful gift. I should have thought of it myself. Women sometimes don't see how to escape their burdens. They escape in pretty baubles rather than lighter work."

We all went upstairs again, Nick climbing very reluctantly. Inside the kitchen Mother was still scrubbing, but not vigorously. Slowly. Sadly. Without a word Father soaked the puddle of dirty water up with the mop and using the foot wringer on the bucket, neatly squeezed it dry.

"You did not let Nick finish," he said to her sternly. "Part of his gift was that *he* was going to wash the floor from now on." He looked at Nick. "Isn't that so, Nick?"

With a flush of shame Nick understood the lesson. "Yes, oh, yes," he said in a low, eager tone.

Quickly, repentantly, Mother said, "It is too heavy work for a fourteen-year-old boy."

It was then I realized how smart Father was. "Ah," he said cunningly, "not with this wonderful wringer and scrub pail. It's much easier. Your hands stay clean, and your knees don't hurt." Again Father demonstrated quickly.

Mother said, looking sadly at Nick, "Ah, a woman can become so stupid." She kissed Nick and he felt better. Then they turned to me.

"What is your gift?" asked Father. Nick looked at me and paled. I felt the comb in my pocket. It would make the scrubbing pail, again, just a scrubbing pail. After all, a comb with shining stones just like diamonds.

"Half the scrubbing pail," I said mournfully, and Nick looked at me with love in his eyes.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JANE MILLER

Highly respected in U. S. Occupied Germany are the colorfully outfitted men of the Constabulary, mobile and vigilant Army Ground Force.

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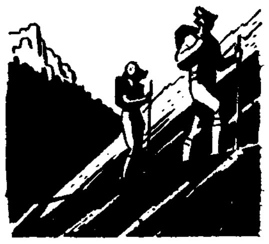

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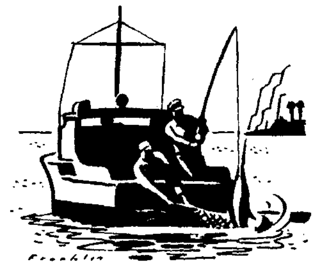

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THAT MAN WAS HERE

Continued from page 15

still more cautiously, "Imagine that!"

"I told Sally that I was sure you'd never go to such a place."

Arthur cleared his throat virtuously. "Of course not, dear. Used to go to the movies. Did you read about this heavyweight—?"

It didn't work. Alice went on, a faint edge in her voice now, "That's why I thought that it was so strange."

"Strange? What was strange?"

"That Pete should see *Kilroy was here* cut right into the top of one of the tables in that awful place."

"Hey!" Arthur said suddenly. "What's that?"

Alice repeated the story, the temperature of her voice dropping rapidly, and Arthur blinked a little as the possibilities of this thing began to dawn on him. He half choked on his beer and had the sinking sensation that somehow he had been booby-trapped.

"Oh, *that!*" he said, laughing a little hollowly. "It doesn't mean a thing. Shucks, I've seen it scribbled all over Europe. It's just some silly gag—"

"What sort of a gag?"

"Lord, I don't know. Why should I?"

"I should think you would," Alice said darkly.

DINNER was quiet. Afterward Arthur tried again to explain about that brazen slogan which had seemed to greet American troops wherever they went. He didn't have much success. In desperation he even told her about the time in Wiesbaden when an MP had arrested him for defacing government property just because his pass bore the name of Kilroy.

"Didn't you?" Alice asked when he had finished.

"Didn't I what?"

"Deface government property?"

Arthur said, "Damn!" feelingly and went to bed. . . .

He took Pete Osborne to task about it the next morning as the two of them rode downtown on the bus. Arthur was serious and upset about the whole thing but he didn't get much comfort from Pete. The latter thought it uproariously funny.

"Just wait until Alice hears about some of the other places that Kilroy's been," Pete said weakly when he could get his breath. "You'd ought to have written 'Jones was here' or 'Smith was here,' Arthur. It just goes to show that you can never tell when your Kilroys will come home to roost."

"You're either going to come home with me tonight and explain this business," Arthur said grimly, "or you'll wake up tomorrow with *Kilroy was here* written all over your ugly puss!"

"Don't threaten me," Pete said loftily. "Do you remember the time in London when I had a date with that little blond nurse and you and some of your crummy headquarters friends pulled me into a doorway and took away all my clothes except my cap and overcoat? Get tough with me, pal, and I'll tell Alice that you kept my date with Blondie."

"I didn't do any such thing," Arthur said in a bitter voice. "And you know it."

"Alice doesn't," Pete said sweetly.

Arthur had a miserable day at the office. He spoiled a brief, snarled at his secretary and just missed being rude to Judge Sullivan who had dropped in to reminisce about his experiences as a captain in the Quartermaster Corps in World War I. It was a quarter to six before Arthur could get away from the office. He hadn't had a chance to phone Alice that he would be late and he knew that the evening was off to a bad start.

When he got home she was sitting on the couch leafing through the evening paper and her mouth had that faintly set look which meant that there were storms ahead.

"Sorry I'm late, dear," he began. "Judge Sullivan—"

"You didn't tell me you were in Morocco," Alice said coldly.

"Morocco?"

"Morocco!"

The maid called Alice to the kitchen then and something told Arthur that he had better not pursue the Morocco subject further. He skipped the beer but opened the paper to see how the New Jersey heavyweight was coming along. As he scanned the page a small paragraph near the bottom caught his eye. He read it, half idly, only vaguely sensing what it was about at first; then he jerked as though someone had stabbed him with a needle.

The paragraph announced, merely as a matter of general interest, that *Kilroy was here* had been found scrawled in a harem in Morocco.

There was no conversation at dinner and afterward Alice announced coldly that she was going over to Myrtle Street to see her mother. She didn't neglect to slam the door behind her.

Arthur tried to get interested in the paper again but it was no use. He picked up his hat.

The Dittmar Tavern was empty except for the bartender. Arthur slid onto a stool and ordered a double bourbon. He didn't ordinarily drink after dinner but tonight he felt the need of it. While he waited for the drink to come he moodily wrote *Kilroy was here* on the damp top of the bar with his forefinger, getting a sort of perverse pleasure out of it.

The bartender brought the drink and then noticed the scrawl while Arthur was fishing in his wallet. "I wouldn't go around writing that where the cops can see you, mister," the bartender said.

"Why not?" Arthur demanded truculently.

The bartender shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's your funeral. Only I got a cousin on the force named Gus and I just happen to know that they got orders t haul in the guy that's been scribbling tha all over town. The chief wants him."

"What's his name?"

"Kilroy, I guess. Say, your name ain' Kilroy, is it?"

Arthur finished his drink and got u hastily. That would be the final pay-off he thought—to get arrested here in hi own home town for writing that thing o the walls of washrooms.

"No, my name isn't Kilroy," Arthu said a little too loudly. Then a sudde inspiration struck him. "My name is Osborne. Peter B. Osborne of 337 Maplewood Drive. Good night."

JUDGE SULLIVAN dropped into Arthur's office again the next afternoo The judge was a stout, red-faced ma and he chuckled and gave Arthur a littl dig in the ribs.

"Well, well, my boy," he said, boomin out the words so that all of the rest of th office could hear. "Looks like you' been keeping something from us, eh?

"Keeping what from you, Judge?" Arthur asked blankly.

Judge Sullivan winked and dropped h voice to a whisper which was more pene trating than his boom had been. "Te me, were they as—ahem—torrid they're supposed to be?"

"Was who as torrid as what's suppos to be?"

"The—er—young ladies in the—Ca bah?"

Arthur's temper suddenly boiled ov again. "I was never in any Casbah!" yelled. "I don't want to hear any mo about it!"

Judge Sullivan's face got redder th

ever. He started to say something and then shook his head and waddled off in the direction of Kilroy Senior's office. Later on in the afternoon Arthur's father dropped in for a moment and Arthur saw that his eyes were worried. He said something about the weather and then ventured the opinion that perhaps Arthur had been working too hard lately.

"Maybe you and Alice had ought to take a week off and run up to San Francisco," he suggested. "See some shows or something. I don't wonder that you've been a little irritable. It takes time for man to readjust himself, I suppose, when he's been through all of the experiences that you have."

Arthur thought that his father stressed the word "experiences" a little more than necessary. After denying any desire to go to San Francisco, he got his hat and started home. He would walk, he thought: maybe the fresh air would cure his headache. It didn't. Someone had scrawled *Kilroy was here* in red chalk across a sidewalk in the park and by the time Arthur got home his headache was worse than ever.

The maid came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron, to tell him that Mrs. Kilroy's sister had phoned from San Mateo that she was sick and Mrs. Kilroy had gone to stay with her.

Dinner wasn't very enjoyable. The potatoes were soggy and the steak was burned. He was just getting up from the table when Doris came out of the kitchen, her lower lip thrust out belligerently.

"Mist' Kilroy," she said, "I wants to ask you a question—did you or did you didn't take my auntie's chickens?"

Arthur stared at her for a moment with his mouth open. "Your auntie's chickens?" he said.

"Yassir. Somebody stole them chickens last night and they wrote right on the hen coop, *Kilroy was here*. If you done t I want them chickens back, Mist' Kilroy."

Arthur shook his head numbly and went to the cabinet where he kept that bottle of prewar bourbon. He poured himself a couple of stiff drinks and went o bed in the guest room.

He didn't sleep well that night. He had dreams of an army of Kilroys spreading n all directions. Big Kilroys, little Kilroys, Kilroys with mustaches, baldheaded Kilroys and Kilroys with harelips. And every mother's son of them had piece of chalk in his hand with which he wrote *Kilroy wuz here* on every flat urface in sight.

The next morning Arthur got three nonymous telephone calls from vaguely amiliar-sounding voices, wanting to know what life was like in a harem. After that he told his secretary that he wasn't in to anybody else who called. A little later Willie, the office boy, came in whistling We're Off on the Road to Morocco and looked at Arthur out of the corners of his eyes while he said that Kilroy Senior wanted to see him.

The faint worry was still on his father's face, Arthur noted, as he went in. The two of them went over the Driscoll brief together but Arthur had trouble in keeping his mind on the business at hand and he knew that his father had noticed.

As Arthur got up to go, his father said, "Oh," and then reached for a memorandum which he studied with a faint frown. "Doctor Hillman called a little while ago about a little problem he has. I wonder if you'd run over and see him at two-thirty?"

"Yes, sir," Arthur said.

AT a quarter after two he took his hat and walked the half-dozen blocks to Doctor Hillman's office.

The doctor was a small, spry man with a neat, professional beard and a soothing manner. There was a chair strategically placed in front of his desk and he waved Arthur toward it. "Well, well," he said cheerfully, "it's nice to see you, Arthur. How have you been lately?"

Arthur said that he had been all right, he guessed, and that his father had said that the doctor wanted some legal advice. Doctor Hillman smiled genially and leaned back.

"Yes, yes," he said. "No hurry about it, though. Suppose we get rid of some of this light. Always find that it's easier to concentrate when there isn't too much light, you know."

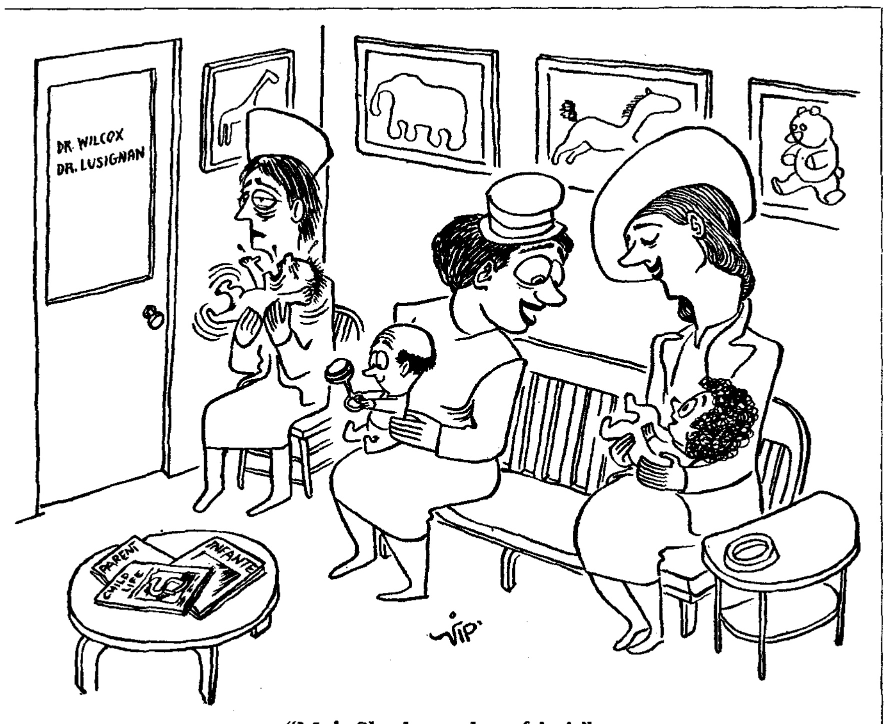
He popped briskly out of his chair, drew the curtains at the windows and snapped on a single bulb which shone directly into Arthur's eyes from behind the doctor's chair. The light made Arthur blink and he wondered uneasily if the doctor were getting a little eccentric.

"Look, Doctor," he began impatiently, "if you want some legal—"

"Now, now," the doctor interrupted soothingly, "just relax a bit while we sit here and talk. I suppose you must find South Beach quite different from the places you saw during the war, eh?"

Arthur said crossly, "I can assure you that South Beach is quite different from some of the places I saw. Frankfurt, Germany, for example. Quite a number of the houses in Frankfurt have fallen down, in case you hadn't heard."

"Excellent. Excellent," Doctor Hillman murmured, rubbing his hands briskly together. "Now, tell me when you



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first started feeling nervous and worried about all this."

"All what?"

The doctor took a gold pencil from his pocket and waved it back and forth in front of Arthur's eyes. "Oh, anything," he said vaguely. "Do you dream at night?"

"Last night I dreamed about an army of Kilroys," Arthur said in an unpleasant voice. "Suppose we get to this legal business."

"An army of Kilroys," the doctor said, making notes. "Well, well." He paused for a moment and pulled thoughtfully at his beard; then leaned forward with a little gleam in his eyes as he lowered his voice. "This is in the strictest confidence, of course. What was it really like in that harem?"

THE truth suddenly dawned on Arthur: He'd been framed into coming to Doctor Hillman's office. The understanding snapped the last frayed threads of his temper and he leaned across the desk and got a handful of the doctor's neat whiskers.

"Why, you superannuated old goat!" he said hoarsely. "Try to psychoanalyze me, will you!"

The doctor bleated shrilly as Arthur waggled his head back and forth. Then, giving the whiskers a last tug, he went on out through the doctor's private entrance, closing the door with a shattering slam.

He didn't want to go back to his own office and he didn't want to go home.

The sign of a newsreel theater caught his eye and he bought a ticket and wandered in. He wanted to be where he could think. All of this screwy Kilroy business couldn't just be coincidence, he decided. Somebody was behind this whispering campaign.

He stared glumly as pictures of a baseball game flowed by on the screen followed by some strike scenes in Detroit and a movie actress who was flying to Mexico to get married or maybe it was divorced. A farmer in Iowa exhibited a prize cow and an Army bomber had set a new record of some sort. The picture of the bomber rang a faint bell in the back of Arthur's mind and he scowled as he watched the big ship land and the crew begin to climb out.

Army bomber, he thought. B-17. Crew. "Pete Osborne," he suddenly said aloud.

"What say, brother?" the man next to him asked.

Arthur fished for his hat and went out into the street. He flagged a taxi. Of course it was Pete Osborne who was behind all of this. Well, he'd turn a table over on that fugitive from a ball turret!

He told the driver to drop him at the Dittmar Tavern. The same bartender was on duty and he remembered Arthur as the latter walked in. "Hello, Mr. Osborne," he said affably.

Arthur started to say angrily that his name wasn't Osborne and that, if by any foul chance, he had been born with a name like Osborne he would have drowned himself as soon as he was big enough to crawl over the rim of the bathtub. Then an idea struck him. He slid onto a stool and ordered a double bourbon while he thought it over.

"Your cousin caught Kilroy yet?" he asked presently.

The bartender shook his head. "Uh-uh. They'll catch him, though. Chief Halloran has offered twenty-five bucks to the guy that brings him in."

"H'mmmm," Arthur said.

"Yeah," the bartender went on. "This guy let the air out of the tires of the chief's car out at Duffy's roadhouse the other night. Then he wrote *Kilroy was here* on the windshield with soap. The chief was burned up about it."

"Don't blame him," Arthur said virtuously.

"Yeah. The chief had to phone for a car to come and get him, and his wife heard about it. It seems that Mrs. Halloran wasn't the party that the chief was with out at Duffy's place."

A new customer came into the tavern and the bartender moved away to wait on him while Arthur sipped his drink and turned the thing over in his mind. It might work, he thought. Anyway, he had nothing to lose. He called for another drink and, when the bartender wasn't looking, emptied it into a cuspidor. Presently he called for another and two more after that, disposing of them in the same way. He wanted to make this look good Finally the bar was empty again and he beckoned the bartender over with a crooked finger.

"You know wha'?" Arthur asked a little thickly.

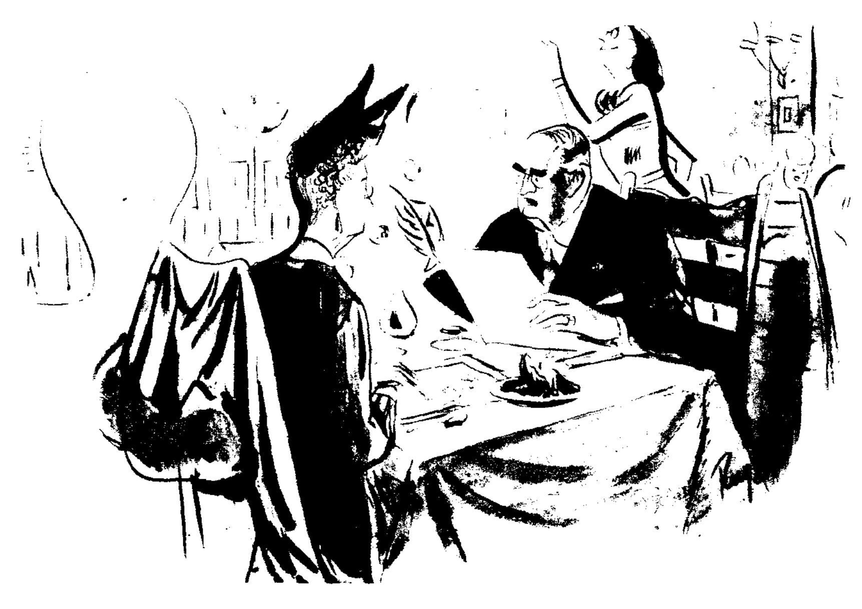
The bartender shook his head and mopped the bar. Arthur took a good pull at the last drink the bartender had brought and peered owlishly across the bar.

"Then I'll tell you wha'. I jus' bet the poleesh—police—don' *ever* cash this guy Kilroy."

"Why not?" The bartender looked suspicious.

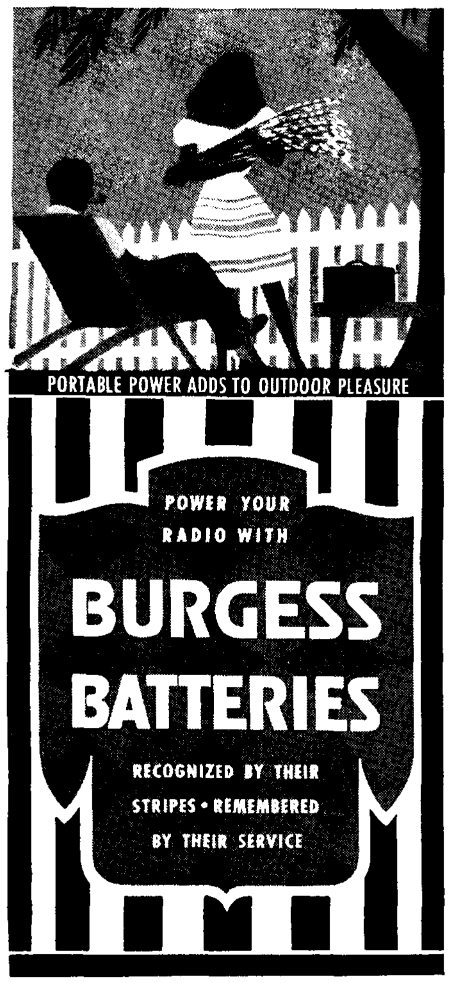
"S'too smart for 'em," Arthur said wisely. "Poleesh are dumb. *All* polees are dumb."

"Look here, buddy," the bartender began but Arthur stopped him with a wave of his hand. With great care he took his wallet from his pocket.



"This lamb-pie, bittie-bite salade and toastie-nut ice cream sounds good—but I'll be damned if I'll say that to the waitress!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE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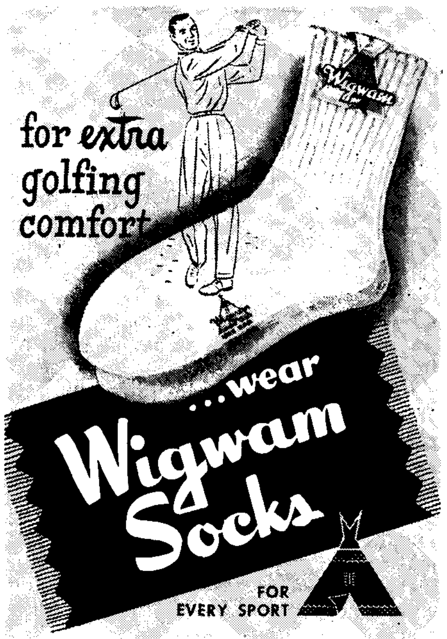
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X-PANDOTITE

"Jus' bet you ten dollarsh they don' catch him. Leave it right here with you, too. See? Thash way *I* feel about it."

He pushed a bill across the bar and the bartender eyed it longingly but shook his head. "Couldn't do it, Mr. Osborne," he said. "Don't you think maybe you'd better be getting along home? Your wife might be worrying about you."

"No, sir," Arthur said. "No poleesh'll ever catch ol' Kilroy. *Good* ol' Kilroy! Betcha on it. Shay, you gotta peech soap?"

"A piece of soap?"

"Sure. Peech soap."

"Yeah, I got a piece of soap, Mr. Osborne. If I give you one will you go on home?"

"Sure," Arthur told him. "Take it home to m' wife."

The bartender shrugged his shoulders and handed a sliver of soap across the bar. Arthur took it and wandered a little unsteadily to the door. The bartender called to him to come back and get his money but Arthur paid no attention. Once out in the street he wrote *Kilroy was here* in big letters across the windows of the Dittmar Tavern. Then he brushed his hands briskly and started off down the street.

The bartender said, "Hey!" and started angrily around the end of the bar. Then his eyes lighted on the bill that Arthur had left and he hesitated. When he remembered the twenty-five dollars that Chief Halloran was offering he hesitated no longer but went promptly to the telephone. He dialed and after a moment a voice said, "Police Department."

"Let me speak to Gus," the bartender said. He waited for a moment and then went on. "Gus? Say, I know who this Kilroy guy is. Yeah. His name's Osborne and he was just in here potted to the eyebrows—"

ARTHUR was reading the sports page and drinking a bottle of beer when the phone rang. He answered it and Pete Osborne's voice came angrily over the wire.

"Look!" he shouted. "They've got me down here at the police station for writing *Kilroy was here* on the Dittmar Tavern!"

"Tch! Tch!" Arthur said. "You shouldn't have done that."

"You know damned well I didn't do it!" Pete yelled back. "And what's more I've got a pretty good idea who did, too! I happened to see you in there lapping it up as I came home!"

"My, my," Arthur said, "you do get around, don't you? Were you ever in a harem?"

Pete's voice choked. "You get down here and get me out of this, you fat louse! You're my lawyer, aren't you?"

"Ummmmm," Arthur said judicially, "that depends. Are you prepared to pay my fee?"

"I'm prepared to cut your throat!" Pete said.

"First," Arthur said dreamily, "you would have to straighten out all this Kilroy business—particularly with Alice."

"All right, you grave robber!"

"And you would have to reimburse me for my expenses, which were ten dollars. And then, of course, there would be my usual fee of—let's say twenty-five dollars for legal services."

"I won't do it!" Pete howled. "I'll see you in—"

"I heard," Arthur said reflectively, "that they found *Kilroy was here* written in the ladies' powder room at the Clark Hotel. Suspicious characters, the police."

"Okay, okay," Pete groaned. "You win. Come down and get me out, Gladstone."

Arthur whistled a little as he rode downtown in a cab. It was, he thought, a remarkably fine evening. He even tried singing a little until the cab driver turned and gave him a nasty look.

Kilroy was readjusted.

THE END

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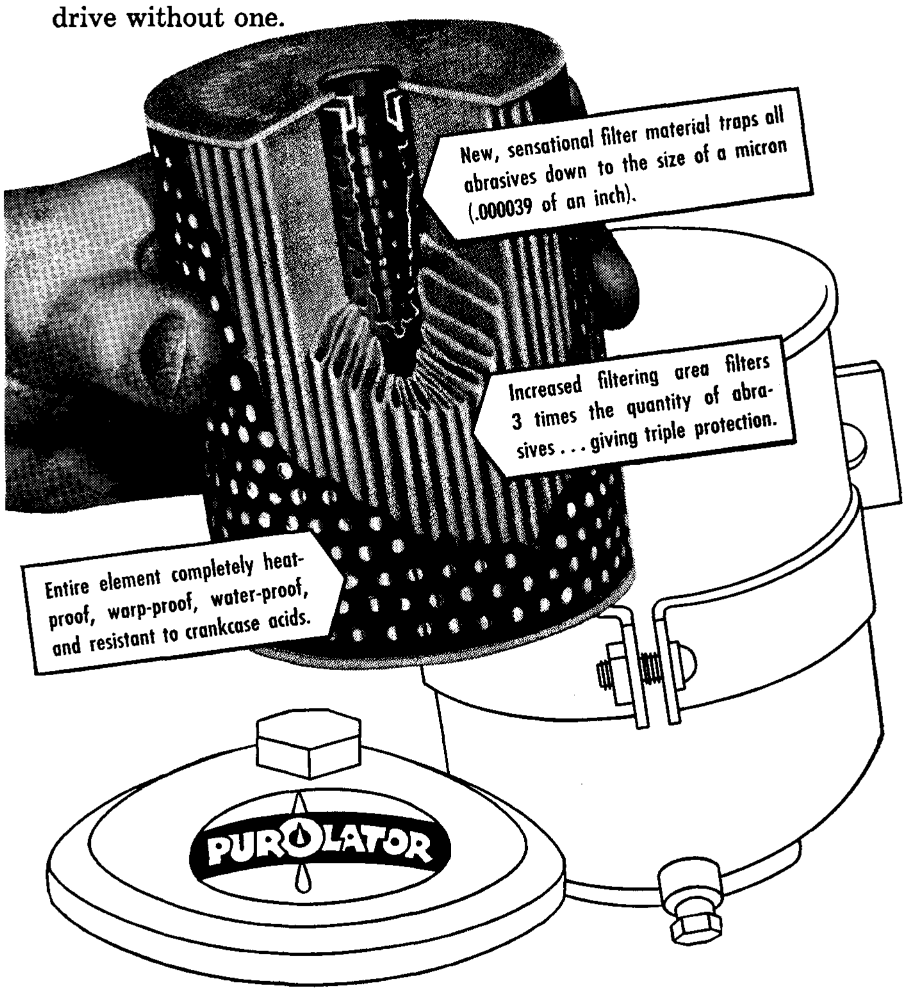
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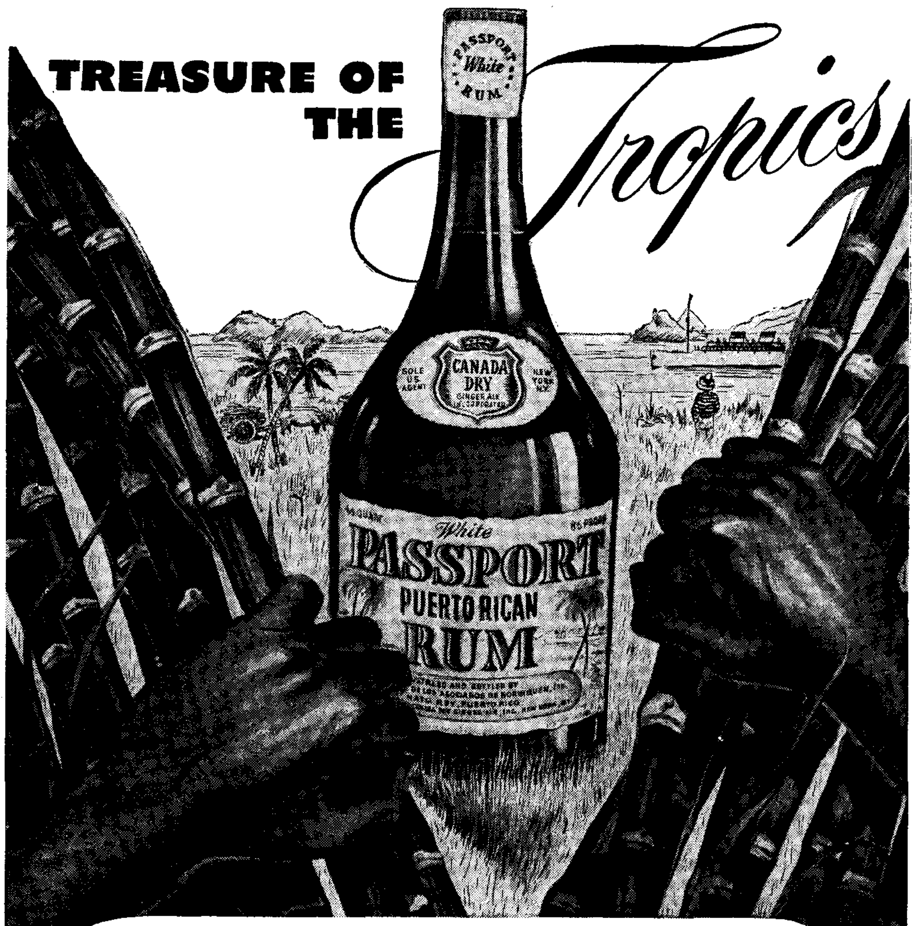

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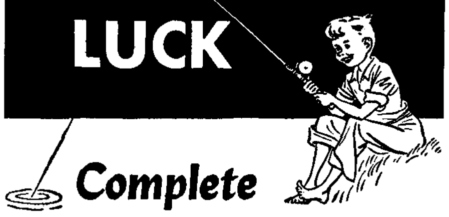

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CLIPPED WINGS

SANDY GANDY

With others like her, ex-schoolteacher Marge Hurlburt, who holds the women's speed record, is fighting for feminine recognition in aviation

THIRTY-ONE years ago, Blanche Stuart (Betty) Scott hung up her helmet and goggles for good and declared there was no future for women in flying except as an avocation. She made this decision (as reported here last week) after surviving six years of daring exhibition flying. Her conclusions still appear to be sound and applicable to today's 5,000 women pilots who are competing against 335,000 male airmen for equal status in flying.

Other women took up where Betty Scott left off, in the belief that the public could be made to accept them as safe and reliable pilots—not exhibition freaks—and the aviation industry would grant them equal opportunities with men in important flying positions. They worked hard at it.

In addition to gambling their lives, they gladly accepted the rugged life that went with operating aircraft. Barked knuckles, skinned shins, torn fingernails, sun and wind burn producing leatherlike complexions and rat's-nest hair-dos never stopped able airwomen like Jacqueline Cochran, Arlene Davis, Helen Richey, Amelia Earhart, Viola Gentry, Nancy Harkness Love, Ruth Nichols, Blanche Noyes, Phoebe Omlie, Louise Thaden, to name but a few who will always be credited with proving they could fly any type aircraft as skillfully as men.

All this hard work succeeded only in bringing applause and fame for themselves, individually. But with the formation of the Women's Airforce Service Pilots (Wasps) in 1942, women pilots as a group got their first break. They fulfilled a critical need for home-front military flying. They ferried primary trainers, four-engined bombers and red-hot fighters from factories to Army air bases and thereby released combat pilots for the global battlefront.

The cause of equality in the air might have achieved its goal had the Wasps been allowed to finish out the war, but Congress discontinued their services a few months before V-E Day and broke hundreds of brave and courageous feminine hearts.

WING TALK
EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Since the war, the opportunities for women in professional flying have been extremely dark, what with aircraft production cutbacks and returned servicemen taking up their old civilian flying jobs. Neither the air lines nor the aircraft manufacturers have given much thought to the present or future place of women in the actual flying branches, and these trouble-weary companies did not welcome enthusiastically a recent poll on the subject by this department.

Generally they wanted to shy away from what they called "a delicate matter" without quotation or identification, but nearly all felt that most women didn't want or couldn't be counted upon to maintain permanent flying careers and that the number that did was so small as to warrant attention only as standout exceptions.

However, a few grand airwomen still carry the banner for equality by flying much and talking little. Blanche Noyes of the Civil Aeronautics Administration is one. She pilots a government plane continuously throughout the nation, exhorting communities to provide air marking and showing them how to install this vital, lifesaving aid to air navigation. She's a superb airwoman and is neither dumb nor weak. (Betty Scott said in last week's Wing Talk that it was the encouragement given by women themselves to the age-old belief that they are both the weaker and dumber sex that has prevented them from progressing in aviation on an equal basis with men.)

WITHOUT rancor, Blanche Noyes declares she has had to work three times as hard to hold her flying jobs since 1929. "Making a place in aviation is up to the individual woman," she counsels. "There is no question about its being tough. Then there are still too many publicity seekers, which means the serious ones have got to work even harder to show they are sincere."

Another great woman pilot, Phoebe Omlie, actively engaged in flying for more than two decades, declares, "If we could get a Susan B. Anthony for aviation, and the women would back her up, then that would be it. But we've got to remember how long it took her, and she paid a terrific price. Do we have anyone willing to pay as much for helping women get to an equal status with men in aviation? I don't know of anyone."

Dark as the future seems to be for equality for women, the idea of attaining that goal is not yet dead. The 99s, a pioneer organization of women pilots formed 17 years ago, through its Florida Chapter, numbering 65 pilot members, staged what they proudly hailed as the First All-Woman Air Show in the World at Tampa's Peter O. Knight Airport on March 16th.

It was managed entirely by the Florida Chapter under the direction of Mrs. Gladys Pennington of Miami, a racing pilot and publisher of the biweekly Southeastern Airport News for personal flying. No men were permitted to enter the contests and races; not even allowed on the field. This was a show aimed at attracting more women into active flying and incidentally to refresh the recollections of the male audience that women could still fly, and well, too. It is to be an annual event.

Women pilots from all over flew down to Tampa and raced in planes of 65 to

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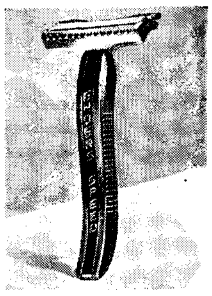

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400 horsepower. They performed acrobatics, parachute jumps, sailplane flying, comedy flying acts and climaxed what veteran women pilots proclaimed was the safest and best-organized air show ever held, with an assault on the world's maximum speed record for women, established in 1937 by Jackie Cochran at 292 miles an hour.

Miss Marge Hurlburt, of Painesville, Ohio, a Wasp of 20 months' service and with five years' flying experience, flashed across the international three-kilometer speed course four times for an average of 337 miles an hour and a new world's record. She flew a war-surplus Vought Corsair fighter of 2,000 horsepower, a plane once described in this department by a Marine Corps officer as being so terrific in its performance that it "could kill a man quick who didn't know how to handle it."

Miss Hurlburt, readily admitting thirty-two, had had but 8½ hours flying time in the Corsair, four hours of which was on the flight down to Tampa, before shooting for the record. At the Cleveland Air Races last year (she had never seen an air race) she won the Halle Trophy Race for Women in a 650-horsepower North American advanced trainer at 200 mph. She's now building a racing plane for the 1947 National Air Races.

For speed performance over long distances, though, Miss Cochran still is top pilot. She averaged 420 miles an hour in the Bendix Trophy race from Van Nuys, California, to Cleveland last year, covering the distance in 4 hours and 52 minutes. Flying a P-51 Mustang fighter, she finished 10 minutes behind the winner, Paul Mantz, veteran Hollywood airman, whose P-51 clicked off 435 miles an hour for the distance.

THE END

Cool and Selected

Continued from page 40

and white, blue and white, and gray and white, and will cost you about $20 per suit. The manufacturers of seersucker also make a corded cotton fabric, in multicolored stripes, which sells for the same price. This season they will offer a new synthetic fabric combining cotton and rayon in cord weaves.

The care of summer suitings is very important. Tropical worsteds may only be dry-cleaned, but Palm Beach and seersucker may also be laundered or wet-cleaned. Laundering of summer clothing is an important factor in removing what the cleaning industry calls "summer stains" and, most important, perspiration.

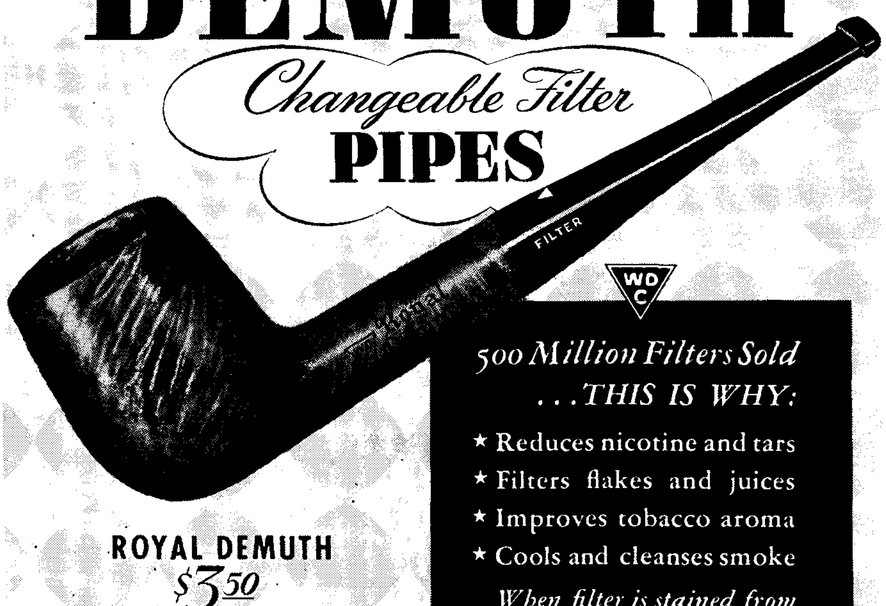
Some men go to the trouble of buying these lightweight suits, then put on their winter shoes and their winter hats. That's bad. With your tropical worsteds, Palm Beach or seersucker, wear ventilated shoes, which enable the air to swoosh around your toes, and top it off with a panama, a sailor or a coconut straw.

At the beach, of course, you can always keep cool by going in the water. However, clothing of some sort is generally worn, and beach outfits grow hotter looking every summer.

The newest note in the beach department is a beach shirt with matching swim trunks, both in the boldest and brightest of colors. Knitted swim trunks are also becoming very popular, especially among the well-built boys. Many of these contain Lastex, which makes for snug fitting. Other essentials for comfortable loafing at the beach and around the family swimming pool are beach robes, beach clogs and sunglasses. The latter are very important. Wear them constantly, and you'll avoid the necessity of looking at the gaudy colors of the newest in clothing. They'll appear only as a not unpleasant blur.

THE END

DEMUTH
Changeable Filter
PIPES



500 Million Filters Sold
. . . THIS IS WHY:

★ Reduces nicotine and tars
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★ Improves tobacco aroma
★ Cools and cleanses smoke

When filter is stained from tars and nicotine, replace with fresh one.

ROYAL DEMUTH
$3.50
BOX OF 25 FILTER REFILLS WITH EACH PIPE

IMPORTED BRIAR
Over 100 skilled operations go into every Royal Demuth Filter Pipe. Write for pamphlet illustrating variety of shapes and sizes. — Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., New York 22.

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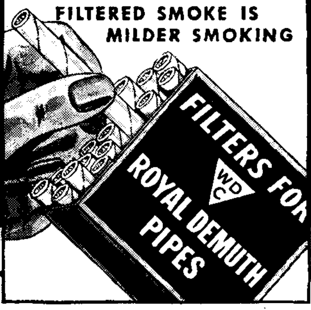


What's the secret of real shaving comfort?

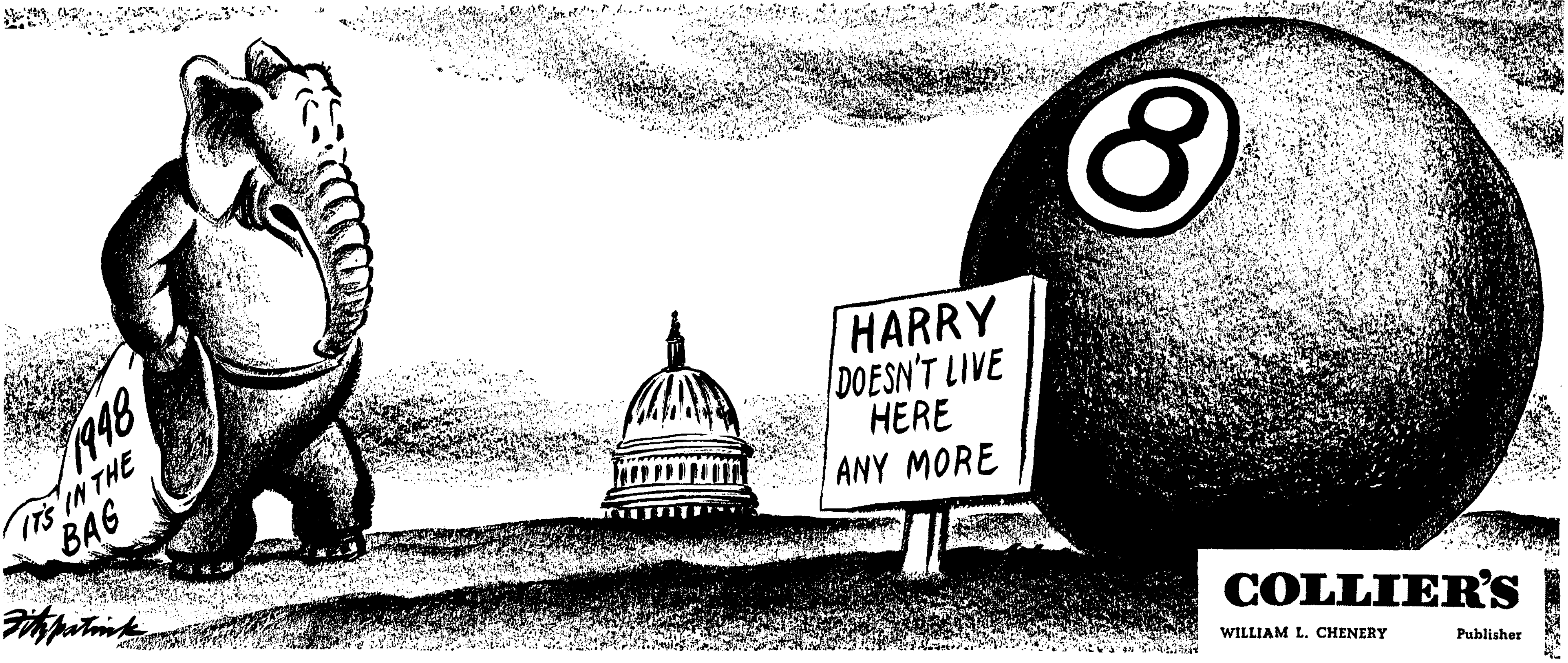
THE SHAVE IS
BETTER
WHEN
THE LATHER STAYS
WETTER

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Yes, the WETTER the lather the BETTER the shave. A quick-drying lather dries out on your face—causes sting and burn. What you want is a rich, creamy EXTRA MOIST lather...the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream...a lather that STAYS MOIST, keeps your beard soft and gives you CLEANER, SMOOTHER shaves even with cold water or a used blade.

TRY
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM
WITH STAY-MOIST LATHER

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN entered the White House seriously in the shadow of the eight ball, and along about last October 1st he was in almost total eclipse behind that ill-omened sphere.

Since then, the Truman comeback has been sensational. It began when he stepped on John L. Lewis, and it was speeded up when the Supreme Court sustained him against Lewis. Further, the President has somehow developed a sense of timing, and is showing more and more political caginess. Most important from his point of view, he has succeeded in selling large numbers of his countrymen the idea that he is an earnest, courageous and cheerful man in a dark period in world history.

This is not a political editorial, and it is in no way an endorsement of any 1948 Presidential nominee.

But we do want to record here our belief that the country is far better off with this new Truman than it was when he was floundering around like a punch-drunk fighter.

Even the Republicans are better off. The feeling they brought out of their smashing victories of last November 5th—that they could elect a cigar-store Indian President in 1948—was not a healthy feeling. Overconfidence and the lack of a smart, aggressive opposition are bad things for any political party.

The wiser Republicans now realize that if Mr. Truman maintains his new pace, they'll have to put up a first-class man for President next year, instead of some party hack. And they are having to use their heads in Congress—an employment from which both the G.O.P. and the nation should profit no little.

Congratulations all around, we say, starting with Mr. Truman himself.

PATRIOTIC PRICE CUTS

A COUPLE of giant manufacturing companies—Ford Motor and International Harvester—took the initiative recently in a movement which we hope will spread out and go on for quite a while.

Ford slashed prices $15 to $50 on its assorted models and brands of automobiles. International announced a series of price cuts on its farm machines, tractors, trucks and power equipment which will add up to a $20,000,000 saving for its customers in the next year.

Of course, these price reductions were not drastic. That wouldn't have been feasible, in view of prevailing labor and material costs. And we imagine both Ford and Harvester had weather eyes open for favorable publicity like this editorial.

For all that, these were patriotic steps, and it's to be hoped there will be plenty more of the same by those who can cut prices and stay in business.

The threat of a bad postwar inflation is still real, and the degree of inflation we now have is serious enough. No letup in demand for consumers' goods has been noted at this writing. Therefore, the temptation is great to charge all that the traffic will bear.

If that policy were to be pursued throughout American industry, the results could be extremely unhealthy. Labor would demand new wage boosts; buyers' strikes would multiply. Between these two forces, business would be badly squeezed, and a severe depression could set in.

Which is just another way of saying that the "I'll get mine and too bad about anybody else" attitude is as foolish business today as it is sour morals at any time. If we'll all do more thinking about the general welfare than a lot of us have done in previous boom periods, we can hope to stretch out the present boom a good deal longer.

IS THIS SPLIT NECESSARY?

WE CAN'T shudder along with various social analysts who fear that the soaring U.S. divorce rate foreshadows a decay of our civilization. But it isn't something to be complacent about; and we do think we'd be wise to slant our divorce laws, where possible, toward confining divorce as much as may be to married couples who really cannot get along together and never will be able to do so.

How about, therefore, some nation-wide attention to an idea that was recently hatched almost simultaneously in the Michigan and Tennessee legislatures? This idea is that there should be a cooling-off period in all divorce suits, and that this cooling-off period should be required by law. It should be anywhere from 30 days to six months, between filing of the complaint and issuance of the decree.

The advantages seem obvious. Both parties would have time to think things through, and to talk their troubles over with their families, friends, clergymen. In plenty of cases, we surmise, they would find that the split-up wasn't necessary after all. And a brake would be put on the ambitions of lawyers anxious to make quickie divorce fees. Unfortunately, there are such lawyers.

Law or no law, it would be a sound idea, we think, for any pair of married persons to subject themselves to a cooling-off period before they take steps toward a divorce. It is a most serious matter, especially if there are children, and before you rush into a divorce, you'd better make sure that you aren't rushing into tragedy.

OUR PRICELESS OPTIMISM

ELMO ROPER, who rivals Dr. George Gallup in the energy with which he samples public opinion on a multitude of topics, came up recently with a survey which seemed to us to make a great deal of sense.

This one concerned the way most Americans feel about the United States as the land of opportunity, as painted by boosters and optimists for generations.

According to this Roper survey, the majority of us still believe the United States to be just that. About 70 per cent of present-day American men feel that they have more and better opportunities in this country than their fathers had. More than 60 per cent believe their sons will have still better chances. Less than 13 per cent think that opportunities have shrunk between this generation and the previous one, or will shrink between this one and the next.

This is about as heartening a report on the American state of mind as we've ever seen. What it signifies is that few of us have fallen for the shrinking-economy, vanished-frontier propaganda of despair which prophets of doom and enemies of the American system have been dinning into our ears for the last 25 years or so.

Americans by and large continue to be optimistic and enthusiastic about this great country, its future, and the opportunities it offers to all who will work.

And that optimism, if you ask us, is a priceless asset. It was what inspired our pioneers, from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown days on down the centuries.

Let's just hold on to it and cultivate it; and let's buy little or none of the pessimists' stock in trade. Theirs is bad and bogus medicine, and it never helped any nation that we know of.

Paul Jones
Paul Jones
Fine Blended Whiskey
BLENDED BY PAUL JONES AND COMPANY
INC. LOUISVILLE, KY. BALTIMORE, MD.
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
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FIRST OF ALL – FOR FLAVOR!

In a drink, *flavor comes first!* And your first drink of Paul Jones will tell you that here indeed is truly mellow, full-bodied *flavor*. Paul Jones, you see, is made the slow, old-fashioned way. That's why—in a drink—it tastes so especially rich and hearty.

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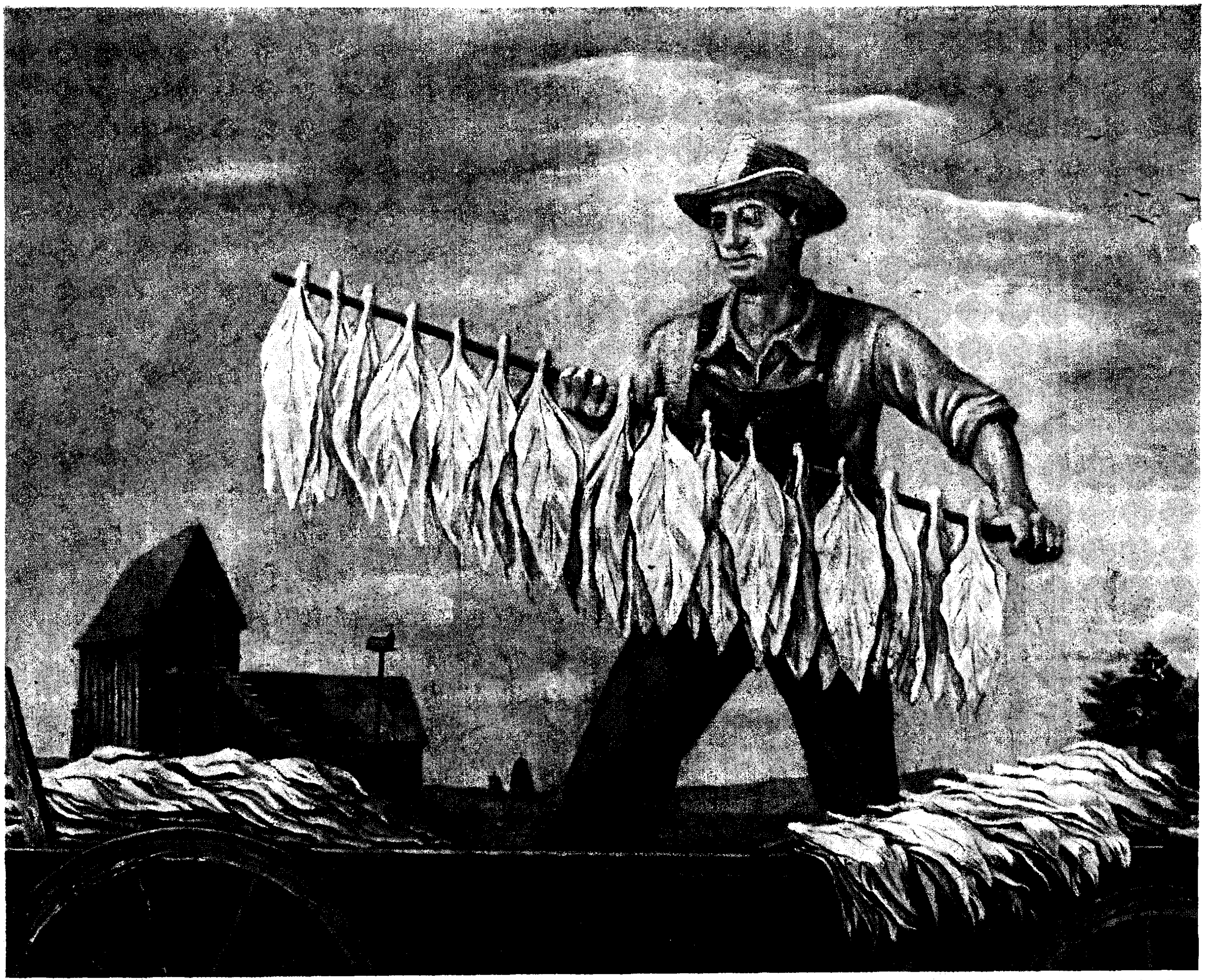
FIRST OF ALL . . . FOR FLAVOR!



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"A 'stick' of tobacco after curing," painted by Arnold Blanch

FINE TOBACCO
is what counts in a cigarette

"**At auction after auction,** I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy good tobacco—fine, light tobacco."
—*J. H. Burnett, 16 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.*

"**Again and again,** I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy quality tobacco—smooth, ripe and mild."
—*H. T. Highsmith, 15 years an independent tobacco buyer.*

"**Season after season,** I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's really fine."
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CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.
20

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